WORLD WAR
AT
ITS CLIMAX

Being Personal
Imprints of the Great Conflict
and Close up Glimpse
of the
World Tragedy

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To

GEORGE WILLIAM O'HARA

(My Son)

Who volunteered to follow the Stars and Stripes, performing his full part in the hazardous work of a machine gun battalion in Flanders fields and France, escaping unhurt, this narrative is dedicated with a heart full of gratitude for his deliverance. THE NARRATOR

Of this edition
WORLD WAR AT ITS CLIMAX
there are printed
Five Hundred Copies
for private
circulation
This book is
number

Foreword

IN NARRATING *or portraying his unusual experiences in the thrilling scenes of 1918 which marked a momentous and notable journey by twelve newspaper men under most favorable auspices and the escort of the British Government, the writer does not attempt to dignify his production by calling it a book or himself an author. Nor has he the vanity to predict for it general circulation or currency. Not for one moment does he harbor the thought that untold thousands avidly await its appearance, anticipating that it is to contain wonderful World War secrets or will seek to solve the many vexatious problems arising out of that great conflict. On the contrary, it is a tale told by a newspaper publisher whose aim is to collect a few of the outstanding things he saw and wrote about while abroad, and talked of when he returned home. Primarily, kith and kin were first and foremost in his mind, and if the record of his experiences and observations in the terrific, crashing days which brought an end to the most cruel and awful war in history, interests or enlightens those for whom its compilation is intended, he will feel himself fully justified for time taken in writing his humble effort, " All of which he saw and a part of which he was."*

When events herein recorded were occurring Germany was charged with monstrous outrages, with vandalism and brutalities; and Allies and Allied sympathizers sought to wreak vengeance upon her unfortunate head. Time may soften, and history correct, reports made in the heat and bitterness of war at its zenith, when such aspersions were uttered. Three and a half years have elapsed since hostilities

ceased, but solemn pledges made by Americans and the Allies, that never again would they buy anything made in Germany, have been broken, and every country is now seeking eagerly to re-establish former trade relations.

In his own way, too, the writer will tell the part, as he observed it, which American boys played in a great world fight under west European skies, where their deeds of heroism were almost as countless as the stars themselves, and where, as one chronicler of that day wrote: " Millions of men have stood immovable or have pushed forward with courage which is greater than that required to face death. Death is merely a part of the hideousness of war—the part which has made a cemetery of each hillside in Eastern France."

¶ *" The thing is unimaginable—the sights that shock the brain, the scent of poisonous gases, the thin, sharp sound of flying fragments of steel, the whistle of shells, increasing rapidly in volume, until with deafening noise there comes the explosion—all tend to tear down the will to withstand, and to destroy the will to advance."*

" Under such conditions men do not pause to make small calculations; they act by virtue of that which is either inbred or inherent. Their fears are terrific, and yet they push these aside, trample over them and attain the heights of ideal courage."

In all history can be found no other three months so epochal, so fraught with mighty happenings. Never before was it vouchsafed to a little band of civilian observers like ours to be at the very storm center of events in the most crucial period of a war, the greatest of all wars. On our arrival in Liverpool, news came that United States troops had taken St. Mihiel; French and Americans had attacked in the Argonne; Bulgaria had signed an armistice and surrendered, while soon afterward Kaiser Wilhelm withdrew from battle fronts, where in desperation he had gone to rally in person his retreating army, and returning to Berlin, " sulked in his tent." There were rumors that he

refused to leave Berlin and that death to him was preferable to surrender. Also, there were hints at suicide. In the interim of our arrival in Liverpool and return to London on the night of November 10, fighting had been the most terrific, the most awful in the history of a world which had stood aghast. But the mighty hordes of Germany, with the vaunted, impenetrable Hindenburg line, began to yield, the shell of Central Europe tottered and crumbled, and on November 9 the Kaiser abdicated and the day following fled to Holland. Next day the Armistice was signed.

So the newspaper group had seen the battle fronts from Belgium down through Eastern France, a long, black strip of ruin from one to forty miles wide, had seen war in its fiercest activities and in its cataclysmic finish.

When in New York in late November, their mission fulfilled, the little band of Editorial pilgrims bade each other a fond adieu, with a God-be-with-you-till-we-meet-again, it ended THE GREAT ADVENTURE—which, in the writer's life, remains the supreme event or experience whose friendships and glories are destined to enrich, brighten and gladden his memory down to the day when the summons shall come for him to pass on.

Edward H. O'Hara

PART I

How it Began

By Whom and Why a Momentous Mission was Conceived

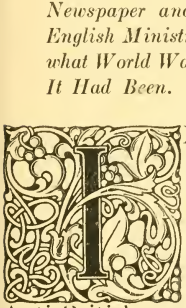
Convoy Crossed the Atlantic in Worst Tempest During World War

Wreck of the Otranto Only Ship Lost in War Because of Storm

CHAPTER I

Birth of a Big Idea

Broad Visioned Beaverbrook Devised a way to Nullify the Effect of German Propaganda and England Created a Ministry of Information with Lord Beaverbrook at its Head—Leading American Newspaper and Magazine Editors or Publishers, asked by English Ministry to Cross Seas and See with Their Own Eyes what World War was Like and What Great Britain's Part in It Had Been.



N reciting such a journey as is herein described naturally the first question asked is, "What was its inception?" ¶ In the winter of 1917-1918, England was thrown into a fervid frenzy at reports that Germany had assiduously and insidiously circulated malevolent Anti-British propaganda throughout America. So general were these broadcasted, and so accredited, that Parliament arose to the necessity of a searching investigation of the entire question with a view of offsetting, if not entirely undoing, the evil effects of this sinister propaganda. Any inquiry, it was agreed, should be thorough, exhaustive, intelligent and efficient, if a helpful solution of the perplexing problem was to spring from it.

That false and damaging reports were being disseminated through the medium of American newspapers and magazines was firmly fixed in the minds of English War and legislative leaders, who apparently believed that if important American newspapers were not

actually owned by Germany, many of them were subsidized by junkerdom. Heated discussions followed in the House of Lords. Lord Beaverbrook, himself owner of a great London newspaper, The Express, eloquently combatted the assumption that American newspaper men were corrupt or venal or Prussianized. Originally a lawyer by profession, then a banker, and a keen and able observer of social life and public affairs in America, while living in his earlier days in Canada, which he quit for the land of his adoption eight years before, it was not egotism for him, he believed, to say he was fully qualified to judge of the tendencies, aspirations and aims of American newspaper publishers.

Reports of a Prussianized American press were not only maliciously untrue, but manifestly absurd. America had between 8,000 and 10,000 daily newspapers, to say nothing of vastly outnumbering weeklies and monthlies. To acquire these would mean billions of dollars. Side by side with allied troops, American boys were fighting, and it would have been unthinkable treason for American newspapers even to give an appearance of deserting their government at such a crisis. Nor would a public so outraged stand for such newspaper conduct. Unmistakably demands in such conditions would be made for government confiscation or suppression.

As shedding light upon England's concern over what she believed were Germany's activities and attitude in America it is necessary to call attention to what was then going on in Mexico and between Mexico and Germany, for England, innocently, no doubt, had confounded the United States with Mexico.

For more than three years Mexico had been in constant revolutionary turmoil. In every way our neighboring republic had sought to draw us into the vortex of the

maelstrom which her intrigues, bandit uprisings and imbroglios had made. Germany was broadcasting deadly propaganda in Mexico and seeking to incite Mexican hatred of us because we had aligned ourselves on the side of the Allies. Before the war, both Germany and England had enjoyed far better trade relations with Mexico than had the United States. Her dream of world conquest once realized, Germany aspired to command Mexican resources and trade.

From the lips of an eminent American physician who served our government in Mexico in a secret capacity for more than three years during and immediately following the World War, I learned that in Mexican oil fields German agents were extremely active. Posters calling upon Mexicans to burn American wells were posted throughout the oil regions, but promptly pulled down by Americans. In some instances the torch was actually applied with disastrous results. This was but one of the many forms of pernicious activity by Germans or German sympathizers. American citizens in Mexico besought President Wilson to intervene. The President's reply was that he was pursuing a policy of "watchful waiting."

Former President Roosevelt, with all the vigor and vehemence of his aggressive nature, denounced his successor as "too proud to fight," declaring that were he in Presidential office he would follow Villa and his bloody bandits to their mountain fastnesses, capture them and settle details afterwards as to the right thing to do. ¶ Notwithstanding Colonel Roosevelt's hostile attitude, he seemed personally more popular with the masses in Mexico than President Wilson. Then, as always, bull fighting was the national sport in Mexico. At such events, as well as in theaters and wherever else the public congregated, the name of Wilson was coldly

received, while that of Roosevelt evoked huzzas loud and long.

This seeming digression is made to explain how Great Britain had mixed Mexico up with the United States in taking for granted that Germany was making friends with American newspapers and American people.

So convincing were arguments of Lord Beaverbrook a committee appointed to find an escape from the dilemma was told by him that the only way was to create a bureau or ministry of information which would send a commission to America to select a delegation of publishers or editors of leading magazines and newspapers who, as guests of the British Government, would cross the ocean and see for themselves what Great Britain had done and was doing, what her part in the World War was, had been, and must be.

Because of his Canadian antecedents, Lord Beaverbrook had been appointed by the British government historian of Canada's part in the World War and official photographer at battle fronts for Great Britain. For more than three years in this dual capacity he had shared, with the infantry, the perils and hardships of war, and so vigorously and zealously had he prosecuted this work that his health broke under its privations and hardships.

In accordance with Lord Beaverbrook's recommendation a Ministry of Information was promptly created. This ministry was somewhat similar to certain divisions of our Department of the Interior. Beaverbrook was chosen as its head.

Because ill health would not permit him to continue such extraordinary efforts as he had put forth at the front, Lord Beaverbrook decided to accept the great honor and to choose as an assistant an able and energetic young man upon whose shoulders should fall the bur-

dens of office. Looming large in the public eye at the time, on account of his civic activities in London, was Major Evelyn Wrench, having just organized the popular English-Speaking Union and placed Mr Arthur J. Balfour at its head. Also his record for valor and achievement at the fighting front was widely known and universally commended. Lord Beaverbrook accordingly drafted Major Wrench, promptly placed him in full charge of the Ministry of Information, himself remaining in the background wholly in an advisory capacity. At once the task of organization was energetically begun. Early in 1918 a commission of five members was sent to New York city to open offices, where a large force of secretaries and clerks worked diligently for six or eight months.

Sir Geoffrey Butler, brother of the former Governor-General of India, headed the commission; Louis Tracy, novelist, who had recently put out his thrilling novel, "On the Wings of the Morning," was a second member; a distinguished officer, Commander Belt, who had been wounded while with General Allenby in Asia Minor and awaited a return to health, was a third; Major Lancaster, member of The London Times organization and Viscount Northcliffe's legal adviser, who, in that office served all of the Viscount's vast newspaper interests, was fourth, and Henry Goode of New York city, an American, was the fifth.

After three months of careful and scrutinizing investigation, the following party was chosen by the Commission: Edward W. Bok of the Ladies' Home Journal; Duncan Clark, Chicago Evening Post; Alfred Holman, San Francisco Argonaut; Dr. Charles R. L. VanHise, President of the Wisconsin University; F. W. Kellogg, San Francisco, Cal.; L. W. Nieman, Milwaukee Journal; R. T. Oulihan, New York Times; Ellery Sedgwick,

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Atlantic Monthly; Dr. Albert Shaw, Review of Reviews; James N. Thompson, New Orleans Item; C. H. Towne, McClure's Magazine, Dr. E. J. Wheeler, Everybody's.

Rt. Hon. Lord Beaverbrook

CHAPTER II

Newspaper Men Take Up the Torch Thrown Down by Magazine Brethren

Go Over to End War and Finish the Job Their Predecessors Were Impotent to Do—Refused to Go if Bound by Any Understanding Except an Open Mind Which Should Tell of Things as They Saw Them—England Said She Would Lay Her Cards Upon the Table Face Up.

MAGAZINE MEN, constituting group one, who had gone over in late June, having failed by early September to end war, twelve newspaper publishers were drafted as group number two. Insofar as most of us were concerned it was a hurried and an unexpected S. O. S. In the writer's case his mind was made up only forty hours prior to the time of sailing. It was too late to go to Washington for passports, but Secretary of State Lansing generously stepped into the breach and designated a federal officer in New York City who provided the necessary credentials. The ever present difficulty then was that America and the Allies had commandeered the whole Atlantic ocean and held that no one had the right to cross it unless to fight. War, or service therefor, were the only grounds upon which passports were issued

Few in our party had the faintest conception of what was expected of them until they arrived at New York.

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Unquestionably the most impelling reason for accepting invitations was that many had sons in action overseas and were ready and willing to make any sacrifice for an opportunity to meet them.

It should be emphasized in connection with choosings for this most important mission that no one was named for his beauty or his brains. Few, perhaps, would have been able to qualify upon those grounds. England went about the task in her usual cold, calculating, business way.

Each newspaper was employing as war correspondents a staff of able commenters and illustrious reporters capable of wielding more forceful, trenchant or facile pens than any one of our party. England's wish was rather to reach the man in control of newspaper policies and destinies, and Viscount Northcliffe and Lord Beaverbrook, wise in their business of newspaper-making, told the powers that be that that man was the publisher

Twenty-thousand four-hundred and thirty-one newspapers are printed in the United States with an aggregate circulation of fifteen and a half billion copies a year. From out this vast number *Twelve Newspapers were chosen*—one from every seventeen hundred and sixty newspapers—which tells the story of the high compliment conferred by Great Britain in selecting our Editorial party and stresses her belief that she had selected newspapers of the greatest influence and prestige in their respective localities. It will be seen on a close study of the map of the United States that in the selection made every division of the country was represented—the Pacific Coast, the Rocky Mountain Region, the Middle West, the South and the Middle East and the East.

In the choice of newspapers high honor and esteem was

intended, the men selected as representatives being merely coincidental.

At Sherry's famous restaurant, whither we were directed to go by England's Ministry Commission, we found in waiting a dinner at which Sir Geoffrey Butler was toastmaster. Without entering into details, Sir Geoffrey said his government wished us to cross the ocean and see for ourselves, first hand, what was happening over there and how much of a part Great Britain was taking in it all.

One of our members opened the discussion by saying apologetically that there were many things in our school books which obviously perverted history and was unfair and derogatory to England and he contended that all such false and damaging teachings should be expurgated from text books.

The member from Oregon, Mr. Piper, was next speaker. So great a period had elapsed since his school days, he declared he could not recall just what our text books did contain. Whatever their content, he was decidedly and unequivocally opposed to delving into such subjects or sitting in judgment upon them. Traveling farthest of anyone to be present, he asserted that if a revision of American text books or commitment to any course of conduct was the purpose of the trip, he must respectfully decline to go. He would prefer to take the first train back home.

After others had spoken like sentiments, Sir Geoffrey Butler, for the Commissioners, said he was greatly pleased with the frankness of the newspaper men. England would be deeply grateful if the publishers became her guests and would lay all her cards on the table face up, exacting no promises whatsoever. He told the publishers they would be free to return home and say whatever they pleased, if only they consented

to make the trip. While over there letters or messages must pass through censor's hands, all such documents would be submitted by Ministry of Information officers, so that Sir Geoffrey felt the liberty of the press would not be materially abridged.

With this satisfactory explanation the entire party agreed to sail next day.

Next me sat Louis Tracy, the novelist. Noticing I wore a service button, he congratulated me upon going across with a prospect of meeting my son, and then remarked, with a deep touch of sadness in his voice, that his own son had made the supreme sacrifice.

" Killed in action? " I inquired.

" Yes, thank God, a captain leading his men; just as I wished him to die and as I know he would have preferred to die. Noble boy."

Before we arose from our delightful meal, Sir Geoffrey told us that the mystery and secrecy attending all sailings must be observed, but he felt safe in saying our ship was to be a giant greyhound of such high speed that submarine danger would be reduced to a minimum, if not wholly eliminated. We were told to report at a certain pier next day, at an appointed hour, and ask for a ship known to us only by number.

With mixed anticipations and forebodings over our embarkation on the morrow, our enjoyable dinner came to an end.

Those who went were: Franklin Potts Glass, of The Birmingham, Ala. News; Edward W. Barrett, Birmingham Age-Herald; Edward H. Butler, Buffalo Evening News; Herschel V. Jones, Minneapolis Journal; Frank Richardson Kent, Baltimore Sun; A. M. McKay, Salt Lake Tribune; Edgar Bramwell Piper, The Oregonian, Portland, Ore.; Edward Lansing Ray, St. Louis Globe-Democrat; Col. Charles A. Rook, Pittsburgh Dispatch;

Lafayette Young, Jr., Des Moines Capitol, Des Moines; W. A. Paterson, Western Newspaper Union, Chicago and New York, and Edward H. O'Hara, The Syracuse Herald

Pictures of Editorial Party. Left to right: Col. Charles A. Rook, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Edward Ware Barrett (Deceased), Birmingham, Ala.; Edward Bramwell Piper, Portland, Ore.; Edward Lansing Ray, St. Louis, Mo.; Edward H. Butler, Buffalo, N. Y.; Lafayette Young, Jr., Des Moines, Iowa; Franklin Potts Glass, Birmingham, Ala.; Edward H. O'Hara, Syracuse, N. Y.; W. A. Patterson, Chicago, Ill.; A. M. McKay, Salt Lake City, Utah; Frank Richardson Kent, Baltimore, Md.; Insert: Herschel V. Jones, Minneapolis, Minn.

CHAPTER III

A Ship of Death

A Hideous Voyage—Spanish Influenza and Pneumonia take Frightful Toll—Worst Storm in Fifty Years Resulting in Loss of One Transport and Many Lives.

OON following dinner at Sherry's found our Editorial voyagers at pier 59 North river. Ship number 718, for which we were told to ask, proved to be not the promised Cedric, a modern floating palace, but a poky, stuffy 8,000 ton troopship, the Orontes. From mysterious whisperings among her crew, it quickly leaked out that Spanish influenza had been discovered aboard before reaching Boston one week earlier, at which port twenty cases were taken off. Customs officers, health officers and our British hosts were summoned for conference, and twice we threatened to quit the ship. On repeated assurances that all reports were grossly exaggerated, that there had been thorough fumigation and disinfection, an officious federal representative, whose word was law (martial law at least) imperiously waved us away, and after twenty-four hours of almost constant wrangling we put out to sea. Then we learned it was the first voyage of the Orontes to America. Hitherto she, British owned, had plied between Australia and Great Britain bearing English colonial troops to war. England had never permitted her to carry more than 750 soldiers, as the ship's maximum capacity was not more than nine hundred passengers. In America's

mad rush to get men over 1834 troops, including 500 negroes, had been herded into cramped quarters.

Far out at sea we reached our convoy, which apparently had been lying in wait for us. There were eleven camouflaged vessels, comprising a fleet of twelve, carrying 28,000 troops and protected by a destroyer, a cruiser and a giant man-o'-war—fifteen ships in all. Seaplanes and dirigible balloons hovered above or sailed about us. With these and the mystifying, tortuous, shuttlecock movements of our convoy, we got our first big thrill and simultaneously we realized we had indeed entered upon *A GREAT ADVENTURE.*

After a few hours, these "eyes of the sea," as hydroplanes were known, withdrew their protecting wings, their hum and roar grew fainter and fainter until finally they died away in the shoreward distance. A sense of great depression came over us as we realized we were alone with our fate. As told in the rhymes of the Ancient Mariner we were:

> Alone, alone, all, all alone,
> Alone on the wide, wide sea.

Hydroplanes had been scanning the seas for submarines just as a kingfisher searches its prey.

Almost from the outset we encountered stormy weather. The third day out our first tragedy of the sea happened when a Presbyterian clergyman, a Mr. Croucher, old and diabetic, traveling from his temporary charge in Vancouver, British Columbia, to his native Scotland to die among relatives and amid scenes of his childhood, succumbed to pneumonia and was buried at sea. Then we learned that in the twenty-four hours we lay alongside dock in New York, forty cases of Spanish influenza had developed, many were secretly taken ashore, and that there were then more than one hundred cases on

board. Next day there were two burials at sea, next three and next five. Our negro troops became wildly exercised, threatened to mutiny and had to be put under martial restraint.

There were no more daylight burials, bodies thereafter being cast into the sea secretly at night.

Against the wishes of those in charge Mr. Piper and this writer attended the clergyman's burial. We thought of the rude awakening in store for his waiting relatives in Scotland when his failure to arrive was explained. At 6:30 A. M. of the second day thereafter, our whole Editorial party arose to participate in the burial of three soldiers. It was decided to change the hour of the ceremony to 10:30. The triple burial proved to be inexpressibly sad and depressing in the midst of a cold, driving rain and an angry sea. A Methodist chaplain connected with Y. M. C. A., officiated. The ship's little band of civilian passengers and a number of soldiers stood by with bared heads throughout the brief exercises. Soldiers in charge of the military burial stood at sides of grooved plank affairs in which the bodies rested. Over the tops of these rude catafalques were fastened American flags. The bodies were in sacks with heavy pieces of iron rails tied at the feet. Ceremonies over, soldiers raised the head of each chute to a proper angle until bodies slipped from under the flag into the deep. The flags remained with the frame. There was many a wet eye among the sorrowful gathering, whose chief distress was that a greater and worthier tribute of respect could not be paid these glorious dead.

A Danish sea-captain, called to Washington on a secret mission, having also served Great Britain, showed little concern over the storm, declaring it would soon blow itself. But he reckoned without his host, as it did not abate one jot or iota. He further enlightened us with the

story of how upon discovering the presence of a submarine, cruiser and destroyer, which accompany convoys, circle about and drop depth bombs and keep up constant firing until the submarine is hit or sunk.

A bounty of twenty-five pounds sterling, we were informed, was paid the person discovering a submarine, and the ship sinking one received two thousand five hundred pounds, the money being distributed among crew members.

In earlier days many of our newspaper tribe were penny-a-liners, or space writers, to whom a bonus of twenty-five pounds would loom big. While editors spent much time keeping a sharp lookout for submarines they inwardly prayed they would n't see one—their avaricious instincts for once having deserted them.

Early one morning there was great commotion when our destroyer laid down a smoke barrage. It was a tense moment. The destroyer and submarine chasers started after something. When they came upon it, it turned out to be a big piece of old wreckage.

In the thirty-six hours which the eighty-mile gale had raged two of the crew had been lost overboard. The purser was rolled along the deck by waves shipped and his head so badly cut, six stitches were taken. It was a miracle he was not swept overboard. One seaman broke his leg; another pitched down a hatchway and broke four ribs

Pneumonia, following influenza, increased alarmingly. Two hospitals below decks were jammed full of patients, and windows were torn out of smoking and lounging room on the hurricane deck, converting the space into another hospital where fifty pneumonia patients were placed. All medicines were quickly exhausted. There were no tubes of oxygen, so useful in the last stages of pneumonia, but had there been they would have helped

little with only two physicians and no nurses to care for the sick. A Y. man on the way to Paris did wonderful work

To add to the other horrors of this *SHIP OF DEATH*, four days off Liverpool, the worst storm in forty-five years broke. First afternoon a seaman at work on the hurricane deck getting hawsers in shape so that life boats might be lowered was swept overboard and disappeared in the mighty combers.

Next morning a watch went up to the crow's nest, or lookout, to relieve the night boy. Door was open, but boy was gone, having during the night been blown out into the sea. Next day the storm reached the zenith of its fury, wind and wave having grown wilder and mightier until in its awful power and action the ocean became majestic, enthralling. A whirling, typhonic gale sprang up suddenly in the midst of it all, and when it had gone we were entirely alone, our convoy and all our cherished protectors having been separated from us to be seen no more.

That afternoon a mountain of water came over the ship's larboard side. From prow to stern our stumbling but gallant little craft trembled under the awful impact

Windows and doors were riven. Furniture and men in the upper deck lounge were swept across the room in wild confusion. Passengers were bruised, shocked and wrenched. Mighty seas, thus shipped, swirled down stairs like cataracts, carrying everything before them. Consternation ensued. Men in the lower decks believed the boat doomed, but pumps were put to work and comparative calm was finally restored. Kitchen fires had been put out, and it was found impossible to brew tea or coffee or to cook food. For three days we were forced to live on crackers and cheese with ginger beer

for a drink. So badly did our boat toss and roll we could take our beverage only from the bottle.

When we reached Liverpool, fifty-six pneumonia patients, laboriously gasping for breath from want of proper facilities for treatment, and the rolling about on smoking room floors, were carried on stretchers to the city hospitals where, doubtless, forty or forty-five of them died later. It was learned that we had had 500 cases of influenza, 130 cases of pneumonia. There had been 38 burials at sea. Two negroes were found hidden under the stairs on the boat's deck, where they had gone in their fright or delirium. They had been dead for many days. Rats had gnawed the arm of one of them. The last three nights, when it seemed as if we certainly must sink, our Editorial band delegated two young members to keep vigil and arouse our party if necessary to leave the ship. It probably would have been useless to quit the ship in the circumstances since no life-boat could live in such a sea. We were to stand by and help each other if anything happened. *FOR ONCE, IF WE WENT TO THE BOTTOM, WE DESIRED TO GO DOWN AS AN UNITED PRESS.*

Second night before landing, Edgar Bramwell Piper and I sat discussing our plight and the seeming certainty that our ship could not live through the awful storm. To my comment that if first permitted to see my son George, who was fighting at the front, I believed I 'd be reconciled to go, Piper brought his fist down upon the table with a resounding thwack and said: " O'Hara, your son is in the wicked machine-gun service and has been over the top many times. Mine is an aviator. Even now they are taking a thousand chances to our one. There are a thousand reasons why we should take a chance to one that they should. You and I are going down the western slope of life while they are in

the joyful period of their young manhood. I'll be damned if I'm going to be a cringing coward. Let's go to bed!"

To bed we went and slept. We were among the few who did, as nearly all believed we would never see the dawn of another day.

As we entered the Mersey, a committee of our party went to the ship's bridge and presented the captain with a purse of $520, a token of appreciation for his faithful vigil and great ability as a navigator. In the five days before Liverpool was reached he had been off the bridge but four hours and was kept awake with pots of strong coffee brought to him at frequent intervals.

Arriving in Liverpool, our chairman, Frank P. Glass, himself a pillar of the Presbyterian church in his home town, suggested that next day we search out some quiet chapel in London and with special prayer give thanks to the Almighty for our deliverance from the grave in the deep. Next day and other days came and went, but thanksgiving services were not held. It was evidently a case of "when the devil was ill, the devil a saint would be, when the devil was well, the devil a saint was he." But our harrowing trip was not without its great compensations. Through the courtesy of Admiral Sims we sent to President Wilson a code message giving a detailed account of the overcrowding of our boat, sickness, deaths, absence of medicines, lack of doctors and nurses, telling him of our misgivings before sailing and all other details. We received no reply, expected none, but at once overcrowding ceased and all convoys were provided every precaution to check the spread of influenza or other infectious or contagious diseases.

CHAPTER IV

Tragedy of the Sea

The wreck of the Otranto when Rammed by a Sister Transport The Kashmir—Lieutenant Francis Worthington Craven Commanding the English Destroyer Moorsey Immortalized Himself as a Hero Only to meet a Tragic, Pathetic Fate After World War Ended.

EGINNING our voyage at New York, maledictions, imprecations and anathemas were heaped high upon the unhappy heads of our inviting commissioners because of their broken promise to put us on board a big, swift steamship, for we found when joining our convoy of transports that we had been placed upon the Orontes, a miserable little craft, instead of being honored with quarters on our fleet's flagship—the Otranto. Disappointment and dismay had, however, been somewhat mollified by one of our Editorial party who vigorously denounced us as arrant cowards, wholly unworthy and unappreciative, since we seemed too proud to go under circumstances and environment fully as good as those of our sons who had preceded us.

Mutinous utterances ceased in the face of so conciliatory and convincing an argument. It was not for long, however. Complaints and misgivings arose afresh when in mid-ocean we seriously discussed the feasibility and justice of being transferred from our ship to the Otranto.

So wild was the ocean at the time of the proposed transfer that our captain declared he could listen to no such foolhardy suggestion.

Early Sunday, October 6, off northeastern Ireland, from out mountainous waves, there arose two small objects. They resembled old-fashioned wooden cradles, such as those in which older members of our party had no doubt been rocked in babyhood. There was this difference, however, no human hand was ever powerful enough to agitate cradles as old ocean in an angry mood tossed and shook and rolled our steamships.

Coming nearer, the objects proved to be two British destroyers. One of them wig-wagged this query: "We've been wirelessed that a boat in about this latitude and longitude is in distress. Are you that boat?"

Answering "No," word was added that the Otranto, fully equipped with wireless, had doubtless sent out the S. O. S. In less time than it takes to tell, our interrogators disappeared to the north in foaming seas and we continued our desperate fight to reach Liverpool. For two days we were buffeted like cockle-shells until Liverpool's domes and steeples brightened our eyes and gladdened our hearts. Reaching dock, a number of our ships, upon which we had not feasted our eyes for four days, lay at anchor. There were mysterious rumors of a mishap to one member of our convoy off the north coast of Ireland, but not until our arrival next day in London did we learn the bitter truth. Admiral Sims exacted of us a promise not to divulge the story of the calamity until his office had an opportunity to investigate fully and obtain all the facts. And the sacredness of that promise was observed until Admiral Sims released us from our pledges.

Beyond the appalling report that an American transport had been sunk in a collision and several hundred

American troops went down with it, news came out only piecemeal. Although London newspapers were in full possession of the facts which they withheld because a law, based upon necessity and known as the Safety of the Realm Act, forbade publication, several days elapsed before our Editorial party was permitted to print details of the horror. For four days a continual tempest had raged. Old sea-dogs declared it the worst storm in forty-five years. Our convoy of fifteen ships was blown apart and only the Kashmir and the Otranto had kept in sight of each other. Between Glasgow, Scotland, and Belfast, Ireland, the two were running side by side, the Otranto on the Scottish side and the Kashmir on the Irish side of the channel. The captain of the Otranto believed all boats of our convoy were destined for Liverpool. The Kashmir was the one exception and it turned to go into Glasgow. With the mighty force of the hurricane back of her, she rammed the Otranto amidship. When the ships pulled apart it was found impossible for either to turn around to help the other, and they realized they were badly rent and damaged.

The Otranto made for the Irish coast off Belfast, while the Kashmir put on all steam and continued toward Glasgow. The Captain of the Otranto attempted to beach her, but instead hit one of the rocky precipices that skirt the shores of northern Ireland, and the ship was pounding herself to pieces when the two English destroyers came to her aid.

Lieutenant Francis Worthington Craven, commanding the destroyer Moursey, made a frantic attempt at rescue, but the other destroyer's captain, evidently believing discretion the better part of valor, refrained from standing by. Otranto's captain, knowing his ship was doomed, besought Lieutenant Craven not to come

over, declaring it meant certain suicide for himself and his crew.

"Well, it must be suicide then," was his reply, "for we 're coming over!"

Then followed most awful and heartrending scenes. Pinched between sinking Otranto and rocky shore—Lieutenant Craven's ship was torn and wrenched while men flung themselves from the deck of the Otranto to that of the destroyer. Miscalculating, in their frenzy, many fell into the sea, others were crushed to death between tossing ships, while others in jumping to the Otranto's deck sustained broken legs, arms or ribs or were otherwise injured.

Three trips were made by the heroic Craven, landing alternately his injured, dying or dead cargo at Isley near Glasgow or at a point opposite Belfast, Ireland. Each time Otranto's captain protested it was downright madness, only to receive from Lieutenant Craven, who himself was badly hurt, the same cool, firm and unvarying reply that so long as his own boat could be kept afloat or the Otranto remained above water, he would keep coming.

Just as he was leaving the Belfast pier for a fourth trip, Lieutenant Craven saw the Otranto make one frightful plunge and sink into the sea. And the mighty breakers rolled on in all their anger over the spot where the ill-starred Otranto had madly tossed and struggled a few moments before.

It was providential that Lieutenant Craven had proceeded no further in his fourth errand of mercy, as in making for Belfast with all possible speed he was barely able to reach there. Experts declared that had he continued on into open ocean waters, his vessel could never have lived, so badly was she damaged. While Lieutenant Craven's ship went into dry dock for repair

at Belfast, he entered a hospital where his injuries received attention and where, six weeks later, we found him, with many others whom he had rescued, and learned from his own lips this story.

Before going to Ireland our party had visited Scotland. There in a ship-building plant on the river Clyde, near Glasgow, we saw the Kashmir, her prow laid wide open for twenty feet, the rent extending from water line to deck, and we marvelled how she had managed to make her way to Glasgow in such a seriously crippled condition through foaming seas.

It was finally announced officially that four hundred and thirty-one were missing and five hundred ninety rescued, of whom one hundred later died, as the awful toll taken by the disaster. It was related to us as a fact that had the Otranto been able to reach a point a thousand feet further, either up or down the coast, she would have landed upon sandy beach and attained safety instead of death upon the rocks.

Before leaving home it had been my hope that I should be able to visit and drop a tear, a flower and a prayer upon the grave of Lieut. Philip K. Lighthall, brave and beloved son of Syracuse, who lost his life when the Tuscania went down off the Island of Islay. The body was washed ashore and buried with many other victims in a little cemetery in this rugged promontory. Since going under government management, however, railroad schedules had been greatly disturbed, and a trip from Glasgow to Islay and return was now a matter of four days. As I could not leave my party for more than a day, I regretfully abandoned the idea.

It was my great good fortune, however, to meet at the Lord Provost's dinner in Glasgow, a Rev. Mr. Clark, in charge of one of the churches on the island. He was there at the time of the wreck of the Tuscania and said

he knew all about the burials and described to me the location of Lieutenant Lighthall's grave. The minister said he was engaged in a scheme to erect an appropriate monument to the Tuscania victims which would also include those of the Otranto.

Similar to the great sorrow attending the sinking of the Otranto was the pathos which the hero of it encountered in the last days of his life.

One year after Armistice an international news writer, in London for one of the big American syndicates, was requested by a member of our Editorial group to look up Lieutenant Craven. Word came back that in Great Britain's disarmament plan he had been discharged from service and, with wife and children to support, found himself in straightened circumstances. Six of our party most readily reached were appealed to and a sizable purse was raised and sent. A letter of gratitude came back. One member of our party, having learned what had been done, insisted on making a contribution. It, as a second installment, was sent to Lieutenant Craven, or rather, to our representative in London. Before this second contribution reached him the Associated Press bore news that two days after Lieutenant Craven had joined the Black and Tans as a district inspector, he was shot to death at Ballinalee, Ireland, in a Sinn Fein uprising. Unable to find other employment to feed his family, he had volunteered into the British constabulary.

Crowning a rocky promotory that juts out into the sea at a point near Glasgow is the rude, picturesque little settlement of Islay. Here, as already described, were buried bodies of our American boys as they drifted ashore after a German submarine had torpedoed the Tuscania soon following America's entrance into the World War.

It was a strange coincidence that the Tuscania, the only American troopship submarined during the war, and the Otranto, the only American troopship lost because of a storm, met their fates at almost an identical point in the Irish Channel between Glasgow and Belfast. At Islay, too, are, or rather were, as nearly all have been brought back to America, buried many bodies washed ashore from the Otranto. At the dinner in Glasgow where we met the Rev. Mr. Clark, a resident of Islay who officiated at most of the burials, and an American consul at that place, it was understood by our party that these two gentlemen were authorized to erect at Islay a suitably engraved tablet of remembrance to the victims of Tuscania and Otranto. It was reported at an annual reunion dinner of our group at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, in April of this year, that only a tentative order was given and that therefore nothing had come of the matter. Then it was resolved to revive the subject at once, to give honorable mention upon the tablet to Lieutenant Craven and also to ascertain why our federal government had not, in some form or other, taken cognizance of the Lieutenant's valorous deeds in saving the lives of hundreds of American soldiers at the risk of losing his own and the lives of his crew.

Last Honors for American Boys, Victims of the Otranto Disaster, Island of Islay.

CHAPTER V

Isolation Complete and Gloomy

Publishers Cut off from World News for Fourteen Dreary Days—Constitute Themselves a Board of Inquiry and Get Valuable Information Bearing Upon their Mission Abroad.

FOURTEEN long days entirely outside of world affairs was an experience hitherto unknown to a galaxy of newspaper publishers, wireless messages being only for our flagship—the Otranto ☙ ☙

Occasionally a flag at half-mast on another ship of our convoy denoted a death aboard and was practically all the news we had of the flotilla of which we were a part.

Liquor was not sold to soldiers, although there was a bar aboard, and civilians and some officers were permitted to buy. Each member of our party was provided by our English hosts with a quart of old brandy for prevention of sea sickness, but on the second day out we gave the entire allowance to the ship's surgeons to be used as medicine among our American troops suffering from influenza and pneumonia.

The publishers as a distraction and to gain desired knowledge decided to turn themselves into a Board of Inquiry before which they would summon witnesses among the civilians on board who might enlighten them upon things pertinent to their trip.

A Mr. Crooks of Liverpool thought Ireland incapable of self government. With a majority in the house, should

they get home rule they would immediately erect a barrier against England by a prohibitory tariff. Lloyd George was, he said, by all odds the strongest man in Britain, Asquith weak, promising many things and doing nothing. Mr. Crooks had been to America purchasing for England material, mostly woods for airplanes.

Next was a W. Davidson who, with his wife, seemed overjoyed at being homeward bound, notwithstanding the gloomy conditions on shipboard. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson were returning from Russia after a twenty years' residence, where the former had represented one of the biggest Bible publishing houses in the world, had accumulated a fortune and built one of the finest residences in Western Russia. Then came war. Finally Russia collapsed, followed by Soviet misgovernment, of which little was then known outside of Russia, but of which the world has since acquired ample and bitter knowledge. Bolshevism sprang up, and Mr. Davidson resolved to fly the country. Glad to escape with their lives, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, after allowing their real estate to be confiscated, fled for Vladivostock whence they were to ship to San Francisco, from which point they were to proceed home. Jewelry and negotiable securities were taken along, but money, bonds and other securities were left behind in banks. With their journey began terrible persecutions. At nearly every sizable trans-Siberian railway station they were seized, upon some pretext or other, and money was extorted. In many instances they had been cast into loathsome jails until they paid the demanded ransom. News of their coming preceded them and confederates intercepted them at the next station. Up to the time of leaving New York the couple had been eight months away from their Russian home. They had succeeded in secreting barely enough money to pay their way back to England.

Mr. and Mrs. Davidson said they believed eventually their beautiful home and real estate would be restored to them, but declared they would n't return again "for all Russia."

On the first evening out of New York I met L. Barrington Simeon, Lieutenant of the First Highland Light Infantry. The day before sailing I had chanced to meet him at the visé office in New York. Lieutenant Simeon was 30, of giant stature, much traveled and an intensely interesting chap. It was his twenty-sixth crossing. Three times he had rounded the world, had served Great Britain in India, organized the Mounted Police of Northwestern Canada, had been in the Friendly, Fiji and Samoan Islands in the South Seas in the interests of his government, had fought in Mesopotamia under General Allenby, where nine months before he was shot through the lung by a Turkish sniper, and was sent to the Isle of Wight to recuperate. Then he was sent to America on a secret mission for the British government. It seemed to be his boast, however, that he was a born fighter and not a diplomat. He was eager to get back into the fray at the head of his regiment, but feared his government would not permit him to return.

Turks, the Lieutenant told us, were the cleanest fighters in the world except when in combat with Americans, when they became demons incarnate because of religious fanaticism. Then nothing short of complete extermination seemed to satisfy them, so diabolical were their methods.

An English merchant who asked us to be allowed to remain anonymous, returning from America where he had gone on a government errand, gave our Board the English side of the Irish question. England, he believed, would not consent to Irish separation and, without prejudice, it was his opinion it would be the worst thing

that could happen to Ireland. In his judgment, Ireland was incapable of self-government.

Far and away the most intellectual man to come before our Board was F. Maginn of Warrington, England, who followed the Englishman and combated all his arguments. He was a manufacturer of some sort and had been in America to buy American machinery. In order to obtain permission to come to America at that time, England exacted of all more than a business reason for leaving home, and accordingly he was appointed by England, on account of his literary ability, to look into school text books in use in American schools, colleges and universities. This gave color to the report which Mr. Patterson of Chicago had brought up in his speech at Sherry's the night before we sailed—that England complained of our text books as containing things derogatory to her. Mr. Maginn in his official capacity, had visited Washington, Philadelphia, Minneapolis and Chicago. But of this he would speak no further.

Mr. Maginn had lived in England eighteen years and found Englishmen the best people on earth among whom to live. As an Irishman he owed allegiance to Ireland. He went over the high spots in Irish history for a hundred years; every act of home rule or land legislation was on the tip of his tongue. Ireland's cause was his cause, her people were his people and her welfare was his welfare and he must be with her forever, right or wrong. His business partner and all his relatives were in war before the draft and he could not find it in his heart to censure Ireland because she resisted conscription. Then he broke down and cried bitterly, declaring it was the regret of his life that Ireland could not see her way clear to be in the war just as she was before conscription.

PART II

England

A Day with King George, Queen Mary, Dowager Queen Alexandra and Princesses Mary and Louise

Viscount Northcliffe a Gracious and Generous Host

Balfour and the English Speaking Union

Visits to the Tower of London, St. Dunstan and The Times Plant

"The Americans Come! A Quarter of a Million a Month!" the Cry Which With This Picture Electrified Britain.

CHAPTER VI

In Dear Ole Lunnon

Getting Under Way in the First Twenty-Four Hours—Had They Waited Until Fully Prepared Allies Might Have Won the War With Tanks—On the Contrary Germany Could Have Done the Same Thing, if They had had Enough Poison Gas on Hand When They First Began Its Use.

AT LIVERPOOL we were met at pier by an able and courteous committee, a delegation of the British Ministry of Information, escorted to the Adelphi, said to be Great Britain's best hotel, if not the best in all Europe, where a real supper, a Turkish bath, luxurious rooms and a comfortable bed, in a measure at least, dispelled the horrors of our tempestuous journey and a wretched two weeks aboard the Orontes.

The next day our hosts took us aboard a special car bound for London. We did not realize then, but soon found out that our privations and hardships, so far as courtesy, intelligent care and gracious and distinguished attention could amend, ended when we stepped off deck at Liverpool.

Arriving in London early in the afternoon, we found at the Savoy Hotel the Ministry of Information awaiting us with an excellent luncheon, after which we were assigned to the best suites in the hostelry, given the use of an immense assembly room with anterooms and lobbies and two secretaries and a number of typists to take dictation, write letters or telegrams or do any errands

which we should entrust to them. These were to be our headquarters whenever in London during our stay in Europe.

Then, we were informed by our hosts, we should be left quite alone until next day to unpack, look after our laundry or rest or in any other way exercise our own sweet will to our hearts' content.

When we arose next morning we were told that Viscount Northcliffe would call promptly at ten o'clock, and every one was commanded to be punctual at headquarters. On the stroke of the hour, Lord Northcliffe walked into our offices. His dash and strenuousness reminded me of former President Roosevelt in his earlier years. After a most cordial welcome he bade us lunch with him next day in The Times home in Printing House Square, warned us to zealously guard our health, as Spanish influenza had come to London, said he had directed a young woman, superintendent of his stenographers and typists, to detail us all the secretaries we wished, to do our work. We were, if we preferred, to go to The Times office or call upon it for anything needed. After a half hour's chat upon war topics, in which he imparted confidentially a vast amount of war news that could not then be printed, he withdrew.

At eleven A. M. we were taken in automobiles to Cricklewood, where we were shown an immense field of bombing tanks. We were given a ride over the muddy field in them, the different makes with their several points of advantages explained, all of which imparted a thrill and was extremely interesting.

It was an open secret that a tactical blunder had been made by Allied forces in prematurely introducing tanks into the war. With the usual reserve and caution of the English, only a few were made when they were sent into action. German ingenuity quickly saw their great pos-

sibilities and power and at once adopted them and was capable of making them as rapidly, if not more rapidly, than the Allies. Had Allies waited until a sufficient number were made before putting them in use, our host declared, war would have been won, as these wonderful inventions, he believed, would have gone through wicked barbed wire entanglements and the boasted impenetrable Hindenburg line like a knife through cheese. We reminded our informant that had Germany been less hasty and better prepared when she sprung the damnable poison gas she could have ended the war. But she could not get enough of it before Allies resorted to it, besides quickly discovering the gas mask and putting it in use.

A captain in charge of the field sought me out and said he was George Grossmith, that he had often been in Syracuse, and for several years had traveled with our own Edna May. He turned out to be the well-known English actor, son of the great actor of that name, who had given up his profession to do his bit in winning the war

CHAPTER VII

Meeting England's Great Luminaries

Viscount Northcliffe's Memorable Luncheon Punctuated with Brilliant Speeches—Magazine Men and Newspaper Publishers Called Together by Lord Northcliffe to Get Acquainted with Some of the Great Minds Active in World War Affairs.

ISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE stood in an anteroom of the big banquet hall of the historic Times building and shook hands with each guest, calling many by name, although he had seen us but once before. Then we were directed to the cloak room and next to the dining hall. At the entrance to the latter was an easel upon which stood an immense diagram of the tables. My heart leaped into my mouth as I read that I was placed next Rudyard Kipling. From its hour of serving it was called a luncheon, but it proved to be a feast worthy of Lucullus. We met here the first or magazine party who had just returned from France and the fighting fronts and were to return to America in a few days, the Viscount having planned thus pleasantly to bring us together. When we were seated around the festive board, a panoplied butler, a sort of major domo, stood behind our titled host, who sat in a throne-like chair at the head of the table. Each event was announced with profound formality as follows:

"My Lords and Gentlemen: I beg you give ear and listen to Viscount Northcliffe."

And again:

" My Lords and Gentlemen : Viscount Northcliffe prays you charge your glass and drink to the health of the King and the President."

Glasses were charged as commanded with best vintages of pre-Volstead days and every one arose and, holding his glass high, chorused:

" The King and the President."

On taking my seat I found I was not to sit next Rudyard Kipling. I was familiar with his picture and knew the man next me was not he, but, as I quickly learned, the Editor of The Mail, Viscount Northcliffe's great evening newspaper

Lord Northcliffe explained he would have wished more of the English newspaper and magazine men to be present, but lack of time forbade. Lloyd George, Prime Minister, had a war engagement which prevented his attendance; Balfour telegraphed he was to entertain the Editors next day; Kipling that he had missed his train in France and was unable to make connections; Lord Tennyson that he was ill at his home in the Isle of Wight, but his latch string there was out to the Editors where he 'd gladly receive them if only they 'd come.

¶ Then Lord Northcliffe proposed a toast to the American Editors and said:

" I can assure you it is most gratifying to us in Printing House-square that so goodly a company should come together. Our American friends are divided today in this room into two companies. The first company are those who arrived in England some time ago and have had the thrilling experience of seeing the Great War at first hand, and who are now on their way back to the United States. The second division are those who have just arrived in England after a terrible experience in the Atlantic and who are leaving us for France in a very few hours.

"Most of our American friends of the first party, I understand, have listened to over a hundred speeches. They have eaten more than a hundred luncheons and dinners. They would agree with me, I am sure, that ordinary war oratory is a little tiresome. Yet I can not let this company part without telling you as one who had the pleasure of being in the United States during its great awakening that our guests today constitute a very powerful and very formidable body of public opinion in the Great Republic. Their circulations—if I may mention a delicate topic in newspaper circles—on what they call a conservative basis, amount to fifteen billion of copies. They come from a country which has two excellent laws: The name of every shareholder in a newspaper has to be made public, and the circulation manager has to reveal the secrets of his sanctum

"Our friends, having witnessed the sufferings of France and of Belgium, are going back to tell their country that the intervention of the United States is, to use one of their own phrases, worth while. When I was in America last year I wondered at the strange phenomenon of the rising young men of that nation, many of them resident hundreds, thousands of miles from the sea, drawn by some mysterious instinct to leave their prosperous lives to come on this mission across the Atlantic. Their crusade is one of the great miracles of the world. We who are here, especially those who have been to the front, are so apt to dwell upon the dreadful aspects of war that it may be wise to think of some of the things that are not so dreadful. We can reflect with admiration on the ease with which a nation has been transported across the Atlantic. We can dwell upon the popularizing of the means of communication, such as wireless telegraphy, and the extension of flight. We can comfort ourselves

that these developments make for a better understanding between the peoples of the future.

"All these accomplishments point to a world in which a League of Nations would be a much more easy thing to manage than it might have been before these means of communication were perfected, and it is a fact that war has perfected them more rapidly than many, many years of peace. We have to look—we who are engaged in the business of spreading public intelligence—at the effect on our own industry of some of these developments. Take flight, for example. Will flight concentrate newspaper production into one or two hands in great centers whence the newspapers may be disseminated by flying machines? Personally, I do not think it will. I know that there are provincial communities apprehensive of the destruction of their own local public opinion—one of the most valuable inspirations towards national judgment. They are afraid that a metropolis may dominate public opinion by newspapers spreading from that metropolis. That has not been the effect in this country of newspapers which, like one of my own, are dispersed from one center. These newspapers have had no effect whatever on the standing of newspapers voicing local public opinion and local public thought. The maintenance of local public opinion is essential. We know, as a matter of fact, though not so well as we ought, that the voice of New York, which is the voice we hear most often in England, is not at all the voice of the whole of the United States, any more than the voice of London is the voice of the North of England or of Scotland. We know that those in the United States who are scanning the public opinion of America as to war looked with eagerness to the Middle West and the Far West and the South. They looked beyond New England and the seaboard States, and they measured

very carefully all those opinions to see that the whole country was unanimous. Eventually public opinion became unanimous, not because the United States has anything to get out of this war—it has nothing whatever to get out of it—but because of an overwhelming instinct to rise to the cause of justice.

"These gatherings of Englishmen and American men are the outcome of a new department in our Government, a department that must and I hope will be a permanent department, the Department of Information. Owing to ill-health, Lord Beaverbrook, to whose vision the bringing together of the editors of the United States and the editors of Great Britain is due, is unable to be here today. I consider that the efforts he is making to bring us together are well worthy of the cause in which we are engaged. This getting together of Englishmen and American men may sound a very obvious suggestion, but no one has given effect to it before. It is due to Lord Beaverbrook and his Department that we are all here together. I ask our English friends to rise and drink to the health of our guests and their fifteen billions circulation."

Mr. F. P. Glass, Birmingham, Alabama, News, chairman of the second group of American editors, replied to the toast. He said:—

"It is an unusual honor and privilege to be present on this occasion, and I esteem it very, very deeply. I wish to thank Lord Northcliffe and the other distinguished Britishers who are here, and your Cabinet, your Government, and Lord Beaverbrook, who has so very wisely, I think, initiated this important movement in bringing representative newspaper men and magazine men from the United States to this country. I believe it is going to accomplish a great deal of good. Speaking for one ignoramus like myself, who has never had the privilege of

visiting this great Mother Country before, I am sure I am going to be instructed and guided and deepened and benefited more than by anything that has happened in my experience in a number of years past. I am sure that every one of our party will go back far better equipped, far more useful, and, I hope, far more influential (in spite of our limited circulation) than we have ever been before.

"We are delighted with the hospitality shown to us on all sides.

"We have been greeted even by the heavens with charm. We had a beautiful sunny day coming from Liverpool to London, and the dismal fog we have heard about was not here. The sunshine in the heart and mind of every Englishman with whom we have come in contact has only reiterated and confirmed our reception on the first day from the elements. We in America are tremendously interested in this attack in France. We are delighted to be here today following the magnificent victory of the British armies in France, and we hope before many weeks have passed by there may be equivalent victories on the part of the French, and perhaps something more of the kind from General Pershing, our great leader there, with his increasing force.

"You spoke, my lord, of the great difficulties we had in coming over on ship. We had very great discomfort from the weather and sickness, and various conditions not necessary to mention. Very little news came to our ship. The wireless was not working all the time, or we were not trusted with much of its winged news. There was a rumor afloat that Bulgaria had sued for peace, and that the war might end right away, before we could see it. Among the eighteen hundred troops on board the constant expression of officers and men was this: 'Suppose before we get there it is all over.' These men, in

spite of the dangers to which they were exposed, wanted to get to France to take part in the great victory which we are going to achieve. I have been very much pleased by the tribute Lord Northcliffe has paid to the spirit of the American people, which he had unusual opportunities of discerning during his residence in the United States. We have been thought to be only a dollar-loving people, and I must confess that some of our newspaper and magazine people have in the past watched the dollar pretty closely. Some of them have made a few dollars now and then. We are, after all, a nation of idealists. We are born of British blood, most of us. We have the highest regard and veneration for the fundamental principles of justice. All our laws and constitutions are bottomed on the common law of England. Our own Declaration is only a renewal of the Magna Charta of your country, and we are determined, as far as we may be able, to insist in establishing these principles throughout the world. We hope out of this war will come a day of sunshine for all the world, in which there will be real international law, some sort of international court, and maybe some sort of international police to enforce the ruling of that court. English justice, American justice, English and French and American ideals, must prevail in the world, and, God willing, they shall."

Dr. Edward J. Wheeler, Everybody's Magazine, a member of the first group of editors, also replied to the toast.

¶ He expressed diffidence in speaking for the American editors and for his country before a group of critical American newspaper men.

"Down in Charlestown, West Virginia, years ago," he said, "there was an old darkey who had a chance to buy a tombstone at a bargain. He took the chance, and

wanted some sort of fitting epitaph put on the stone against the day of his death. He went to a lawyer friend of his, and asked him to write the epitaph. The lawyer, after thinking for a few minutes, wrote it in the following words, and I am told they are on the tombstone today in Charlestown: 'I did n't come here for to do no harm.'

"I think that applies to us American editors. We 'did n't come here to do no harm.' I think the facts will bear us out that we have not done any harm. Our journey, that of the first group, has been a triumphal procession from the beginning. Almost as soon as we left New York we began to receive wireless news that the Central Powers were trembling and retreating. By the time we reached Great Britain we found that the Allies were pushing their line forward on all the nine fronts throughout the world. By the time we reached Paris we found that one of the Central Powers had already sued for peace. By the time we got back to England we found that all the Central Powers were asking for an armistice and for terms of peace. We think a very good case could be made out to show that the group of American editors who first came over here have been winning the war. By the time the second group have left they will be convinced that they have been winning the war. I do not think we are going to have a chance of sending over more than three or four groups. No more will be necessary.

"In the last month we have had more mental impressions than we can assimilate in another year, and we have been placed under more social obligations than we can ever hope to repay. The impressions we take away are mixed, and yet some of them are coming out more and more clearly and distinctly.

"I think one of them that we take away from England

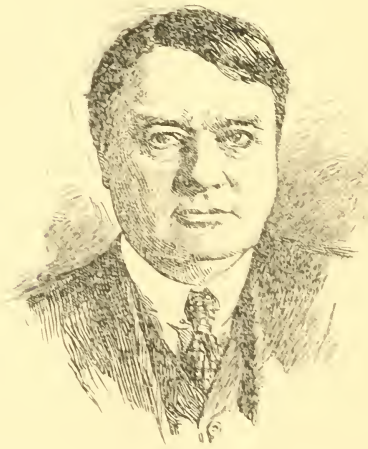
is that the old bulldog that stands for the symbol of English determination and pluck is a most excellent symbol. We have seen the grit of your people manifested, not only in their words and deeds, but in the cheerful smiles of your women. The Bulldog is all right, but the worst national symbol I know of today is the Gallic cock of France. France is doing no strutting and no crowing. The Gallic cock will not do for France today.

¶ "These are some of the impressions that we carry away. The mass of the impressions we can not assimilate, much less describe. You said, my lord, that America had nothing to gain from this war. I think that is absolutely true as you meant it, and yet, in another sense, America has just as much to gain as England or France or any other country in the wide world. We are not at war for England, or Belgium, or France, or Italy. We are at war just as much for America, for the United States, as you are at war for yourselves and France is at war for France. Although our country has not been invaded, and although there is no fear of invasion during the war, yet we know we are fighting just as much for ourselves, for the defence of our institutions, the defence of our liberties and our civilization, as any other country. It is just as much America's fight as it is yours."

Others present at this function beside newspaper and magazine men were:

Mr. Irwin Laughlin, American Chargé d' Affaires, the Earl of Reading, G. C. B., Lord Burnham, Lord Rothermere, Vice-Admiral W. S. Sims, G. C. M. G., Mr. E. C. Schoecraft, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Mr. H. G. Guy Gaunt, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Campbell Stuart, K. B. E., Major Evelyn Wrench, C. M. G., Colonel the Hon. A. G. Murray, M. P., Mr. H. J. Learoyd, Mr. Valentine

Wallace, Mr. W. Sutherland, and Mr. G. A. Sutton. Mr. W. A. Auckland, Mr. C. I. Beattie, Mr. J. P. Bland, Mr. G. M. Brumwell, Mr. H. Corbett, Mr. M. Humphrey Davy, Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, Mr. Lloyd Evans, Mr. T. E. Mackenzie, Mr. H. G. Price, O. B. E., Mr. W. Lints Smith, and Mr. H. W. Steed.



Lord Northcliffe

CHAPTER VIII

The English-Speaking Union

Balfour's Epochal Speech which Caustically Arraigned Germany and Contained a Few Important Prophecies—Acknowledged the Great Part America Was Taking in Winning the War and said She Alone Had the Power and the Ability to Help Germany in a Material Way.

AMONG notable dinners early after our arrival in London, given in our honor, was that of the English Speaking Union, of which Arthur J. Balfour was, and I believe still is, president. Among those present were Admiral Sims of the United States Navy, Major General Biddle of the United States Army, Major Evelyn Wrench, Major-General Swinton, Colonel McClamouth, M. P., Sir Fortescue Flannery, M. P., Sir Campbell Stuart, Sir Harry Brittain, H. Gordon Selfridge, formerly of Chicago, now London's merchant prince, where he adopted American methods after the fashion of Marshall Field in Chicago and demonstrated that Yankee enterprise and grit could be engrafted upon London. These and hundreds of others, titled and untitled, attended.

Mr. Balfour in proposing the health of the guests rejoiced to see them in Europe at this time because happily it coincided with a most favorable military development of the situation. Great indeed was the change between March and October. He knew of no similar period of history so great and dramatic in the

WORLD WAR AT ITS CLIMAX

transformation that had taken place on so heroic a scale, dealing with issues so momentous for the future of the world. We were all fortunate in being witnesses of it, and the guests who had come from the United States at this moment were fortunate in the occasion of their coming. He did not pretend for a moment that Allied difficulties were at an end, but he should be profoundly disappointed if the tide of victory flowing so strongly ever received a serious setback from the enemy.

¶ He continued as follows:

"As president of this society and as chairman of this function it falls to me to undertake the honorable duty of proposing the health of our guests and giving them a warm welcome on the occasion of their visit to this country. We rejoice to see them among us, and we particularly rejoice because the moment of their visit has been happily timed.

"I am confident that what we began to do so successfully in July and carried on with increasing good fortune in August and September and the early part of the present month is no accidental or momentary success, but in truth represents the growing strength of the Allies as compared with the waning strength of our opponents. And if that be so, and if my estimate of the situation be not too sanguine, then the problem before us is not to make up our mind as to whether we shall or shall not win the war, for that seems ever clearer, but whether we shall really use the victory which is within our grasp to the best purpose for the moment, for the next few years, and, last but not least, for posterity, whose fate depends upon our efforts.

"We have to make a right peace; and I do not think that a right peace is of itself a very easy thing to make. Our enemies, who I may parenthetically remark are attempting to change their constitution, appear to have

no notion that what we want is not so much a change of the form of the apparatus of government as a change in the hearts by which that government is to be directed and animated, and if we are to judge—and surely we may judge without unfairness of a man's heart by what he does,—I would ask you whether those who have made mankind pale with horror over their early barbarities and brutal excesses in Belgium show the least sign that four years of war have in any material respect improved their disposition. Brutes they were when they began the war, and, as far as we can judge, brutes they remain at the present moment. I speak, perhaps with a warmth of indignation unbefitting a Foreign Secretary, but with the news of this outrage in the Irish Channel, of which I have just been getting, I won't say the details, but the rough outline from my gallant friend on my left, Admiral Sims—I confess that I find it difficult to measure my epithets, for, if I rightly understand the story, this Irish packet-boat—crammed as it always is, with men, women and children—in broad daylight was deliberately torpedoed by a German submarine. It was carrying no military stores. It was serving no military ends. It was pure barbarism, pure frightfulness, deliberately carried out, and one would have thought that those who, after all, brought in America to their own undoing by crimes of this sort, would have shrunk a little from repeating them at a moment when their fate is to be decided by America perhaps even more than by any other of the co-belligerents. I can not measure the wicked folly of the proceeding of which they have been guilty. And yet let us not forget that that is only one, and not the most destructive, the most cowardly, or the most brutal thing which at this moment, when they are asking for peace, they are perpetrating upon helpless civilians or still more helpless prisoners of war. I wish

I could think that these atrocious crimes were the crimes of a small dominant military caste. I agree that the direction of policy, the direction of national policy, may be in the hands of a small caste, but it is incredible that crimes like these, perpetrated in the light of day, known to all mankind, condemned from one end of the civilized world to the other, should go on being repeated month after month for four years of embittered warfare if it did not commend itself to the population which commits them. However, gentlemen, it was not of that I wanted to speak. I was led off from the course of my speech, such as it was, by the reflections suggested by this most tragic and deplorable episode, and I rather wanted to say to you and to say to our friends and guests that when peace approaches, when peace comes to be considered, and when that period of reconstruction comes, when peace is arranged, all sorts of new difficulties are bound to arise which will require the tact and judgment of statesmen to get over, and, if I may say so to our guests, the co-operation, the loyal and effective co-operation of the great newspapers of the world to see it carried through. The poet, as we all know, has said that peace has its victories as well as war, and let me say that the victories of peace will be at least as hard of accomplishment as the victories of war. They will put as great a strain upon all the higher moral and intellectual qualities of the peoples concerned as even the great struggle in which we have all been engaged. ¶ "I know, and I think you all know, but I know, from watching to the best of my ability the utterances of the German newspapers, that what they count upon now, and what they have always counted upon, is jealousy and disagreement between their opponents. It is the sort of calculation which I think will fail. But it is the sort of calculation which has a kind of external plaus-

ibility and unless it be watched may even have an element of reality in it. They say to themselves, 'The union of the great English-speaking people is the most formidable factor we have had to deal with in this war, but that won't last.' There are old causes of difference between these two branches of civilization. Both are at the present moment great commercial and industrial nations, but both possess and aim at, rightly aim at, a commerce spreading over the world. Britain, which used to be supreme in the matter of mercantile marine, now sees growing upon the other side of the Atlantic a mercantile marine of unlimited size. 'Here,' say our German friends, 'here are elements which in a short time, when the first intoxication of victory is over, may well produce differences of opinion between our opponents from which we shall profit.' I believe myself that there never was a shallower miscalculation. We members of the English-speaking Union do not regard ourselves as the missionaries and apostles of a disowned or difficult cause. We regard ourselves as simply embodying in an organization a real union which already exists, which is growing, and which, to the infinite benefit of the world, is, I think, predestined to grow for generations

"I am one of those who believe that civilization is to be ministered to by permitting nations of different genius, each to develop that genius in its own way, each, therefore, to contribute its own characteristic element to the general intellectual and moral pleasures of mankind, and I therefore don't wish to see all the world moulded into one form of culture. If I had the power I would not attempt to do what the Germans attempted to do, which is to spread any particular type of culture over the whole of reluctant humanity. That, I think, is folly; but at the same time, let me add this—while there are,

and will doubtless always be differences of outlook between various branches of the English-speaking peoples, whether they belong to the United States, to these small islands, or to the great self-governing dominions of the British Empire, while there will always be differences born of environment, born from historical causes, born of the countless subtle elements which greatly produce that curious entity, national character; granting all that, I believe that there is such a thing as the English-speaking method of looking at the great affairs of mankind, and that method of outlook is of infinite value to the freedom and progress of the world, and can only be truly accomplished if there be an inner harmony, an inner regard between all the elements of the great English-speaking communities of which everybody in this room is a citizen and a member. That is my conviction, and if there was or could be any doubt that that intimate union is natural, is right, is fruitful for the good of the world, and if there could have been any doubt that that union of hearts is destined to be permanent, these doubts would surely be dissipated by the events of the last few months.

"After all, there is nothing which binds people closer together than the consciousness of great deeds done in common, great acts of heroism performed side by side, great services to humanity carried out in brotherly co-operation. That consciousness all of us have now in the highest measure; that consciousness will grow. History will embalm it, and it will become part of international tradition. It will make happier, easier and far more glorious that union which we exist to promote —that union which is based upon mutual respect, a common love of freedom, a common language, common law, common literature and which has in it such infinite potential good for the benefit of mankind. Ladies and

gentlemen, I beg to ask you to drink with us to the health of the representatives of the great American press. May they have every good fortune attend them, and may they go back with kindly thoughts of the country which desires nothing more than to give them generous hospitality."

Mr. F. P. Glass of Birmingham, Alabama, responding to the toast on behalf of the American editors, said America wanted some of the honor and distinction of having accomplished something substantial in the world struggle for the establishment of justice—English justice, if they pleased—for the bulk of Americans were of English blood, and were proud of their English derivations of law and theories of justice, whether they administered those laws so nicely as the English did or not.

Admiral Sims said that it was very important that the American people should be absolutely informed as to what was taking place on this side. They had not been too accurately informed. There had been a number of misapprehensions which had done some damage, but to what extent that was the fault of the press, he was not sure. He had questioned a good many Americans who had come to this country as to what they thought of things over here. For example, he had asked Americans who, as was customary when they crossed the Atlantic, had had to elbow their way through submarines, how many submarines they supposed were operating against the merchant ships and transports making port. He would like to ask the editors present how many they thought were operating. When he had asked he had never seen an estimate of less than fifty and sometimes it was a hundred. As a matter of fact, the average number was eight or nine, and it sometimes ran up to twelve or thirteen. Of all the submarines that the enemy

had that was the most that were kept out. Another idea was sometimes in the American mind that the American navy had been doing the bulk of the business over here —at least a half. That was not correct. There were about three thousand anti-submarine craft operating day and night, and the American craft numbered one hundred sixty, or three per cent. The same ratio applied in the Mediterranean. Again, Americans seemed to regard it as a miracle of their Navy that they had got a million and a half troops here in a few months, and had protected them on the way. " We did n't do that," Admiral Sims said. " Great Britain did."

Our party were handed a pamphlet giving this explanation of what the Union is and aims to be:

" The English-Speaking Union is an attempt to draw together in the bond of comradeship the English-speaking peoples of the world. The movement has been formed by a group of Americans and Britishers—in no spirit of hostility to any people. It is felt that the corner-stone on which the League of Nations must be built is a complete understanding and friendly co-operation between the two great sections of the English-speaking peoples. On them will very largely fall the problem of making the world safe for democracy.

" In 1823 Thomas Jefferson, speaking of Great Britain, wrote to President Munroe: 'With her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her then we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more, side by side, in the same cause.' Little did Jefferson think when he penned these words that one hundred years later the two great sections of the English-speaking world would be fighting side by side for common ideals.

" The aim of the English-speaking Union is, briefly, to

make the English-speaking peoples of the world better known to each other, whether they be Americans, Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Newfoundlanders, or the inhabitants of the British Isles and their dependencies.

" It does not aim at formal alliances, nor is it concerned with the relationship of governments; it is solely and simply a good fellowship movement among the people who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake.

" The aim of the promoters, American and British, is that no citizen of the English-speaking world should ever feel lonely again after the War, that no American visiting the Old Country should ever want a friend, and that no Britisher should ever want one in the Great Republic. A good fellowship movement, glad hand club, whatever you may like to call it, but it has more than a purely social side.

" In ninety-five per cent of the things that matter the English-speaking peoples, whether they come from the United States, from the British dominions in the far antipodes, or from the Mother Country, have the same outlook, the same ideals, the same conceptions of right and wrong, the same laws, the same literature. It is only in the remaining five per cent of superficial things that they differ.

" The Englishman is more reserved and goes to his club when he wishes to be alone and to escape from his friends. The American, on the other hand is more sociable and goes to his club to meet his friends! The Englishman drinks tea in the afternoon, the Australian drinks his tea in the morning at eleven and the American drinks iced water! Once we know each other, we get to understand these little surface differences and realize that in all the things that matter we see eye to eye.

¶ " If the English-speaking peoples would pull together

in no mean spirit of exclusion or race pride, but in one of humbleness, and show by their actions that they realize the vast responsibility towards the smaller nationalities of the world which is theirs, there is no limit to the great part they might play in abolishing war for all time and in spreading the reign of order and good fellowship throughout the world.

"One hundred years ago when the autocracies of Europe cast longing eyes towards the South American continent and desired to re-establish monarchical institutions, America and Great Britain stood together, and largely owing to that spirit of co-operation, to which Thomas Jefferson referred, the struggling young South American Republics were securely launched on their national careers.

"Our aim is to establish a branch of the English-Speaking Union wherever Americans and Britishers are to be found and it does not require any very wide flight of imagination to envisage a chain of great buildings devoted to the common service, encircling the globe; the outward symbol of a great bond of sympathy which believes in the great tasks of reconstruction in which the English-Speaking peoples must always lead the way."

¶ In America, William H. Taft of the United States Supreme Court is and has been from the beginning the President. The American branch has grown constantly both in numbers and activity.

CHAPTER IX

A Day at Sandringham

Red Letter Event for Publishers, Newspaper and Magazine—Entire Royal Family Threw Aside Formality and Seemed to Enjoy Themselves. King George, Making Use of Roosevelt's Famous Expression Declared He Had Had a Bully Day.

ON Saturday, October 12th, the American publishers and editors were informed that King George and Queen Mary would be graciously pleased to receive them on the day following at their country seat, Sandringham. It was intimated by the Ministry of Information that it was a most unusual concession, for his Majesty and his court preferred to observe well established traditions and keep to themselves on the Sabbath day at least.

Sandringham, summer home of British royalty, more than one hundred miles from London, is on the east coast, near the sea. It consists of fifteen hundred acres with trees, shrubbery, plants and flowers from every quarter of the globe. It has attractive lakes and ponds and wonderful conservatories. All were then sadly neglected, because war had taken away three hundred and fifty men who were regularly employed. King Edward acquired and developed this estate, which contained his fine thoroughbred racing stud and stables. It is now the permanent residence of his widow, the Dowager Queen Alexandra. It descended to King George and is the only actual property of the King.

Windsor castle, Buckingham palace and Balmoral castle are all properties of the Crown.

Queen Alexandra, mother of the King, occupied the "Castle," which is no castle at all, but a fine country home. The King dwells, during his stay at Sandringham, in the comparatively modest York cottage. Here he rests for several weeks in summer—the pheasant hunting season. Here all the children of George and Mary were born.

With the King and the Queen receiving us, were their daughter Princess Mary, the King's sister, Princess Louise and the King's mother, the Dowager Queen Alexandra

The time of our visit was auspicious. Great news had just come out of Germany to the effect that Junkerdom had decided to capitulate, after four years of war, and it was to be supposed that the atmosphere about Sandringham would be most congenial for felicitations. There were no Sunday papers, in the American sense, in Great Britain, but the King, of course, had his own private information about the important turn of events. A royal messenger was aboard the train which bore the twenty-three Americans to Sandringham. His commission was to tell King George what the King already knew.

The journey to Sandringham was taken in a special train, under a semi-cloudy sky, through a lovely landscape. There was a glimpse of the famous university town of Cambridge and of the historic cathedral at Ely. The party arrived at Sandringham station, reserved for the guests of royalty, about two o'clock, and found waiting them three spick and span carryalls. Meanwhile instructions as to how the party was to be received had been given. They were to be divided into three groups, and each group was to meet the King separately and was to remain not more than ten minutes. It was expected that

his Majesty would have had quite enough in that brief period. But it soon proved that the courtiers were wrong in deciding just who should be privileged to bask in the smiles of royalty and for just how long.

By a coincidence American magazine and periodical publishers, who were in London, were included in the royal request, and we all went together to Sandringham, giving the King his first personal view of and contact with composite American journalism. It was hinted by those who arranged the audience that it was substantial and convincing evidence of the high interest of the King in what was hoped would be established permanently—cordial relations between two English-speaking nations.

¶ It was a drive of about a mile from the railway station by winding ways, through an attractive landscape, that brought the party to Sandringham. A functionary in bright red coat, decorated with many medals, indicating worthy service in the Life Guards, ushered all into the waiting room. There were other officials, with no special insigna of rank or station, who, with wellbred ease, made the guests feel quite at home.

An aged man, Sir Richard Probyn, hero of East Indian warfare, possessor of the Victoria Cross, was the personal attendant and courtier of Queen Alexandra. All the court ladies were dressed much as one sees the women of America in an American city every day, in admirably fitted tailored suits. There was no ostentation, no stiffness, little ceremony. The members of the visiting party had been counseled not to offer needlessly to shake hands with the King or the Queen unless they first made the approach, which the royal personages did in every instance. "Address the King as 'Your Majesty' and the Queen in like manner" it was said. Some of the editors perhaps forgot the rules, but no one attempted any familiarity, and certainly none was in-

vited; but every one of the royal personages, after the introduction, adopted easy conversation with some one or other of the Americans.

In welcoming us to Sandringham, King George spoke of bygone differences between America and England. We of America had perhaps misunderstood England and certainly England had misunderstood America. We were together now, and, in a right way, when war ended, should be the great leaders of the world in all good. The King continued along the lines of Cecil Rhodes's dream of a wonderful South African empire—that America should send her sons to England to be educated in the arts and sciences, and that England should send her sons to America to acquire the culture and education we had to give.

It was manifest that King George was in accord with the sentiment prevailing in England at that time, favoring a close union with the great American republic,—no binding agreement, no formal league, no contractual alliance, merely rapprochment, which would forestall vital disagreements and which would mean combined harmony and unity among all the English-speaking nations.

After many pleasantries with the King and Queen and their attendants, the guests were asked if they desired to go over Sandringham. All were delighted, of course, and the whole company started, under the guidance of the King and Queen, to view the grounds. The King and Queen walked rapidly. First there was a visit to York cottage, where there was a close-up view of how the royal family lives. Some of the King's entourage took charge of certain groups of the editors, and each attendant appeared to be anxious to show the advantages and attractions of the great estate at its best. One curious journalist asked each of half a dozen lords and

ladies what was the area of Sandringham. All said they did not know. But the King promptly settled all doubts by declaring it fifteen hundred acres.

York cottage is a plain brick dwelling of fifteen or twenty rooms, of only moderate size, with a workshop, or study, for the King. If there were any special courtiers or equerries there, they were not seen. The equipment in furniture and in modern convenience was complete and in some respects elegant; but there are many homes in America, some of them in Syracuse, which might be compared favorably with it.

There was a long tour to the gardens and to the stables, particular hobbies of King Edward. A pony and cart, driven by the faithful Probyn, followed the company around. It was for the use of Queen Alexandra, but she went the entire rounds with the others on foot, and did not at any time appear to lose interest in her guests or in what they were saying and seeing.

In the vicinity of the royal stables is a great statue of Persimmon King. He was bred at Sandringham. It is a magnificent effigy of a splendid thoroughbred. In the stables were many of the best thoroughbreds in the world. Each visitor, under tutelage of the Queen and the Dowager, busied himself in passing to the thoroughbreds, carrots, which they ate with great gusto. In all, there must have been one hundred stallions and mares. The chief of the stud was Friar Marcus, never beaten as a two-year-old.

Several members of the party, who had the good fortune to be accompanied by Queen Alexandra, were asked to a place she called a "workshop." It appears to be modeled somewhat after the artcraft establishments common in America—The Roycrofters, of East Aurora, for example. There were many beautiful pieces of delicate hand-made furniture. The companions of the

Queen were delighted with what they saw and said so, of course; whereupon she graciously presented to each of the surprised and somewhat embarrassed Americans a tea-table. One of the pieces went to Buffalo, one to San Francisco and one to Portland, Oregon.

The King expressed a desire to show the editors through his library, doubtless with the idea that it would be of especial interest to men engaged in a literary calling. And so it was. The library had once been a bowling alley, but King Edward had thought it would be more useful and ornamental as a place of study and reflection, and he made the change. King George lead the way to Sandringham chapel, a wonderful house of worship, with many cherished decorations and memorials. Then he took the visitors back to his reception room, where he and the royal group bade good-by to all, shaking hands cordially with each.

There was every reason to believe the hosts were as pleased with the event as were the guests.

King George is a very democratic man, and his entire family treated us as if we, not they, were royalty.

The tour was completed by a second visit to the main house, where tea was served. It was a rather elaborate function, though all the royal party continued to mingle with the visitors in the most democratic fashion.

It was a great day for the editors, anyway.

CHAPTER X

"The Thunderer"

Pioneer of the World's Great Newspapers—Going Back to Shakespeare's Days—Built on Site of Great Playwright's Theater—History and Development of this Journalistic Institution.

VISITING newspaper men observed an amazing difference between British and French newspapers and those of America. Illustrative of this was on Armistice Day. At home an enterprising newspaper man would have notified President Wilson that armistice was signed and ask what he had to say or was going to do about it. In England, King George or Lloyd George, or some other official George has first to make public announcement and then newspapers are privileged to speak. It is, however, only a difference of method. English and French newspapers, notwithstanding these shortcomings from an American viewpoint, are a mighty power abroad as well as in America.

Our party also was struck with the smallness of English and French publications. Practically no advertising appeared. With the exception of the great London Times, in England, Scotland, Ireland and France dailies were four pages. Usually The Times was ten or twelve pages, never more than fourteen. Paris editions of the New York Herald consisted of only two pages Mondays, four pages on other days. Shortage of paper had much to do with it, as Germany in peace times had manu-

factured newsprint in great quantities and sold it to other European countries.

Sweden and Norway likewise were large producers of newsprint. But war had commandeered the output of paper mills for many purposes, so that the making of supplies for newspapers was of secondary importance. In Germany, especially, a big percentage of newspapers were discontinued permanently—she using paper to make clothes.

The Times is traditionally a London institution known as "The Thunderer" in the newspaper world. One of the guests to whom an editor of The Times had been introduced and who inquired, "What Times; New York or London?" was loftily reminded there was only one Times.

At one of the notable Viscount Northcliffe functions the Viscount called attention to the fact that the building in which we sat was the most ancient home of printing in all the world, three hundred years, and long before The Times was established. Printing House-square, he admitted, did not compare with the newspaper palaces of America. Each afternoon, Lord Northcliffe explained, there was printed the smallest circulated newspaper in the world. It was The Times's permanent record edition designed for its own files and libraries. It was produced on linen paper, believed to be indestructible, and with indelible ink.

The favors at the dinner at which this knowledge was imparted included a handsome book printed for the occasion. On the front page is a picture of Printing House-square in Seventeen Hundred Ninety-four, in a district known as Blackfriars, site of a monastery of black-robed Dominicans founded there in the last quarter of the thirteenth century. King Edward II held a Parliament here early in the fourteenth century. In

Fifteen Hundred Eleven the Emperor Charles V stayed here, and in Fifteen Hundred Twenty-three King Henry VIII held here a Parliament, known as the Black Parliament. Fifteen years later, on the dissolution of the monasteries, the monks left their great buildings and the conventual buildings were sold or leased. Among those who bought property here was William Shakespeare. The district included the fashionable Blackfriars Playhouse, which was owned by Shakespeare's company of players, and was attended by Queen Elizabeth. Here Shakespeare's company held the stage for many years, although Shakespeare had then ceased to be an actor, and here were acted the great works of Elizabethan dramatists: Ben Jonson, Marston, Fletcher, Massinger, probably of Shakespeare himself.

In Sixteen Hundred Sixty-six The Great Fire of London devastated the region. A year later there was built on this spot the King's Printing House, whence Printing House-square takes its name, and John Bill, the King's Printer, printed the London Gazette, which was then the only paper in England. In Seventeen Hundred Thirty-seven The King's Printing House was burned. In Seventeen Hundred Eighty-four it was taken by the first member of the family that has ever since been identified with the spot, John Walter, founder of The Times ❧ ❧

It is strange that the man who founded The Times was neither a journalist nor a printer. John Walter had been a coal merchant, then an underwriter of shipping. French and American wars caused losses which put him into bankruptcy in or about Seventeen Hundred Eighty-three. Henry Johnson about this time had devised and patented a method of printing by means of logotypes, a font consisting of whole words instead of separate letters ❧ ❧

John Walter bought the patent rights, improved the device and set up as printer in Printing House square. At first he undertook only the printing of books. The printing of books by the "Logographic" process was not a success. King George III, to whom the invention was exhibited, was not moved to extend to it his patronage, chiefly, as John Walter supposed, because the name of Benjamin Franklin, then American Ambassador to France, appeared in the list of supporters.

John Walter's bid for job-printing was destined to become a pioneer step in the printer's art. His interest in printing was inherited by his son John Walter II, who, educated at Merchant Taylor's School and Oxford and destined for Holy Orders, was taken into The Times office in Seventeen Hundred Ninety-seven or Seventeen Hundred Ninety-eight, and became the manager of the paper in Eighteen Hundred Three. In Eighteen Hundred Four he gave encouragement, in spite of opposition from his printers, to Thomas Martyn, a workman in The Times office, who had invented an automatic press. In Eighteen Hundred Ten John Walter II had to face a serious strike among his printers. It appears he was not an easy man to beat. At only a few hours' notice on a Saturday morning, the story runs, "having collected a few apprentices from a half dozen different quarters, and a few inferior workmen, anxious to obtain employment on any terms, he determined to set a memorable example of what one man's energy can accomplish. For six-and-thirty hours he himself worked incessantly at case and at press; and on Monday morning the compositors who had assembled to triumph over his defeat, saw to their inexpressible astonishment and dismay The Times issue from the hands of the publisher with the same regularity as ever."

Like many another great undertaking, The Times was

not at first successful. It was drastically independent. In Seventeen Hundred Eighty-nine John Walter I was sentenced to pay a fine of fifty pounds, to undergo a year's imprisonment in Newgate, to stand in pillory for one hour, to give recognizances for his good behavior for seven years for supposed libel of the King's son, the Duke of York. In his imprisonment he was tried for other libels, heavy fines were imposed with another year's imprisonment, the office of printer of customs was taken from him and all government advertisements were withdrawn from The Times and its foreign dispatches seized. Notwithstanding every oppression, The Times grew, and in John Walter II's administration its circulation stood at twenty-nine thousand while none of its competitors reached the five thousand mark.

In Eighteen Hundred Forty a gigantic scheme of international forgery originated in Paris. The Times spent twenty-five thousand dollars or five thousand pounds in detecting it. London was so gratified it raised the money by subscription and repaid The Times. The event is commemorated by a tablet still over the entrance door to The Times office. John Walter refused to accept the money and employed it in founding free scholarships in famous London schools.

In Nineteen Hundred Eight Lord Northcliffe became principal shareholder of The Times and stamped his name upon the great newspaper which, down to then, had been unbrokenly in the Walter family. With his splendid newspaper equipment and vast wealth, Lord Northcliffe placed The Times upon a permanent and enduring financial basis.

The most famous writers of Europe and men of action have served in all the years on The Times.

The late Mr. Moberly Bell, manager of The Times for

many years, delighted to relate how he had once received a letter from the superintendent of a lunatic asylum, with reference to one of the inmates. "As he has for many years been a subscriber to The Times," ran the concluding sentence, "I thought you would know that he was a lunatic."

CHAPTER XI

St. Dunstan's

Institute for the Blind—Founded by Sir Arthur Pearson, Rich Magazine Publisher—Good Flows from It. Pupils are Taught Trades and Inspired to Be Cheerful and Uncomplaining of Their Lot.

THURSDAY afternoon, October 10th, was spent listening to an inspiring and patriotic address by Earl Grey, who had been silent for two years. He had been a pacifist, and as his views were not popular had retired from public life. "The League of Nations" was the title of Earl Grey's talk and he spoke to an immense and appreciative audience. He strongly approved of what was being done to win the war and expressed firmly his views upon the League of Nations.

That evening a dinner was given for us at Hotel Savoy by the English Authors' Club with headquarters in London. Many of the world's great writers attended, among them, Sir Anthony Hope and E. Phillips Oppenheim, judges and other leading officers of the British Government. There were no formal speeches but each person was asked to speak, sing or tell a story. It was a thoroughly enjoyable affair.

Next day, Friday, was fixed for a dinner given us by Rt. Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, president of the English-Speaking Union, account of which is given in a preceding chapter.

On Friday afternoon, after our English-Speaking

Union dinner, most of our party visited Saint Dunstan's hospital for blind soldiers. The head of the institution was a fine, manly fellow, perhaps thirty years old, totally blind. Many of the men were of splendid physique. Cheerfulness was the first thing impressed upon their minds. They were not permitted to consider themselves deficient or unfortunate in any degree. They moved about with the aid of canes. Strips of linoleum ran through the rooms with carpets on either side. While they remained on the linoleum they did not bump into anything, but when they got onto the carpet they knew they were "off the road."

Sir Arthur Pearson, founder of Pearson's Magazine, one of the great magazines of the world, himself blind from overwork, established Saint Dunstan's and conducted it at his own expense until the British Government decided it should take care of its own people who had lost their sight in war. Captain Fraser in charge of one of the leading departments of Saint Dunstan's lost the precious faculty of sight in gallant action in the great Battle of the Somme.

It is simply marvelous what is taught to persons at Saint Dunstan's. Chickens, ducks and rabbits are bred and reared by the blind. Fish lines and netting are made in looms operated as dextrously as though the operators enjoyed vision. Swimming, tandem bicycling, crew rowing, (in the last named regattas are rowed) telephone and telegraph operating, typewriting, stenography, basket making and shoemaking are fields of activity. There is a department where massage is taught as a science

Hundreds of graduates have gone out and established themselves and have become self-supporting. Their spirit and love for their alma mater is as great and genuine as that of the college graduate.

It is a splendid institution and a monument to its illustrious founder.

That evening the editors were the special guests of Major Evelyn Wrench at the Cheshire Cheese, a quaint old ale house where Boswell, Johnson and other literary lights held forth and many a brilliant battle of wits was fought over wine cup and ale mug. Little is changed. Memories of the past are in the air of the place and our entertainment there was genuine as well as unique.

PART III

Scotland

Seeing the Great Fleet and Comparing it with Roosevelt's Around the World Armada

Unhappy Mary Queen of Scots

Carlisle's Attempt to Control Consumption of Liquor

CHAPTER XII

In Scotland's Capital

Historic Spots were Shown and Many Interesting Things were Told —Entertained in Good Old Scotch Fashion.

FTER our most charming and perfect day at Sandringham, nightfall found us on the way to London, which we left late that evening for Edinburgh, Scotland

To and from Scotland and to and from Sandringham we were struck by the apparent fertility of English farms. Sheep, hog and cattle-raising go side by side with gardening. The wonder was how England can afford to use its rich lands for cattle, hog and sheep-growing when in New York State, with its hundreds of thousands of acres adapted especially to sheep culture and worthless for anything else, sheep-raising has become a lost industry. Farm life in England seems ideal. All properties show thrift and intelligence of a high order both in cultivation and management. A prominent English farmer, who rode with us to Edinburgh, said that since war began much valuable land had been given over to stock raising, because of the scarcity of help it was impossible to work land for regular farm purposes.

At Sandringham early in war, three hundred and seventy-five caretakers asked King George's permission to go into the fight. To this royalty assented and superintendent of landscaping became captain of a company

Almost in the beginning of service at the front, their entire company was either killed or so badly maimed none was able to return to work. With war still on only a dozen men were about Sandringham at the time of our visit there.

Arriving in Edinburgh at seven A. M., we were comfortably quartered at the Great Northwestern Railway hotel, breakfasted and began immediately to see the town, its wonderful citadel on a rocky promontory, with its bloody history, going back to the Tenth Century where kings and queens or aspirants to the throne were beheaded, where belligerent classes fought, where in a miserable little chamber Mary Queen of Scots gave birth to James of Scotland and afterward of England, passed the monument to Sir Walter Scott, the home of John Knox, and were driven to Holyrood Palace, where Mary Queen of Scots reigned.

Our automobiles were next whisked away into the country five miles to the birthplace and early home of Robert Louis Stevenson. A cousin of Robert Louis, tall, blonde, rosy cheeked, handsome, young, vivacious, drove one of our cars. She was acting as chauffeur in an effort to do her bit, not, however, because of the monetary stipend, as her family is wealthy.

Sir J. Lome MacLeod, the Lord Provost, as mayors in Scotland are called, gave a dinner at night in the Council Chambers to which were bidden prominent officials, manufacturers, business men and men of letters in Edinburgh and vicinity. The Lord Provost made a virile and impressive talk. Our chairman replied. The warmth and cordiality of our reception was a noticeable feature. As we were leaving the building the Lord Provost took my arm and, accompanying me to an elevator, remarked that he was an Irishman, adding: "Poor, unhappy Ireland! One of the regrets of my life

is that she is n't in this great war. I 'm sorry, so sorry. She has erred grievously!"

In proposing the health of the American guests, Provost MacLeod said that, within the month, events had marched with a rapid stride. "The result of this world issue is now a matter of certainty—subject, however, to many qualifications, careful watchfulness and continued resolution and purpose. This visit would be a most valuable means of consolidating the ties between the two countries. The unity and complete understanding and co-operation of the English-speaking peoples was necessary for the safety of the world. To ensure the reign of justice and fair dealing in all the relations of mankind, alike in the community of nations as in the individual life, is our common purpose, and the highest purpose and trust and duty and obligation imposed upon the English-speaking race. After four years of war, we hope that lofty aims of our people remain unabated. A clean peace and lasting settlement sought, nothing less will be accepted. We await the outcome with perfect confidence. Our visitors will find here a tremendous admiration for the American people—simple and unaffected in its character for the attainments and production in every branch of industry, their strenuous and robust vitality, the practical equality of their citizenship and the hospitality of their shores to all nationalities, their deep moral fervor and their high ideals of human life and conduct. We deeply appreciate America's immense contributions in every respect, inexpressible indeed, and beyond adequate recognition and gratitude on our part. President Wilson is simply named to render him sincere homage and to pay tribute to his sagacity, profundity, clear vision and inflexible will. The British people have staked their existence against the forces of barbarism and brutality. After pitiless

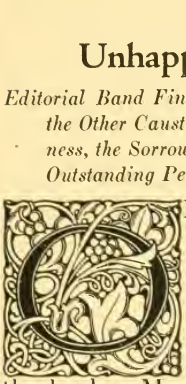
slaughter, torture, devastation, outrage upon the weak, the defenceless, and the oppressed on land and sea, eternal justice must be vindicated by the Allies. Our hope and purpose are that the liberties of mankind will be saved, and all the peoples of the earth free to work out their own salvation."

Mr. Franklin P. Glass replied that members of our delegation felt at home in Scotland, as many of them had an abundance of Scottish blood in their veins. What was doing in America today was the product of Scottish activity of blood and iron. Woodrow Wilson came of Scottish blood on both sides. Some of them on the other side had had the idea that the people of Great Britain were rather cold and stiff. Perhaps on the other hand they misunderstood the Americans; but the delegation was delighted to find that the British people had discovered them in their true spirit. Americans were not altogether a nation of money-grabbers. They had their ideals and were today pouring out billions of treasure and thousands of lives in the determination that the world should recognize that these ideals were the true ones which God had put on earth to be followed by all men

CHAPTER XIII

Unhappy Mary Queen of Scots

Editorial Band Finds Two Factions in Scotland, One Glorifying, the Other Caustically Censuring Her—Her Charm and Loveliness, the Sorrow and Pathos of Her Life, Make Her One of the Outstanding Personalities in History.



ONE approaches Edinburgh happy in anticipation of viewing the Queen City of the British empire. One leaves Edinburgh behind, somewhat saddened that regal beauty should ever have been marred by man. It was here in the sixteenth century that Mary Stuart, the hapless Mary Queen of Scots experienced distress and suffering enough in six years to fill a lifetime and met cares that ended only at the executioner's block in London Tower; a woman of supreme beauty, but white-haired through sorrow at forty-five, her physical loveliness destroyed, but the memory of it preserved in the story of her fatal charms.

A trip to Edinburgh becomes somehow a pilgrimage into the shadows that surrounded the unfortunate young queen with melancholy, relieved only by remembering the greatly out-balancing thought that her son's reign began the union of England and Scotland through three hundred happier years.

In the Tower of London we were shown the place where she died in Fifteen Hundred Eighty-seven, an outcome of a plot to assassinate her envious and masculine royal cousin, Elizabeth. There were few more poignant sor-

rows than her last hours describe, telling how she wrote her will at night, divided her jewels among her servants, asked their forgiveness if she had been wanting toward them, dined moderately, slept calmly a few hours, rose early and passed her time in devotion until the high sheriff came.

A queen, serene in the reign of her highest realm, herself, with calm and undaunted fortitude she laid her neck on the block, and when the Dean of Peterborough cried out after the execution, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!" only the Earl of Kent answered, "Amen!" And, according to the records, "the rest of the company were drowned in tears."

At Edinburgh Castle our especial attention was called to Queen Mary's room, where she gave birth to James, forerunner of the present English line. By present day standards it is a mean room whose greatest length is barely eight feet. We were shown an oaken arm-chair where it was explained the princeling, who was to realize all his mother's claims, was first put into her arms. A block of wood beside the fireplace, hewn from a thorn tree planted by Mary at Loch Leven, now contains the date of his birth.

As we looked from one of the great windows downward some two hundred feet and more, we saw the Grassmarket, and "Kirk-o'-Field," where murdered Darnley lay, the father of the young prince, slain within a year of that momentous birth.

Each side of the castle promontory, 250 feet below, swept waters that have rushed on to the sea in those same channels since before the time to which the stronghold can be traced, back thirteen hundred years to the time of the conquest of the Picts by Edwin, Prince of Northumbria, and the naming of the town and the castle, Edwin's burgh.

Fatherless when only seven days old, fleeing in a fishing smack to France when scarcely six years old, married at sixteen, proclaimed queen of France, Scotland and England, widowed at eighteen, married again at twenty-one, mother of a child of destiny at twenty-two, courted, intrigued against, Mary Stuart was the pawn of malevolent forces, rather than queen of even her own household

Marvelous in beauty, brilliant in accomplishments, gentle and winning in manner, she was the logical object of hatred to the haughty, isolated Elizabeth, with her harsh, masculine manner and unpleasant personality, which were in striking contrast with the glowing beauty of her cousin.

Still, on the chessboard of history on which they played their parts the unfavored Elizabeth became the queen, Mary the pawn.

Unhappy in her home life, the queen sought in frankness and gayety with the persons of her household to make up for the lack of happiness elsewhere. From these apparently innocent diversions, cruel misinterpretations, her admirers believe, were made and the darkest misery arose.

The place is still shown where the hideous Rizzio died, cringing behind the fold of Mary's skirt, slashed by the daggers of assassins.

Scotchmen who belong, or would belong to a faction in bitter opposition to Queen Mary were she still living, call your attention today to this event in her life and declare it proves that, instead of being the devout religionist her admirers claim, she was, on the contrary, to speak plainly, a royal wanton.

David Rizzio and his brother, Joseph, had come from Piedmont with the ambassador to Mary's court and stayed on as confidant and secretary to the queen,

arousing, by his constant attendance upon her, the jealousy of Darnley and the resentment of the assassins. A person of little grace, he was nevertheless a skilled musician and linguist. He attended to the queen's correspondence in French and was familiar with her affairs.

¶ She was holding a salon in Holyrood, her then regal residence, on the night of the murder, the Countess of Argyll, Rizzio and others being present, when Darnley entered by the door of a secret staircase into the apartment

How Darnley expiated this crime within a year, widowing Mary for the second time at twenty-five, is too familiar to need telling here. Just after Mary visited him, a small-pox patient in an isolated house, on the site of the present, splendid university buildings, he was found dead in his garden, his house blown up.

After the death of Rizzio, Mary fled with Darnley to Dunbar, where she and her consort were received by Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. He was the master hand in the death of Darnley, and him Mary took as her third husband, within three months of Darnley's death and immediately after he had obtained annulment of his marriage to Lady Jane Gordon.

That was the end. Within sixty days she had abdicated in favor of her infant son, herself to become a prisoner at Loch Leven, soon to infatuate her young jailer and to escape and seek refuge with cousinly Elizabeth.

And beautiful, talented, emotional Queen Mary deserves the sympathy, even the pity, of any who ever touches or becomes acquainted with anything that was of her.

CHAPTER XIV

Glasgow

Seeing the Wonderful Great Fleet Which was the Big Holding Thing of the War—More Scottish Hospitality

T Glasgow in City Chambers a dinner given for the editors was attended by prominent officials and titled and professional men of the city and neighborhood much the same as in Edinburgh. The Mayor of Glasgow, Lord Provost Stewart, proposing the health of the guests, paid tribute to the help America had given. Perhaps the greatest discovery Germany had made in this war, and the one which had ruthlessly shattered her mechanical calculations, had been the discovery of the American soul. What Scotchmen admired most was the moral strength of the great democratic and freedom-loving people in using their illimitable resources to protect smaller nations. Sacrifices made by the gallant sons of America and the Allies would bind together English-speaking peoples throughout the world in closer bonds. "Auld Lang Syne," in which all joined, was sung with fervor and gusto.

On the Clyde River, near Glasgow, at the great ship building plant of Boardman & Company, shipbuilders, aeroplane manufacturers and makers of other war equipment, eight thousand women were employed. It was at these works that the ill-fated Lusitania was fabricated. The Clyde a few years ago was a narrow, shallow stream, but by gigantic dredging it today is wide and

deep and navigable for ocean-going boats. Luncheon was served in the great offices of the works, officers, employers and workwomen mingling in a happy meal. ¶ Speeches by members of supervising forces of the works followed and employees (who, a while before had been at work on heavy lathes) put on an excellent program of music and song that would do credit to the best concert company.

Speaking of the efficiency of women, the superintendent of the great plant said they rapidly became expert in the use of micrometer gauges and were pronounced even more efficient than men, in some respects. Sir William Bairdmore was the first industrial operator in Great Britain to have the audacity to use women for these tasks. He said it was either women or no work, for the men were all in the war. He was delighted at the outcome of his experiment, and remarked that hundreds of thousands of women were later employed in all sorts of munition work in Great Britain, and they had made possible the Empire's efficiency in war.

Next day, Tuesday, was set aside for a visit to the great fleet in the Firth of Forth. We were put aboard a yacht and had lunch on the Colossus. As there was influenza aboard the flagship, where we were to have lunched, the commodore decided not to take the risk of exposing us. He came onto the Colossus and shook hands, but would not remain, as he declared it would n't be fair to us. There were five United States men-o'-war when we arrived, and we were to have had tea on board one of them. Albeit an hour after our arrival, all five boats put out to sea on some mysterious errand.

Among the international throng which saw our American fleet sweep majestically down Hampden Roads to Old Point Comfort on Washington's birthday, Nineteen Hundred Twelve, I stood transfixed at that marvellous

sight of power and glory. It seemed to me then as if nothing on the seas in all the world was mighty enough to withstand it. Yet there were only twenty-seven battle ships, as I recall, while here were between three hundred and three hundred fifty such ships, to say nothing of smaller boats such as destroyers, cruisers, colliers and sub-chasers which outnumbered the monster men-o'-war two to one.

Nothing in the whole trip impressed our party so profoundly as that mighty fleet. Looking up the Firth of Forth as far as the eye could carry, these giant masters of the sea were limned against the horizon. Then we understood that it was this marvelous fleet, every ship of which was known to the Kaiser, which made Germany hesitate

It, beyond all question, was the bulwark which, even when Germany apparently was winning on land, stood like a mammoth spectre in the background. No one any longer doubted that this stupendous armada was the holding thing of the war.

Germany understood its size and knew the weight of its power. We of the United States had access to statistics, but few people knew where to look for them, or if they did, could form not the least impression of their respective sizes or comparative power. Without England's ships, America could not have been in the war, as it would have been impossible to transport troops in any other bottoms. Without American soldiers, Germany would on that day be in or near Paris and up at least to the Channel ports of England. No one of our party had hitherto dreamed of the material work done by Great Britain, of the blood and tears shed which at length and forever had ended so ignominiously for Germany

On the following day we went to the wonderful works

at Gretna, where twelve thousand girls and women were employed in making fuses or cordite. We lunched at the office of the great works. There are one thousand separate buildings, said to have cost more than one hundred million dollars. As in the Clyde shops the women and girls were good looking, well housed and fed. A large hall suitable for dancing and entertainments of all sorts was built for them. There was considerable talent among them, and theatricals, concerts and other forms of amusement were features. There was a splendid hospital fully equipped in every way. Explosions were common in the works despite every possible precaution taken to prevent them.

On our way back to Carlisle we stopped at the old blacksmith shop in Gretna Green where the marrying blacksmith united in wedlock so many runaway couples, the romance of which has been read the world over.

CHAPTER XV

A Carlisle Experiment

How England was Trying to Solve the Drink Problem and was Apparently Greatly Pleased.

TO us of America, where prohibition is now a law, if not an absolute fact, Great Britain's method of controlling the drinking of alcoholic beverages in war times as shown by experiment at Carlisle remains an interesting study. It impressed me as a very wise method; certainly the results proved it so.

From the feudal times of wassail to the present, Great Britain has been a drinking nation. It drank as a matter of course, just as it ate roast beef. English literature is permeated with drinking. The old English tales tell of the brews, the drinking parties, the merry times. Dickens' stories, you will remember, were enlivened with the atmosphere of strong drink or of light drink like beer, and when Micawber made punch one could smell it and see the steam rising from the bowl. Dickens wrote of the times that he knew and he knew them well. Other writers have shown us how much a part of life the whiskey and soda was to the higher class Englishman, while the workingman regaled himself with ale and beer.

¶ I have cited all this merely to show the contrast between Merrie England and England at war.

Great Britain did not attempt to make prohibition effective in the war. It was not radical. It realized that sobriety or at least greater temperance was necessary,

World War At Its Climax

but it realized also that the Briton does not like to be stinted too much. So it went about the movement to reduce drinking in what proved to be a wise and effective manner. It did not prohibit; it reduced. In other words, it rationed the drinking in the United Kingdom. It was a part of the win-the-war purpose, and the British took it as a matter of course, just as they had taken their drinking, just as the average Englishman takes almost everything in life.

The war became a matter of course, and anything that would aid in winning the war was a matter of course. The government reduced the number of hours for sale of liquor from about 17 hours a day to five and a half hours. That did not result, as many might think, in the British trying to drink as much in five and a half hours as they had drunk in 17 hours.

The government forbade selling drinks on credit. There was no longer a score at the public house or "pub." Treating was prohibited. A man bought his beer, paid for it and drank it. He did not have to drink again in pursuance of the old custom of "treating back." That was a good rule.

Only three hours at night were the drinking places permitted to be open, and the other two hours and a half permitted were at midday.

Moreover, the alcoholic content of drinks was reduced. Much of "the kick," as we call it in street parlance, was taken out. The British public, as I have said, took all this as a matter of course.

The government's effort was not to stop drinking, but to stop drunkenness, and it succeeded to an amazing extent

In the year preceding the war the number of deaths from alcoholism was more than eighteen hundred and in Nineteen Hundred Seventeen the number was re-

duced to less than six hundred, a reduction of sixty-six and two-thirds per cent.

There were less than one hundred cases of delirium tremens reported in Nineteen Hundred Seventeen as compared with more than five hundred in Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, the year before the war, surely a satisfying proof of the success of the government's methods.

The number of suicides and attempted suicides traced to excessive drinking was reduced by considerably more than fifty per cent.

Arrests for intoxication from nearly thirty-five hundred each week dropped to about six hundred.

The British government did more however than merely ration drinkables. The government through its Board of Control practically took over the management of liquor selling. It instituted reforms. It cleaned up certain places that needed cleaning up.

I think that the government's action at two great munition centers was one of the most successful and exemplary to cite, as it shows what a government could do in the way of controlling drinking and the sale of liquor in a non-prohibition country. To me it seemed a remarkable demonstration of control of a very difficult problem, control which left the people themselves in full possession of their " personal liberties," a term which we often make use of in this country.

It is not a simple matter to deal with a problem of this kind in a section where thousands and thousands of workers feel that they must have their stimulant. Habit is a strong master.

The experiment was at Carlisle, England, and at Gretna Green, just across the border in Scotland, the Gretna Green of romance. Carlisle was more difficult than Gretna. It had many public houses, too many, and these

World War At Its Climax

were in lively competition for the trade of the thousands of workers in the munitions plants.

Conditions were bad. Intoxication was frequent. There were fights and scandals. Aside from the questions of welfare and decency, the condition was interfering with the efficiency of the workers and therefore of the work of winning the war.

The British government assumed direct control of the sale of liquor there and it designated a very able officer who for years was in the police court at Liverpool as clerk and afterward magistrate to take full charge and to clean up Carlisle. Virtually the British government took up the business of supplying liquor in Carlisle. It went about it too in a perfectly businesslike way. It bought the one hundred twenty, in round numbers, public houses at Carlisle.

The owners of these places could not complain that the government had not respected their rights as owners. Purchase of the public houses was only a beginning. The government set about reducing the numbers from one hundred twenty to about seventy as I recall the figures. The government bought the breweries, four in number and used one only to make the beer sold in Carlisle. It went further in cleaning up Carlisle. It put women in charge of the public houses and women served beer

The drunkenness and the fighting were no more. The workers drank their beer with meals and were quiet and orderly. It turned the public houses, which had been mostly for drinking purposes only, into taverns or eating places. The bars were abolished. To drink one must eat. Beer was served only at tables with sandwiches or with other food. The government realized that if one eats he does not drink so much.

The result was remarkable. The "pubs" were like

family places. There was comparatively little drinking. All the troubles that had been, ceased to be. Carlisle was a different place. The government had succeeded and moreover the people affected were happy and satisfied ☙ ☙

Moreover, the government's operation of the public houses was done at a profit. It was not merely good policy, it was good business.

It should be mentioned that sales of spirits to be drunk away from the premises were forbidden on Saturdays, so there could be no week-end drunkenness.

As I recall the methods of the British government at Carlisle and elsewhere it occurs to me that perhaps prohibition would not have come to this country, as early as it did, if these same methods had been employed in America in peace times. I am not holding a brief for the sale of liquor in America. I am merely pointing out that if this government, all governments in fact, had handled at all times the liquor problem as England handled it in times of war, the drink evil would never have been what it became.

England's control of liquor selling during the war surely proved that the use of alcoholic beverages could be regulated in such a way as to reduce to a minimum the evils resulting from such use. I repeat this not as an argument, but merely to point out what all governments might have done years ago.

AN EXPLANATION

Misgivings and trepidations characterized a meeting at headquarters in London to discuss a trip into Ireland for a study of all aspects of the Irish question. Many of our party, who in former European travels had visited the Emerald Isle, believed time could be used to better advantage elsewhere. A few dreaded

the trip, saying they were reminded of Mark Twain's famous utterance: "Bermuda's heaven, but it's hell to get there." Both Irish and English channels are noted for their roughness. Added to this, the Leinster had a short time before been submarined and sunk in crossing to Dublin. Then, it had been planned that the magazine group preceding us visit Ireland, but it had, for reasons best known to itself, given up the journey. A few of us took the position that were we not to go our motives might be impugned and our British hosts censured and charged with bad faith. Fear was expressed that as we were guests of Great Britain the latter might be thought to control our actions and movements. Indeed, that was the Irish interpretation of the magazine men's failure to go over. Major Malone, an Irish soldier in British service, who, because of his knowledge of Irish affairs, was assigned to accompany us, was called into consultation and the situation discussed in every detail. It was explained that all of us had thousands of readers, Irish or of Irish extraction and that we did not care to go back and face them with the fact that we had an opportunity to study, first hand, Ireland's problems and were so utterly indifferent as not to avail ourselves of it.

Then the acting head of the Ministry of Information was called in and all matters were again fully gone over &c &c

We were retold that the Ministry of Information had decided not to attempt to dictate nor in any way influence us; that not only had it planned for us a tour of England but had sent us to Scotland, loaned us, as it were, to France and Belgium and Ireland. While England did not wish to impose further hardships upon us, (our trip having been exceedingly strenuous up to this point) nevertheless she would be immensely pleased were we to go over to Ireland and look frankly and fully

upon both sides of the Irish question. It would relieve her of what she regarded as unjust censure on the part of Ireland, and our party, of the criticism that it was under British influence because Great Britain was meeting our expenses.

The meeting ended in our resolving to make the journey.

PART IV

IRELAND

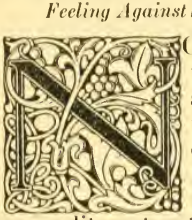
GETTING A SLANT ON SINN FEINERS AND ULSTERITES

VISITING SEATS OF ANTAGONISTIC PARTIES, DUBLIN AND BELFAST

CHANGES THAT HAVE BEEN WROUGHT IN THREE YEARS

The Ulster Viewpoint

A Two-Day Study at Belfast of the Opposition Party in Ireland—Feeling Against Southern Ireland Found Very Tense and Bitter.



O better chapter can be written now upon Ulster's views than a composite article produced by the Editorial party while in Belfast and which, among other newspapers, was printed in The Herald at that time. It read:

"An attempt was made by the American editors to study the Irish question on Irish soil. They made a visit to Belfast, the stronghold of Ulsterism, and interviewed representatives of all classes, official and unofficial, capital and labor, employer and employee, and they heard the cause of free and independent Ireland pleaded by the bellicose generals and captains of Sinn Feinism. The Ulster view is presented in this letter.

" Broadly, Ulster represents imperial Britain; Sinn Fein is now the voice and arm of militant Ireland. The Ulster movement, four years or more ago, was a protest against home rule. It was outright secession against the proposed constitutional separation of Ireland. It was a threatened war upon England, having as its provocation and basis the proposal that there be a political secession from Great Britain. Altogether it was an anomaly, an anachronism. Just think, for example, of a sovereign state in the American republic resorting to arms in defiance of a federal project to exclude it from

the Union. Yet Ulster planned to fight the British empire to preserve its sovereign rights to be and remain an integral part of the British empire.

"Ulster is Protestant and essentially British, while the rest of Ireland is Catholic and intrinsically Irish. It is not intended to say that the controversy is religious or sectarian; but certainly the Church furnishes the background of the entire trouble. You will hear in Ireland, from Irish and Catholic witnesses, that the greatest of Irish patriots have been Protestant; and that the Irish revolution of Seventeen Hundred Ninety-eight had its origin with Protestants. Unquestionably, many of the supporters of Irish Nationalism today are non-Catholic; and others of the supporters of the empire, foes of separation and home rule, are Catholic. But Ireland outside of Ulster is overwhelmingly Catholic, and Ulster, at least Belfast, which furnishes a big slice of Ulster's population, is strongly Protestant; and the geographical cleavage is very nearly identical with the sectarian line. Whether or not it is a coincidence may be a matter of opinion. That it is a fact will be everywhere in Great Britain conceded. But that the Church as an organization is responsible for the constant agitation of the Irish question is not generally charged, I believe, even in Ulster. A reasonable explanation is that it follows rather than leads in political affairs. Its faithful adherence to such a policy may be one secret of its powerful hold on the majority of the Irish people.

"The case of Ulster is substantially that it has prospered under British laws and rule, and that it has no confidence in an independent Ireland controlled from Dublin. It is opposed to home rule—unless indeed Ulster shall be excluded from its operation—and it is opposed to separation. It wants to be let alone. Belfast is the most active, populous and prosperous city in the

island. It points proudly to the fact that it has five of the greatest industries of their kind in the world—linen, tobacco, rope, ship-building, cotton—that it has three and one-half times more shipping than the rest of Ireland. From the time of the Act of Union (Eighteen Hundred) until Eighteen Hundred Ninety-one, Belfast multiplied its population thirteen and one-half times—a record without a parallel in the United Kingdom. Ulster claims that it produces forty-eight per cent of all Irish oats, forty-one per cent of potatoes, fifty-three per cent of fruit and ninety-nine per cent of flax, and pays in customs and revenue nearly twenty-five million pounds, or more than twice the remainder of Ireland.

"It is not easy for the American to note with unconcern the employment anywhere of young boys and girls in great numbers, at hard labor, and under conditions that do not appear to guarantee either their health or their proper education. In the munitions factories of England there are many thousand women.

"It is unavoidable and care seems to have been taken to safeguard them in every practical way. But it is not at all clear that child labor is justifiable, in the way it is used at Belfast. At the linen mill, young boys were used as the operatives of great machines, and in the tobacco works the majority of the workers were boys and girls—mostly the latter. It is said that none under fourteen is employed. There were many who appeared to be not much over that tender age. There were hundreds and even thousands who were too young to be kept out of school, and whose chances of an education, and therefore of a life worth while, were surely greatly hampered by the exacting grind to which they were subjected. Probably it will be said that they are not required to work every day. Indeed, it was said at Belfast. But many of them unquestionably do and few of them looked

as if they had any opportunity for play, or rational recreation of any kind, such as is the right of every child.

¶ "Child labor has no place, apparently, in any consideration of the Irish question in Ireland. There is no thought in Dublin, for example, of complaint that Belfast's prosperity is maintained in great part by boy and girl labor; for Dublin itself has made no special progress in helpful and humane service to the younger generation. Dublin has its slums, and they are no credit to that city. Later, however, in a stroll through the back streets of Liverpool, squalor, filth and wretched living conditions I witnessed seemed to me to be far more general than in Dublin. A welfare worker appeared before the editors at Dublin, and gave a description of life among the poor in the Irish capital that somewhat disturbed them. He wanted their help to get a meagre five thousand dollars out of the imperial government to carry on uplift work among the numerous ignorant boys and young men of Dublin. Hundreds of them, he said, could not read even the head-lines of the papers they sold in the streets.

"The present status of home rule in Ireland is that the British Parliament, under the premiership of Mr. Asquith, passed a bill giving the Irish a certain measure of autonomy, with a home legislative body, having certain limited powers over taxation. The objections of Ulster were vehement, not to say violent, and it was then arranged to exclude six counties of that province. But it was a settlement that did not settle anything, and finally Mr. Lloyd George, not then premier, to whom had been referred the problem for solution, devised an Irish convention, which was to determine for itself just what Ireland wanted. The inauguration of home rule was indefinitely postponed, pending action by the convention; and there was an implied pledge

that the government would accept any adjustment the convention was able to make. It was an entirely safe promise, whatever the convention did or failed to do, for it appeared true that England is sick of the Irish question and will agree to anything that bids fair to get it out of the way.

"The convention, in which Ulster with some reluctance agreed to participate, started out with high expectations. But after eight long months of deliberation and disagreement, it ended fruitlessly. Its chief political result seems to have been to precipitate the National (Irish) party in hopeless wreck. The leader was the late John Redmond, who was a member of the convention. It appears to be clear that Mr. Redmond sought earnestly and hopefully to find some way to reconcile all conflicting interests and factions. His temper was always so reasonable and his fairness so manifest that an Ulster delegate publicly paid tribute to him, saying: 'I am convinced that he had an honest and genuine intention of holding out the olive branch, and submitting such moderate demands as might have justified the Ulster delegates in consulting their constituents regarding them.' This was a great concession for any Ulsterite to make.

"Mr. Redmond entered into an arrangement with Lord Middleton and his party to promote a plan of Irish autonomy, with a government having control of excise and other sources of revenue, but not of customs. The Ulster delegates had made it plain that under no circumstances and for no consideration, would they have anything to do with proposals which involved establishment of an Irish parliament, with plenary authority over customs and excise. Nevertheless, the Redmond-Middleton coalition appeared to be in a majority, and the prospect of an agreement on their proposition was

auspicious. But the radicals, under Bishop McDonnell, a very able prelate, got busy during a recess of the convention, and converted a minority into a majority by their appeals to the country, and the Redmond-Middleton plan was defeated. Lord Middleton then joined Bishop McDonnell in a proposal to set up an independent parliament in Ireland, with the single reservation that the question of customs and excise should be held in abeyance till after the war. This was the official action of the convention, by a very narrow majority. But in fact the delegates departed with thoughts and ideas as fixed and diverse as when they entered; and no one now assumes that the slightest attention will be paid by Parliament to its action.

"At the ship-building plant of Workman, Clark & Company, Ltd., a number of workers had been assembled to give the editors their views of home rule or Irish independence. It was an interesting performance. Each of the men, representing the various unionized trades in the establishment, gave evidence of his implacable opposition to a separate government for Ireland. One of them made a set address, distinguished by a certain rough eloquence, that made a distinct impression on his hearers. The men declared they were contented with their lot, and had no political grievances which could be adjusted by Dublin. They believed that Irish government meant the death of industry in Belfast, for it would precipitate an era of onerous taxation and special discrimination against Ulster.

"Capital would have no recourse but to seek new fields, and what could labor do but move also? Their true allegiance was to Great Britain. The trades unions to which they belonged were British and they had benefited much by their policies. If they were to be cut off from them, they were sure they would have far less

protection as union men; and therefore in their own interest, they desired to maintain the British connection.

"They proclaimed their complete sympathy with Great Britain in the war, and unhesitatingly said that Ireland elsewhere was not so loyal.

"It is given out in Belfast as a fact that Ulster has contributed to the British army during the war, fifty-nine thousand recruits, while the combined total of all the other provinces of Ireland is fifty-one thousand seven hundred. The city of Belfast, with a population of 403,000 has furnished more soldiers than Connaught, Munster and Leinster, (excluding Dublin) with 2,066,000 population. The percentages of males of military age who have enlisted are: Ulster 33.8; Leinster 17.7; Munster 11.7; Connaught 4.9. In a recent war loan Belfast contributed £25,000,000, or about 85 per cent of the total for Ireland.

"It is said that when conscription was abandoned, in consequence of the great furore in Ireland, a promise was made that Ireland would furnish at least 50,000 volunteers. But 10,000 was the maximum to be attained.

¶ "The other day in Parliament, T. P. O'Connor, the veteran Home Ruler, introduced a resolution that 'It is essential that, before the British government take any part in any proceeding for the resettlement of Europe on the conclusion of peace, the Irish question should be settled in accordance with the principles laid down by President Wilson.' A spirited debate followed, in which all the old ground of England's bad faith with Ireland was surveyed, and the demand was made that autonomy be granted. Mr. Asquith, the ex-premier, supported the proposal, which was strongly opposed by Bonar Law, for the government. Bonar Law openly declared that it was nothing but a bold scheme to

exclude Great Britain from the peace conference. Incidentally, he charged John Dillon, the Irish leader, with having boasted that he had taken no part in any recruiting campaign—an accusation which Mr. Dillon heatedly denied; but Bonar Law refused to recede.

"Altogether the debate gave an interesting side light on the whole Irish question. On the one hand the government is obviously hopeless about any satisfactory result, and does not intend to try to effect it now. Only a day or two since Lloyd George, in a public letter supporting further coalition between the Liberals and Conservatives in the coming election, definitely said: 'I can support no settlement of the Irish question which would involve the forcible coercion of Ulster.' So Ulster has won.

"On the other hand, the Irish Nationalists, who seem to have been all but leaderless since the death of John Redmond (who is said to have literally broken his heart over his failure in Irish convention) are discredited at home, and most of them have no hope of re-election. They are fighting for a lost cause, and they know it. The Sinn Feiners have the upper hand, and the Nationalists will soon no doubt cease for the present to function as a party."

Sinn Fein

A Verbatim Report of a meeting with that party—A Frank Admission on the Part of Sinn Feiners that they were Helped by Germany but still were not Pro-Germans.

THE Sinn Feiners are the dominant political force in Ireland today. It is the newest phase of the ever changing cycle of public events here. It is a young man's movement, with the fire and indiscretion of youth. It has set aside the old leaders, absorbed their following and embarked boldly upon a course which is designed to lead to absolute separation from the British empire.

Independence and a distinct national existence is the Sinn Fein goal. There is no disguise about it; nor is there concealment of their scheme of outright rebellion, which is to be the final alternative if other plans fail. They say that any possible hope of constitutional reform may as well be abandoned, in view of the failure of all parliamentary measures, and they openly flout home rule or colonial government, or any other proposal which would hold Ireland as an integral unit of the British empire. They are not British, nor Scottish, they say. They are Irish.

Ireland was a distinct race, with the full attribute of nationhood, before England was; and of right they should and must be free. Their chief present reliance for independence, or separation, as it is commonly called

here, is the forthcoming peace conference, which is committed in advance, through acceptance by all nations of the fourteen declarations, to the principle that small peoples have the right of self-determination.

It is the Wilson idea. That is where the Sinn Feiners got it. If the peace conference rejects their pleas—well, they will carry on the war in ways they are not ready to define or divulge. And they will make, as their fathers made before them, so they say, all necessary sacrifices in life and blood until the great end shall be achieved. What matter a few thousand lives of patriotic and zealous Irishmen now or later?

The visiting American editors saw the Sinn Feiners in Dublin. They had announced in passing through the Irish capital on their way to Belfast that they would return and they would be pleased to hear what the Sinn Feiners and any others might have to say on the Irish question. The leaders of the Sinn Fein were not slow to take advantage of the opportunity. They saw, doubtless, a way to spread their propaganda in America, and to correct what they thought were certain misapprehensions as to their motives, methods and ultimate aims.

A half dozen or more of them came at the appointed time, in a waiting-room at a large Dublin hotel. Not one of them appeared to be more than thirty-five years of age. They were collectively an alert-looking, keen-minded and neatly dressed lot of Irishmen, and individually they were educated, fluent, aggressive and candid. They did not appear to be the stuff of which martyrs are made, though they evidently were; and they were likewise far removed from the type of low-browed, rough-necked and quarrelsome hooligans that represents the doctrine of force and terrorism which has its exponents in Ireland. They were altogether a

presentable group of men who knew exactly what they wanted, and were not afraid to say so.

The interview began with a statement by one of them, an officer of the Sinn Fein, as to the historic grievances and present wrongs of Ireland. For seven hundred years Ireland had suffered the abuses and oppressions of England and it still retained its unconquerable soul and it never would consent to be ruled by the tyrant. There was a great deal more like it.

"Let us all agree," said one of the editors, "that everything you say is true about the past and that Ireland has suffered much from England's misgovernment. What about the situation today?"

"There is no intrinsic change now in England's position toward Ireland," was the answer. "We are unjustly taxed. We are denied our rights. We have no such thing as free speech or individual liberty. We are thrown into prison by the hundreds for such trifling misdemeanors as the singing of a song which England does not like. The Irish coast is a fortress and the island is a mere garrison for two hundred thousand British soldiers.

"We are denied education for our children. We are impoverished and miserable. We have declined in population, for example from more than eight million to a little more than four million. Our industries languish through discriminations of many kinds. We do not get justice in the courts. Not long since there was a brutal murder in one of our towns. The keeper of a public house had kicked to death an inoffensive woman, with no provocation. He was tried and found guilty and the judge, appointed by the Crown, sentenced him to imprisonment for twelve months, saying that he was a loyal citizen, for he had served the empire well by zealous service in procuring recruits for the army."

" What is the reason Ireland has given so few soldiers to the British army? "

" Because we are not British. We are not free men. We are slaves or but little better. Why should we fight to make Great Britain strong? Britain went to war to save its skin; why should we help? Let us have our freedom and we can then decide on which side in the war to fight. But how can slaves make a choice? "

" Are you pro-German? "

" We are not. We are pro-Irish."

" But you have accepted help from Germany? "

" Yes. But we have taken it as we would have from America or France, or any outsider. But we have incurred no obligations to Germany that we have not incurred to others who are sympathetic and disposed to lend us a hand."

" Is it not true that there was a plan to land arms at an Irish port through Sir Roger Casement? Was he not in the German pay? "

" Sir Roger was not in the German employ. He was an Irish patriot. He sought assistance against England, our enemy, and for Ireland, and he got it. But unfortunately his plans miscarried and he was arrested and imprisoned, and later executed. This was in Nineteen Hundred Sixteen, long before America entered the war. We have had no truck or bargain with Germany since. Though Sir Roger was in British custody, we went ahead with our plans for an uprising. We fought England and all its power and there were many casualties and much loss of life. We have been accused of cowardice. Does that look like cowardice? The rebellion failed and our leaders voluntarily surrendered. Great Britain promptly shot to death eleven of them. One of our party here was among those sentenced to death, but later he was freed. Yet he is under constant surveillance and is liable to

arrest and imprisonment or worse at any time. From four hundred to six hundred Irishmen are now in jail, all of them for political offences. Yet we will not quit."

¶ "Are you aware of the fact that American sympathy for the cause of Irish freedom has declined as a result of Sinn Feinism and the failure of Ireland to play the part in the war America thinks Ireland should play?"

"If that is so it is due to the lying propaganda of England against Ireland. Lord Northcliffe is behind it all. He has spent more British money in an effort to poison the American mind against Ireland then he has spent in his anti-German propaganda in Germany. An American transport was sunk on the Irish coast and a lot of American soldiers were landed on Irish soil; some of them in a dying condition. It was widely printed throughout America that Ireland had treated them inhospitably, refusing to care for them. Lord Northcliffe did that."

It was suggested that they probably referred to the loss of the Tuscania and the landing of many American troops on the north coast of Ireland. The editors all assured the Sinn Feiners that they had seen in no American newspaper any description of the event imputing to Ireland a lack of hospitality or humanity.

"We think America owes us gratitude and support," they continued. "We are rebels against England—so were you. You were successful, but why? Because you had so many Irishmen as soldiers in your revolution. George Washington said that without them the war for American independence would have failed. Now you tell us that we have lost America's sympathy. There are twenty million Irishmen in America, and you will have them to reckon with in case you go back on Ireland. It is inconceivable to us that you can do so. We rely absolutely on President Wilson and America.

" President Wilson is definitely on record for the self-determination of small peoples. We are a small people in precisely the sense that the Jugo-Slavs and the Czecho-Slavs are small peoples. Our distinct racial identity is further emphasized by the fact that Ireland is an island. Geographically, ethnologically, historically, the Irish are a race, a people, a nation."

" What do you expect President Wilson to do for you? "

¶ " We shall appear before the peace conference which stands for the fourteen Wilson articles of peace, including the right of self-definition and self-government, and ask for recognition. How can it be denied? We have come to regard President Wilson as the savior of mankind. How can he refuse to stand by us, unless he is the world's greatest hypocrite? "

" Yet the peace conference may refer your case back to the British Empire. What will be your next step? "

" We shall carry on the fight. Thousands of Irishmen will die, but they are ready; then other thousands. But it will be the same till we get our rights."

" But surely you have a concrete plan of action? "

" Yes, we shall set up a government of our own at Dublin. In the coming Parliamentary election we shall elect at least seventy-five out of the one hundred two members of Parliament. They will not take their place at Westminster. Vacant seats there will be the silent witnesses of our purpose to have no more to do with the British Empire. These seventy-five members will be the nucleus of a new Irish parliament. Sixty of our candidates are now in jail. But it makes no difference. We shall find ways to get them out."

" Will you not be satisfied if Great Britain gives you home rule? "

" No. First, she will not give it. Second, we don't want it, and we demand, and will have, our freedom."

"How is it that Irish sentiment has for so many years favored home rule, and not separation? Why the change?"

"There is no change. With Ireland, home rule was merely a means to an end; a step toward the real goal—independence. We have never wanted anything else. We would never have been content with anything else. Parnell and all the real Irish leaders actually aimed at separation and a distinct nationhood. We repudiate any other policy. We repudiate the so-called nationalist leaders who would give us half a loaf. They are done, for we are done with them."

"What are you going to do about Ulster?"

"We believe in majority rule. It is the republican way. Ireland must determine for herself what kind of government she will have. We will take our chances in that kind of decision. Let Ulster do the same."

"Are you not aware that most Ulster men have signed a covenant that they will never consent to be governed from Dublin?"

"Yes. But that is mainly bluff. What are they to do but accept the government Ireland chooses to give them? They will have no alternative."

"Do you regard Ireland as capable of self-government?"

¶ "Most certainly. The days of Irish freedom from England were Ireland's most prosperous era. We have the resources, we have the men, we will get the money. We want Ireland's taxes spent in Ireland. We want fiscal freedom. We are paying Great Britain in taxes more than thirty million pounds per year. We can administer an Irish government with eleven million pounds. We would impose our own tariffs, create our own industries, find our own markets. It is true that England is now our best market. But if England lays a discriminative tariff against us we shall build a tariff

wall against England. Why can't we sell our products to America and all the world?"

"You have only a few million people. How can you expect to maintain yourselves when you are out from under the protection of the British navy?"

"Great Britain is the last remaining autocracy. It must go. British navalism is a menace to the peace of the world. America talks much of the freedom of the seas. Some day you will be called on to bring the British navy to account. We may safely leave all that to you. Ireland will be a small nation, but it is the day when small nations are coming into their own. Look at Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland. Geographically Ireland is twice as large as the next largest small nation. It should have, and will have, commensurate population and wealth."

"Have you thought of Belgium?"

"Yes. But Belgium was in Germany's road. If Belgium had given German troops right of way, there would have been no trouble."

"Is the Sinn Fein a Catholic organization? Is the Catholic Church in any way responsible for the present state of affairs in Ireland?"

"No. Ireland is three-fourths Catholic, and naturally the Sinn Feiners are mostly Catholics, as all other revolutionary movements have been. But it should be remembered that Wolf Tone, the great leader, was a Protestant, and so were most of his associates. Robert Emmet was a Protestant. The division in Ireland today is rather geographical than denominational. Many Protestants outside of Ulster are with us. Most Protestants in Ulster are against us, and doubtless many Catholics. The Church follows, rather than leads, the political sentiment that prevails within its environment."

And so the debate ran on for hours. The Sinn Feiners were earnest, enthusiastic and, it may be supposed, sincere. It is not the design here to say that they were visionary, misguided or mistaken; only to reveal what is in their minds. The climax of the day was reached when the question was asked:

"Is a compromise with England not possible?"

"No. England has given us the worst government in the world. But if England gave us the best government in the world, we should fight for our freedom and independence."

CHAPTER XVIII

Dined by Lord Decies in Dublin

Interesting Social Function at Shelbourne Hotel. At which Irishmen Prominent in Official Life were Present.

ORD DECIES entertained the American journalists at dinner in the Shelbourne Hotel when prominent gentlemen met the visitors.

The toasts of "the King" and the "President of the United States" were duly honored.

Lord Decies in proposing the health of the visitors regretted that their visit to Ireland was such a short one. The time at their disposal permitted only of visiting Dublin and the great industrial city of Belfast. He had no doubt they had seen much, heard much, and learned much, but these cities, interesting as they were, were not all Ireland, and he should have greatly liked them to have the opportunity of studying the agricultural Ireland, which, even more than the great centers, gives its character to the national life. They had seen industries of peace and war, but they had not seen the effort of the farmers and laborers of Ireland to supply food for their own population and that of Great Britain, and to do their share in defeating the menace which had so long haunted the seas.

He also regretted that this was the first party of American press who had been able to pay a visit to Ireland in the four years of war. He believed that the whole future peace of humanity depended on a union of ideal and

effort between the English-speaking peoples of Europe and America. In the United States there were many millions of citizens of Irish birth and Irish descent. Naturally and rightly their hearts turned to the old country, and they were deeply interested in her happiness and prosperity. The Irish problem was one in which the American nation as a whole took a deeper concern than in any other foreign question, and because of that he believed it to be in the highest interest of the United States, of Great Britain, and of Ireland, that leaders of American opinion should have an intimate acquaintance with this island and its affairs, which could only be obtained by personal investigation. To that end he had during the past two years urged strongly and persistently that all parties of leading Americans who visit Great Britain should also visit Ireland, and when there, should have every opportunity of meeting men of all classes, creeds, and politics, and of learning all that could be learned of the complex elements that go to make the Irish question. Their presence was a pleasant fulfillment of that wish, and he hoped it was an augury of many future visits to this country by other distinguished representatives of the great Republic.

Mr. Franklin P. Glass, of Birmingham, Alabama, who responded, is an old fellow student and friend of President Wilson. He said they were tremendously interested in the Irish question. America was, to a large extent, the creation in fact, in spirit, and in purpose of Ireland. Irishmen went to America in thousands during many years and they had a considerable part in bringing about an American revolution which was said to have taught England an important lesson in handling her colonies. Whether England was able to solve the Irish question with as much wisdom and efficiency as she succeeded

in solving the colonial question remained to be demonstrated. If they, as Americans, could be of assistance in that, they would be delighted to give assistance.

The Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, in proposing the toast of "America," spoke of the close bonds which had united Ireland to America, and expressed the hope that America would do everything in its power to promote the happiness of Ireland, as Ireland in the past had done a great deal to promote the strength of America.

Sir Horace Plunkett, also speaking to the toast, referred to the prominent part the Irish had taken in the American contribution to the war, not only on land, but perhaps more so on sea. He pointed to the rather strange fact that so large a proportion of the American navy and so small a proportion of England's was Irish. He went on to say that he had been one of those who realized the immense importance of trying to reach an Irish settlement during the war. Many held that it was a most inopportune time to be discussing such a problem, but he personally held that never was there such an opportunity. He felt that the effect of this world-shaking event would probably divert the minds of Irishmen from the more local aspects of their problem and enable them to take the larger view of it; that it would appeal as never before to the highest instincts, the historic instincts of the Irish people, and although those of them who had been engaged in an earnest and protracted endeavor to reach a settlement during the war were disappointed, he believed they did not labor in vain, and if they did not settle the Irish question they made it more amenable to settlement than it had ever been before. He held that what he might call the peace value of a settlement between Great Britain and Ireland was of immeasurably greater importance than any possible war effect the settlement might have had. When after

the war they had to pass from the question of what they were fighting against to the question of what they were fighting for, the problems would be far more complex, and as they became less questions of physical power and more questions of political reasoning a settlement of the questions of small nationalities would become more urgent than ever before. In the ultimate settlement of the Irish question he did not anticipate that the United States government was likely to take an active part. It would be wholly unnecessary. But the weight and influence of the American people would be not only helpful, but would probably be a determining factor in the settlement of a question which was of as much interest and importance to them as it was to this country, and every right-thinking man would be anxious to assist them to see the Irish question in every one of its different points of view.

The company assembled to meet the American visitors also included the City High Sheriff (Mr. A. Beattie, D. L.), Mr. Wm. M. Murphy, Gen. Byrne, Col. Fowie, Capt. Gwynn, M. P., Sir B. Sheffield, Rev. Dr. Murray, Major Montague, etc.

POSTLUDE

In the three years following the visit of the American newspaper delegation, Ireland has been the scene of epochal events; but neither the aims of the irreconcilable extremists nor the fears of those who deemed Ireland's struggle for political liberty hopeless, have been realized. The Irish Free State has been born. Its establishment is a notch short of the absolutely independent Irish Republic which was the ultimate object of the predominant Sinn Fein faction.

The plan of campaign outlined by the Sinn Fein leaders to their American listeners, as already mentioned, was

put in operation in the general Parliamentary elections of Nineteen Hundred Eighteen. The volume and violence of the Sinn Fein movement that overswept Ireland at that time may be judged from a simple mathematical comparison. In the outgoing, or War, Parliament, Southern Ireland—i.e., the anti-British constituencies—had ninety representatives, of whom only six were avowed Sinn Feiners, while nearly all the rest, or seventy-eight, were Irish Nationalists, or Home Rulers, who had followed the leadership of John E. Redmond, recently deceased, and John Dillon. But when the returns for the Parliamentary election following the Armistice were all in, it was found that the Sinn Feiners had elected seventy-three members and the Home Rulers only seven.

This striking reversal told the whole story of the Sinn Fein avalanche. What is more, the seventy-eight Sinn Feiners were elected, not to sit in Parliament, but to protest against British rule by staying home. Their seats were never filled; and thus one of the predictions made to the American visitors was verified.

The political revolt of aroused Ireland was soon followed by armed rebellion. For more than two years most of the counties of Southern Ireland were in a state of insurrection. Owing to the strict British censorship, little was known by the outside world of the progress of the fighting. It has since gradually come out that in the later months of the rebellion, the British army of occupation, including the considerable body of irregular troops known as "Black-and-Tans," was not far from one hundred thousand. But in the reports that filtered through there were accounts of sharp local engagements, and many interesting stories of the prowess and enterprise of the leader of the Irish insurgents, General Michael Collins.

World War At Its Climax

The on-looking world had just begun to settle down to the contemplation of a long, weary and sanguinary struggle in Ireland, when in the early fall of Nineteen Hundred Twenty-one it was surprised, almost startled, by the news that an Irish delegation had accepted an invitation to go to London and treat for peace and a settlement with Premier Lloyd George and other ministers of the British crown. Next came the announcement of a truce and the departure of an Irish delegation, including Eamonn de Valera, President of the Republic that had been proclaimed by the Sinn Fein. The resulting conference was abortive, but it paved the way for a second meeting, which yielded historic results.

Among the delegates to the second conference was General Collins and the founder of the Sinn Fein, the famous Arthur Griffith. The upshot of its deliberations was the memorable "London Treaty," which led to the organization of the Irish Free State. This was in December, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-one. Within a few weeks the treaty was approved in the face of strenuous opposition on the part of Mr. De Valera and his sympathizers, by a small but decisive majority. Five months later it was endorsed by an overwhelming majority of the Irish voters, in a general election of members of the Dail Eireann, the legislative body of the Free State.

In the first months of existence Ireland's new ship of state encountered stormy weather. A surviving faction of the Irish Republican army rebelled against the London settlement, and De Valera took the lead in letter propaganda against the Free State compromise. The outcome was a period of local, desultory warfare, chiefly in Dublin and Cork, between the soldiers of the Free State's army and the regulars of the extreme Republican wing. Satisfactory headway had been made

in putting down the revolt when the new government was severely afflicted by the death of Arthur Griffith, President of the Dail Eireann. Another and more sensational loss was in store for it, in the tragic death of Michael Collins, chief of the Irish administration, who was killed by rebel soldiers firing from ambush.

These calamities, painful as they were, had a pacificatory effect. At the first meeting of the Dail Eireann held after the deaths of Griffith and Collins, the members elected Richard A. Cosgrave president of their body, and in his first official address he pledged himself and his supporters to work for Irish unity and to continue the policies of which Griffith and Collins had been the leading advocates.

O'Connell Street and Bridge Dublin

PART V

France and Belgium

Visiting the Battle Fronts in Both the Above Countries

Paris and Its Sights

Prelude

S a prelude to the tour to battle fronts in France and Belgium, Lord Beaverbrook had asked us to his charming country seat in Surrey, about twenty miles out of London, Sunday, October Twentieth. Lord Beaverbrook's sister and his brother, Major Aitken, were guests of the retreats. Major Aitken was in the Canadian service, out of the firing line on rest leave. His home was at Saskatchewan, Canadian Northwest. Lady Beaverbrook was a daughter of one of Canada's most prominent generals, whose home was in Toronto. Lady Beaverbrook and her sister entertained our party in the most gracious and democratic fashion, his Lordship being ill. Later, however, Lord Beaverbrook dressed and, coming down stairs, put on a moving picture show of war scenes which had been shown only to a few government officials. Of course, the strictest secrecy was enjoined

Beaverbrook is one of the most delightful country homes in England. An English lord many years ago had at forty been told he had only a few years to live. A man of great wealth, he decided to relinquish all business cares and bought the valley tract of land wherein Beaverbrook is situated and devoted his entire time to developing it. From all over the world he gathered tree and shrub and flower and plant. And instead of dying in a few years the founder of this wonderful estate lived to see it reach its full fruition and died only after he had passed ninety.

Major Aitken, who was my companion on a tour of the grounds, asked me what I thought of the place, to which I answered:

"If I owned Sandringham, where the King and Queen entertained us a week ago today, and Beaverbrook, I 'd rent Sandringham and live in Beaverbrook. And no disparagement is meant to Sandringham, which is one of the finest country seats I 've ever seen."

There were three Beaverbrook children, the oldest about ten. Lord and Lady Beaverbrook, the Lord's sister and brother, and the children, aside from a great dinner, gave us a day full of charm and welcome that was genuine and homelike and remains a pleasing memory with all of us.

CHAPTER XIX

Ancient Lympne

Churches, Castles and Other Buildings Go Back Beyond the Dark Ages—Lympne, Quaint and Ancient, Deeply Interests the Stranger—It comes Down to us from Centuries Before the Dark Ages.

YTHE, England, has for centuries been known as a favorite watering place. Lympne, in years gone by, was on an estuary that in recent years has become filled in so that today it is three miles inland and is thought to have been the original harbor which gave Hythe a place among the Cinque ports. The course of the ancient estuary may be distinctly traced from here along the road to Hythe, the sea sand lying on the surface and coloring the soil. Here are the remains of a Roman fortress, and excavations have brought to light many remains of the Roman Portus Lemanis. Large portions of the fortress walls are standing. At the southwest corner is one of the circular towers which occurred along the line of the wall. The site is now occupied by the fine old castellated mansion, Studfall castle, formerly a residence of the archdeacons of Canterbury. The name denotes a fallen place, and is infrequently thus applied to ancient remains. The church at Lympne is Early English, with a Norman tower built by Archbishop Lanfranc, and Roman material may be traced in the walls. A short distance east is Shipway or Shepway Cross, where some of the great

assemblies relating to the Cinque ports were held. A mile north from Hythe is Saltwood castle, of very ancient origin, but rebuilt in the time of Richard II. The castle was granted to the See of Canterbury in Ten Hundred Twenty-six, but escheated to the crown in the time of Henry II, when the murder of Thomas â Beckett is said to have been conceived there, and, returned to the archdeacons by King John, to remain their residence until the time of Henry VIII. It was restored as a residence in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-two. About two miles northwest of Saltwood are remains of the fortified Fourteenth-Century manor-house of Westenhanger. It is quadrangular and surrounded by a moat, and of the nine towers, (alternately round and square,) by which the walls were defended, three remain

Lympne Castle

CHAPTER XX

A Flight Not Flown

What Man Has Done Man Can Do—Newspaper Men Resolve to Do All Magazine Contemporaries Had Done and Many Things They Had Left Undone.

N ever present ambition filled the minds of the intrepid editors to outdo and excel their magazine predecessors abroad in every experience and endeavor. We met them in London on our arrival there, their mission completed, home bound. Feigning an air of lofty disdain, Edward W. Bok of the Ladies' Home Journal asked why we had come:

"To end the war," was the reply.

Thereupon Bok cited the collapse of Bulgaria as an accomplishment of his party.

To this the defender of our party answered:

"It 's all perfectly plain. We were within three days of Liverpool and sent the Bulgarians a wireless saying twelve live American newspaper publishers—not magazine publishers, but real publishers—were coming. With a look of abject defeat upon their faces they said, 'What 's the use?' threw up their hands and quit."

And when our British hosts informed us that magazine men had been invited to visit Ireland and to fly across the English Channel and had done neither, we resolved that ignominy such as attached to magazine men should not come to us. Told that a paramount feature of our London to Paris journey was a flight over the English

Channel in an airplane, we promptly accepted the offer, which promised a maximum of thrills with a minimum of danger.

A few days before we had left England for France a monster Handley-Page machine with a passenger-capacity of forty and capable of a speed of one hundred miles an hour flew over London in a trial preliminary to establishing a passenger air service between London and Paris, which became an accomplished fact a few months later. Flights over the English channel were being regularly made at the time.

Lympne was the great English station for assembling airplanes. American and British machines were taken here, assembled, inspected, tried out and flown in flocks to Allied fronts. We had gone there by train from London and detrained to make our flight to France by airplane.

Misgivings, discussions, inquiries and anxieties arose as the giant Handley-Page machine, with its powerful motors, eight hundred horsepower, was pointed out. It was drawn afield from its hangar by an immense tractor. We manifested tensest interest in the ponderous airship and fell to discussing the status of our accident insurance policies, should there be a mishap. We decided we would be guilty of a forbidden hazard and that insurance companies might refuse to pay. Comparing notes, it was revealed that most of us carried heavy general insurance and if lost in the flight would sell ourselves to the insurance companies at rather stiff sums. It seemed a glowing prospect to greatly enrich posterity financially should we make the supreme sacrifice. We thought of the many nice things that would be told of us back home in big black type—things we had never known while living. After all, what did a dozen editors more or less matter, anyway? Would n't

we sink to sleep in the comforting thought that we had outdone our magazine brethren?

The day was cloudy and misty with an absence of wind, ideal for an air voyage, in the minds of the uninitiated. Then came the disturbing thought that German air buccaneers might neglect to sound their fog horns when coming suddenly upon us behind a dark cloud, bag the whole bunch of American publishers and make off for Berlin with them.

A Scotch colonel, after our first preparation to fly, told us of the great cost of constructing the mighty machine we were to take, and said that another attempt might be made just before noon if it cleared in the interim. "Perhaps you won't mind a slight chance of a difficult landing," he observed.

"Oh, not at all, not at all," chimed the editors, "though of course we would n't for all the world have you take the chance of damaging so valuable a Handley-Page machine on our account. There are other ways of reaching France."

Meanwhile we had absorbingly watched aviators take machine after machine and fly away, undisturbed by conditions. They were testing out a fleet of planes designed for war use which were to be taken over and would act as a sort of aerial convoy to the grand flight of the editors.

The voyagers were shown about plant and field. Thousands of women worked in plants and hangars. Came noon and from out of buildings they poured in marching squads into the plaza in the center of the place. In platoons they marched away to luncheon. It was an inspiring spectacle.

The heavens were still murky, and our colonel-host invited us to lunch at Lympne castle, ancient rendezvous of the Archbishop of Canterbury, now headquarters of

an aviation corps. In an hour or so he promised we might be able to make the flight. Lunch half over, the colonel, called to the telephone, returned shortly with beaming countenance saying, he had just heard from France and he believed we would soon be able to make the flight.

As we sat chatting after our lunch, seven British aces, bristling with medals, insignia of bravery, came in and took a table back of me. One of them had evidently just returned from the front and told minutely in an undertone of a thrilling battle in the air with three Boches a few days before. Unfortunately, eagerly nevertheless, I drank in every word of it. He had been surprised. He described how he did nose dives, tail dives, volplaned, and executed the various other maneuvers necessary to outwit and deceive his antagonist, before he shot down a German ace, his machine in flames, and drove off the other two.

It was a graphic tale. Upon me, however, it acted as anything but a good digestant.

We were marched back to the colonel's offices and everything was made ready for our flight. It gets very cold a few thousand feet up in the air and there were electrically heated coats, helmets, fur gloves, goggles, all piled in a heap. At headquarters we were informed it was necessary for a plane to attain a height of ten thousand feet so that should anything happen over the channel we could, without power, volplane or glide either over to France or back to England.

The big Handley-Page machine was again hauled out by a tractor and workmen got busy testing apparatus, adjusting wings, trying the engine and whirling the propeller. Clad in our uncouth paraphernalia, as if about to begin a Polar expedition, twelve gloomy editors closely watched tactics. It was a tense moment.

In my reportorial days, I recalled, I had seen one man go to the gallows and, at another time, one sent to the electric chair, when a member of our party broke in upon my melancholy meditations with:

"Well, O'Hara, how do you feel about it now?"

"Just as you do, you hypocrite, outwardly calm and boastful; inwardly praying for rain."

In early childhood a good mother inspired this writer with an abiding faith in the efficacy of prayer. Our colonel-host looked up at dark clouds hanging over the channel, said it was raining in France and solemnly remarked:

"Well, there 's one chance in a hundred it may not be all right. With my own men I 'd have to take that chance. You are Americans, guests of the British government, and I 'm not going to take that chance with you gentlemen."

Soon it rained and we were on our way by automobile to Folkestone, whence we sailed for Boulogne. We were met there by British officers with automobiles, had a good dinner at a French restaurant, and at ten o'clock resumed our journey to Radinghem, that was to be our headquarters during our stay at the fighting fronts in France and Belgium. A two hours' swift ride over a fair road through stately Lombardy poplar trees brought us to our chateau shortly before midnight.

Radinghem Castle

Historical Old Chateau which General Haig in Pursuit of Retreating Germans Abandoned Four Weeks Before Arrival of the Editors.

RADINGHEM Chateau, or castle, whichever name one is pleased to use, is of massive stone construction and dignified, imposing architecture. Tall, circular towers and minarets give it an appearance of great size without and spaciousness within, the latter not borne out on inspection, as beyond an extensive dining hall and a big living room, each with huge, old-fashioned fireplaces, the chateau, for its size, is cut up into many small rooms.

A moat, reminiscent of mediæval days, surrounds the chateau, with its quaint, ancient-looking draw-bridges, which in olden times were raised at night, protecting occupants of the castle against unwelcome visitors or marauding bands which then infested the country. In the hills beyond the chateau is the source of the river Lys, of which the moat is a part, so that the latter is always abundantly supplied with water.

Spacious grounds, with a wilderness of big trees, greenhouses, grottoes and fountains, tell of former rich attractiveness. While the chateau bears the appearance of great age, it really was built only seventy-five years ago by an Englishman. Some parts of it, however, come down from feudal days, a building having stood on the spot as early as the Tenth Century. Somewhat back

from the village street and just outside the great arched gateway of Radinghem Castle is a quaint little Catholic Church in the middle of a quainter cemetery, both of which look centuries old.

Rich-toned silver bells at matins and vesper time awoke memories of pre-war days when peace and happiness reigned among these simple people, who today were being summoned to morning and evening prayer, the burden of which was that war might soon end. Nestling in a picturesque, peaceful valley, prior to Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, pastoral inhabitants of Radinghem settlement never dreamed that war offices would one day be established in the historic old castle.

Several weeks before our arrival at Radinghem, Hindenburg had been forced to pick up his line and move it back toward Berlin. Sir Douglas Haig, commander-in-chief of the British armies, eager to keep in as close communication with Hindenburg as possible, turned Radinghem Castle over to his government and, following Hindenburg eastward, established his headquarters in a similar castle twenty miles away. The British government decided to use the castle for Americans who, for one reason or another, had official business in the locality. General Haig left behind him, in charge, an excellent corps of chefs and other servants under several of his aides. From here our party was to sally to battle fronts in Belgium and France, leaving in the early morning in a train of automobiles, owned by English generals and driven by British soldiers, and returning late at night after a strenuous two hundred or two hundred fifty mile ride.

Chateau Radinghem, Headquarters of the Editorial Party Within the Battle Zone. Formerly Headquarters of General Haig.

CHAPTER XXII

An Unique and Scientific Stunt

Ingenious Allies Found a way to Get Propaganda into German Ranks. Used Hot Air Paper Balloons.

IN what that excellent reporter, Irvin S. Cobb, described so plainly as the slamming and banging of war, the sword seemed mightier than the pen. To a publisher particularly, cherishing belief in the power of the press, approach to the front was something of a disillusionment. Somehow the front brought back to one Napoleon's profession of faith in battalions, and pounded home the fact that a machine-gun had its uses that could not be filled by a typewriter. If ever there was a "murder of a lovely theory by a gang of brutal facts," it was in the apparent doing in of the adage that the pen is mightier than the sword.

Every one recognized, of course, that the press was indispensable in keeping up morale in dark hours, in disseminating information, but stark facts ruled at the front. It was therefore a morsel of comfort to us to find at Radinghem that the press was in the war.

There were bales of literature in French and German at the castle ready for circulation in Germany and in the borderland, where both languages were used. The issues included maps showing the advance of the Allies and carrying notations of German casualties and losses in materials of war. They comprised dodgers with arguments likely to appeal to a people breaking under the

strain of war with its grief, mental depression in defeat, disease and hunger. There were folders, fac-similes of letters from Germans, who were prisoners of war, writing home to tell their families that they were well fed and well treated. All these were carried by balloons or airplanes for distribution in the enemy territory. It was a campaign of peaceful penetration in the midst of war.

An aide of General Haig, who showed us the material and explained the mechanism of this little-known phase of the war, said that the Intelligence Department reported unmistakable signs of its effects. Although it was an offense carrying a death penalty for a German soldier to keep such literature picked up from the enemy, it was said, prisoners brought in were found to have Allied prison camp menus concealed under their tunics.

¶ The way this subtle ammunition was carried to the enemy was scientifically prepared. Captive balloons were let up with their crews and say a half a ton of such material, when the winds were favorable. In the cargo of the captive balloons were smaller paper balloons, to which packages of the pamphlets were attached. A timeing device was set so that the print paper would be dropped after the smaller balloons had been in the air a definite time. The drift of the wind was calculated so that the propaganda would reach the particular locality for which it was designed before it dropped.

High lights in campaigns of this sort were the subject of press correspondence in wartime, as when D'Annunzio flew over Vienna and bombarded the Austrian capital with his own writings on the war. There was dogged-does-it daily work of the sort, however, that passed without mention.

On the American front, a principal argument used in the communications to the enemy was that Americans fed

their prisoners well. It was to combat enemy propaganda that prisoners were tortured.

The French, with Latin subtlety, released anonymous writings, purporting to be by French Socialists, calling upon their German comrades to drop their arms and stop the senseless slaughter of workmen by workmen at the behest of " their masters."

British bluntness marks the samples of the British air-press. " By Balloon " is printed in English on top of the front page of many of the specimens before me as I write. Below the legend the same routing is printed in German, " Durch Luftballon."

One interesting dodger in the souvenir collection is a sheet with a cartoon on one page, and the reverse blank. The cartoon is captioned, " Die Erste Million." In the foreground, climbing up a slope lettered " Frankreich " is a heroic-sized American soldier carrying the colors, and behind him stretching from pictured France back to New York and the Statue of Liberty in the background are phalanxes of troops, the first million arriving in France on the bridge of ships. The soldier would quarrel with the cartoon which shows him carrying his ammunition belt slung like a bandolier, and the artist might criticise the execution, but the idea is plain and the Germans got it.

Even the well-oiled German propaganda machine could not erase that picture from the minds of the German people once they had seen it. Whatever they might mistake in it, they could not mistake the Stars and Stripes, the men behind it, and the goddess of Liberty toward whom millions of them had strained their eyes in the past.

Titles of other communications among the specimens are interesting in their suggestiveness. One is " Langsamer Hungertod," which even to one unacquainted with

German conveys some of its harsh meaning of slow death by starvation. Another title with a special appeal to the philosophical German is "The Future of Germany—Freedom or Militarism?"

The enemy did not let the attack of the Allied press go unchallenged. They issued counter-offensive propaganda, circulated by small, colored-paper balloons, which were shot down by American snipers and forwarded to the Intelligence Department after souvenir hunters had obtained their copies hot from the press. American veterans recall their anticipation of the weekly arrival of "The American in France."

"The American in France" was published in English at Strasbourg, according to information in its columns ☙ ☙

Its earlier issues were on heavy gloss paper. All were well prepared. The columns contained numerous advertisements of beer gardens, theaters and amusement places behind the German lines, the German idea of an invitation to the Yankees to go across and be comfortable ☙ ☙

The photographic reproductions in the publication were executed beautifully. Some of them were of cuts from English publications issued in Civil War times. Others were of American soldiers who were prisoners in Germany. A favorite grouping was of a dozen or more apparently intact Yankees sitting in a beer garden with musical instruments in hand and steins on the tables, proving something about good fellows getting together, perhaps. Study of the photographed faces of the Americans showed in every instance that at least one in the group was glowering.

The object of the old English cuts was to show that England had tried to aid in dismemberment of the Union. That was the appeal one week. The next week

it was to Irish-Americans among the troops to remember Ireland.

To the student of the methods and effects of publication there always appeared some flaw in the German method of argument. A logical set of premises would be built up and an oblique conclusion drawn. For instance, it was argued: England and Ireland never got along ❧ ❧

Britain has oppressed Ireland. Irishmen have hated Britons for centuries. Germany hated England. Therefore children and grandchildren of Irishmen and Irish women should join Bergdoll.

Reflections on the foregoing make a publisher think that maybe the English language press amounted to more than a little in the war. Not only were the newspapers of the air working, but there were such publications as "La Libre Belge," one of the most gallant ventures in newspaper history. All the world knows how that impish sheet pestered the German occupants of Belgium with the reminder that possession may be nine-tenths of the law, but that there is another tenth compounded out of human genius, spirit, and gumption that a man keeps no matter how down he is, a tenth that keeps him from going out.

William Allen White, the seasoned Kansas publisher, in similar recollections of mildly martial adventures, commented on the unreality of it all in France.

Henry and he, he wrote in effect, referring to Governor Allen, of Kansas, should have been home waiting for four o'clock to arrive and the call to play golf to come to end the daily battle of business with paper manufacturers and advertisers. Yet there they were in France ❧ ❧

¶ So were we, like the old classical poet, a part of the things of which we tell, and among the most pleasant

of them the experience at Radinghem in learning that food did n't win the war, tanks did n't win the war, Thrift stamps and Liberty bonds did n't win the war, peach pits did n't win the war, nor knitting needles, nor chocolates, nor cigarettes, any of them alone, but the boys and all of us, and the press doing its bit.

Over the Top into No-Man's-Land

Publishers Get into New War Zone with all the Trappings of War —War While Yet Seen in its Terrible Reality.

SUN up Tuesday morning, October Twenty-second, found the ambitious editors astir and, in war parlance, eager to "go over the top." An aide to General Haig told of the dangers we were about to meet and in the great hall of the castle put us through a drill in the use of gas masks, especially as to putting them on properly and quickly. Having mastered this knack, we were put in a gas chamber for three minutes to try out the masks issued to us and to satisfy ourselves they were working properly. If a smell of gas was detected we were to notify our instructor, who was in the house with us, and we should be taken out of the darkened house into the open air immediately. Next we received steel helmets and were told we must love and cherish our tin hats and canvas false faces, ready to don them at an instant's warning. As we afterward saw, in danger zones, where gas shells might fall at any time, were sign boards notifying the wayfarer he must put on his mask. Our parting instruction in the headgear and mask drill was that when we started for the active fighting front we must not kick an object of any kind on road or in field for fear it would explode. Nor must we pick up a wire or cord or string which might be attached to a bomb. At nine thirty A. M., on October Twenty-second, in six

headquarters' automobiles under escort of a half dozen British officers and with hideous headgear and masks, we started for Bethune, Givenchy, Armentieres, Balleul, Hazebrouck and Aire. At Fruges, first sizable town, we encountered a funeral described elsewhere. Women, old men and children worked in fields and on road. Work horses were driven mostly by children. Vehicles were for the most part two-wheeled carts drawn by a single horse. Wheels of carts were high in contrast to wheels of wagons which were as small as the cart wheels were big. ¶ At St. Pol, a good sized town, we came upon the first glimpse of destruction by German guns or bombers. The entire front of what had been a great cathedral lay partly across our path, no effort having been made to clear away the wreckage. The church had been hit by a German air raider.

Through Briey we went next, a large coal-mining center from which France was getting most of its supply of coal, other mines of France being at the time in the hands of the Germans. Although not far distant from the Hindenburg line the town was orderly and prosperous, no other place in France as near the fighting line having been spared visits from night bombers or guns. Perhaps the ulterior motive of the Germans in sparing Briey was that later on they might be able to use the mines, as they had so many north of there. After Briey came abrupt transition from scenes of peace to desolation of war. Barbed wire entanglements were everywhere, a perfect wilderness of this most vicious device to protect on one hand and to torture on the other. There were trenches and dugouts, which had been stubbornly occupied, although trees all around had been shot into splinters. It had been a difficult matter, we were told, to put up barbed wire entanglements, as wooden poles had to be driven into the ground with a

sledge hammer, which, as work was done stealthily at night, aroused the enemy and interrupted the work. Some inventive genius, however, brought out a machine whose capacity equaled that of an immense number of men, and iron tubing was used instead of wooden posts or stakes, and like the celebrated devil's bridge, acres of barbed wire entanglements appeared over night. In all this dismal territory there were no signs of life. Destruction completed, the Germans had been driven back. Companies of soldiers going into fight or coming out to rest billets were met frequently plodding along badly shot roads or riding in lorries, as auto trucks were called

Bethune, a town of considerable size, was under fire fiercely in the years Nineteen Hundred Fourteen and Fifteen and early Nineteen Hundred Sixteen. The town was an utter wreck, yet cellars and half-destroyed buildings were inhabited by tenants who had stuck it out through all the fearful agonies of the long days and nights, or had returned because no better place could be found in which to exist.

CHAPTER XXIV

Moat Farm

Like Gallant Six Hundred at Balaklava Allied Twenty Eight are Among the Immortals—Need no Other Monument Than That Under which they Lie Buried.

MOAT FARM at Givenchy or Windy Corner on the borderland between Northeastern France and Belgium deserves to go into history as a scene of battle as tragic as that of Balaklava, which Tennyson in his great epic poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," has immortalized. A different method of warfare, however, as cannon and gun and sabre and horse were supplanted by bomb and shell and shrapnel and tank and airplane. Twenty-eight men in a circular, concrete fort or huge turret or pill box, as it was generally called, were equipped with every known kind of modern fighting paraphernalia. For months the pill box had withstood the terrific onslaught of the Hun with the same stubborn, fiery spirit that possessed the noble six hundred who rode "Into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell."

A huge shell bursting upon the roof carried it to the basement, together with hundreds of tons of concrete beneath which twenty-four of the valiant twenty-eight men were buried. For four days the gallant four survivors withstood every attack of the Germans, keeping up a continuous fusillade until the enemy, not knowing

what awful damage he had done and thinking from the rapid and incessant replies he had received that the fort was still manned by a full company, withdrew in dismay.

When rescued it was found that the four survivors had clung to the galleries around the inside of the fort and kept the guns, which had not been misplaced by the fall of the inside of the fort, hot every minute day and night, to give the enemy the impression of great strength. Ammunition was almost entirely gone when the Germans gave up the fight.

The Boche had broken the British line and might have swept on to the English channel, but he did n't know it.

¶ Should it ultimately be decided to remove the twenty-four bodies from beneath the mass of concrete at Moat Farm, it was our thought that the ruin should be left as it is, or was, and across its face an immense tablet placed, upon which should appear the names and heroic deeds of the noble twenty-eight to whom Tennyson's lines to his gallant six hundred—

> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die,

apply here equally as well as to those for whom they were written.

And into my mind came the words of the lamented Roosevelt, who, when asked if he would remove to America the body of his son Quentin, shot down after desperate aerial battle with three Boche whom he might have avoided, replied: "You can not bring them up to be eagles and expect them to die like sparrows. My own choice is that a soldier, like a tree, should lie where he falls!"

And Quentin Roosevelt sleeps where he fell, his wrecked

airplane marking his grave in Eastern France. Our party grieved not to be able to find it and drop a tear and a flower. But the young hero is neither forgotten nor neglected. He is still alive in the hearts of the Allies and they, and admiring Americans abroad, will eternally cover his grave with tears and flowers and wreaths

CHAPTER XXV

Windy Corner

One of the Most Repellent Battle Fields in the War—Literally a Swamp in which American Boys Slept and on which They Fought.

WINDY CORNER and Givenchy had a strong lure for me, as the section is a part of Flanders fields and also because it is in the Ypres sector, where, as I afterward learned, my son first "went over the top." To those of us who have been permitted to see these dismal swamps and water-holes, in which trenches and dug-outs were impossible, the wonder is how men lived and fought under such horrible conditions. Truth is they did n't; they died in vast numbers in the terrific campaign at this point. Men were forced to roll up their equipment and, placing it under their heads as pillows, lie down in these sloughs to sleep. Sentinels walked among them to see that their comrades, in their exhausted state, did not, while sleeping, sink into the mire and smother. Major Furry Ferguson Montague, representing the British Ministry of Information, our guide on this trip, who had fought desperately at this point and been decorated for bravery, interestingly explained the story of the Battle of Windy Corner.

Givenchy on the La Bassee canal in the heart of the fighting zone of the Ypres sector was our main objective. Here was the original Windy Corner, the Tommy's "shor'cut to 'ell," a cross roads that had been con-

stantly under German fire. Here, too, was the famous Moat Farm where the tide of battle raged fiercest in the great offensive in the spring of that year, where General Haig sent his famous message, "For God's sake, America, hurry! We 're fighting with our backs to the wall!"—where General Haig in desperation put into action the Thirtieth Division raised in our Southern States, and our own New York Twenty-seventh Division, the only American troops brigaded with the British in northeastern France and Belgium. And there, as I subsequently learned, my own son, a member of the One Hundred Fourth Machine Gun battalion, Twenty-seventh division, had gone over the top and received his baptism of fire, where the Germans in their march to the English channel had broken down the Allied defense, but did n't know it. Four years of fighting in this sector had been so stubborn that the line had not varied four miles in all that time.

Over a gentle slope about a half mile from the historic Moat Farm is all that is left of Givenchy. It had a church, business places and other buildings, but all was gone. All about was bleakness and ruin. A sombre padre was digging with a spade in the wreckage of a church. We were told that when the storm of fire and gas and shell broke over the unfortunate community, several years before, his parishioners, flying before the wrath of the Germans, gave their little treasures, ornaments, jewels and so on to the padre, who would not desert his church and they were buried by him where he believed they would not fall into the hands of the Germans. Now he was back to recover them.

It was of this sector, too, that Lieut.-Colonel John McCrea of Toronto, wrote his immortal poem, "In Flanders Fields." Both faith and pathos lie in the story. Lieut.-Colonel McCrea was killed in battle and now

sleeps beneath the poppies about which he wrote so beautifully in the following stanzas:

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the Crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead.
Short days ago we lived, felt dawn, saw
sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw the torch—
Be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

CHAPTER XXVI

Huge Out-Door Tank Hospital

Interestingly Unique System of Camouflaging—Screens Made to Resemble Tall Rows of Trees with Dying Leaves of Autumn.

A FEW miles from Radinghem on our second day out, our route took us through the small village of Ems. It was headquarters for repairing bombing tanks of Allied forces. There was a solid fifty acres of these Frankensteins in all stages of disrepair. Hundreds were beyond repair. In the immense shops seventy-five hundred men worked. Many were Chinese. It was said they were expert mechanics, quickly trained to the need of the hour. These immense shops were in charge of two young Brazilians, graduated from Cornell University, who had volunteered into the British service in Nineteen Hundred Fifteen. Chinese, they declared, were excellent workmen if clearly shown in the beginning just how to do things. They had no initiative, however, their chiefs said, and when once taught would always follow in the same way. It was impossible to "unteach" them.

There were miles of railroad tracks in the grounds, and tanks were shipped in and out on low platform cars built especially for this purpose.

We were all intensely interested to see here also an army of Chinese working in an immense building upon a unique scheme of camouflage. It was autumn. Along

French roads at fighting fronts on the side toward the moving German army, miles of screens were put up on poles resembling hop poles. Behind this perfect camouflage Allied armies stealthily moved, unobserved by the enemy. Gun carriages and other fighting machinery were covered on the top with earth and sods to shut out the view of air raiders. Materials upon which these yellow men worked had been taken down from roads at the front and were being changed to match the season. Bits of Canton flannel had hitherto been dyed green to resemble leaves of trees. Fall was now at its height and leaves on trees were turning to gold and crimson and pink and yellow, and so these counterfeit leaves had been dyed into autumnal hues and were being sent out to be put up along active roads in war zones.

The method of erecting was that every few hundred feet, bunches of these mock leaves were placed so as to give the appearance of trees covered with dying foliage. Stretches between these apparent trees were filled with a colorless background cloth which did not stand out in the atmosphere but which served successfully to hide everything going on behind it. In the Ypres sector in and about Windy Corner we saw many miles of this sort of stuff to fool the enemy.

Before leaving home I had been told of train after train being rushed across Canada. A few who had been permitted to go inside these secret trains said they contained Chinese. Before our party went abroad it learned that two hundred thousand Chinese had crossed Canada from Vancouver and were sent to France to do all manner of work behind the lines. It was in this way, no doubt, that the shops we saw, and many others not already run by women were brought up to full capacity, all able-bodied men of France capable of taking up arms being at the front.

CHAPTER XXVII

Lille

Up to Armistice Day the Scene Here Was the Most Joyous One in Our Whole Journey—Sights That Brought Tears to the Eyes of Some of Us.

LILLE! What a world of memories that word of five letters awakes to us! Three days after the German hordes marched out, after four long and weary years, our Editorial band marched in. It was a day of unbounded joy and triumph in this, next to Paris, largest city in France. From roof to cellar bunting and French, British, Italian, American and other Allied flags had been unfurled. Nowhere had we ever seen decorations so varied and profuse. In our minds it is an ineffaceable picture. It seemed as though all the inhabitants were in the streets, too overjoyed to think of anything but their own deliverance. They had heard that a party of American editors were coming to town, and in a little suburb before we reached the city, buildings had been placarded with the words "Welcome to Our Deliverers." The editors could not understand what they had to do with it. Then we learned the greetings were intended for British and American troops who three days agone had entered the city and driven out the Boche.

Lille was the only place evacuated by the Germans without first having destroyed it. President Wilson had told Kaiser Wilhelm it would be futile to plead for

interference on America's part until he stopped destroying property, killing children and old people and debauching women. These things Germany promised. They blew up Lille's great bridges, but this is permissible in warfare as a military necessity, the retreating army being licensed to do acts intended to prevent successful pursuit.

In the great plaza in the center of the city where we stopped to view the joyous sights, our cars were surrounded by thousands of excited, in some instances, almost hysterical people, insisting upon telling us the awful story of their four years of German thraldom. As they spoke French, Edward H. Butler of The News, Buffalo, who speaks French like a native, acted as our interpreter. They told us that the Hun had bled the city of all able-bodied men, sent them to Germany and forced them to work for the German government; that they had carried off five thousand young girls with whom they had lived; that if a girl was good-looking she had her choice of working twelve or fourteen hours a day in the fields or living in ease with a German officer. People with hand carts, and in a few instances, with wagons containing all manner of household goods, were hurrying about moving back to their old homes from which they were driven four years before. On an old mattress spread on a pushcart, I saw a feeble old woman and at her side a young woman apparently very, very ill, being propelled through the principal street by a boy of perhaps fifteen years. Mother, daughter and son! It was sad, but this was by far the most wonderful, the most joyous day we had seen and forced tears into our eyes. "Utterly indescribable; words fail," we said in unison.

Lille is a fortified or walled city of ancient type and is crossed by the Douai canal and is one of France's

most prosperous sections. Living was almost impossible. The Germans forced many factories and merchants to continue and then took the income away with them.

Through many a ruined town in that day's trip we passed. Lille was an outstanding oasis in a desert of devastation and destruction. Lille is more than twice the size of Syracuse. Had the Hun treated Lille as he had other cities he had occupied, it would be not at all inappropriate to inquire what would be the state of mind of Syracusans if some morning they awoke to find not a brick upon a brick, the whole a dismal heap of stone, brick, mortar, iron and wood as if wrecked by some mighty earthquake.

Rejoicing in Lille, Following German Evacuation. Scene in the Grande Place Witnessed by the Editorial Party.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Vimy Ridge

The World's Bloodiest Battle Grounds—More Killed Here Than on Any Other Field of Carnage. As Many Casualities of French Alone as the Total Army That Fought on Either Side in Our War of the Rebellion.

THE writer's current letter to the Herald while there best tells, so far as he is able, the story of Vimy Ridge, which had been captured by the Allies two weeks before our party's arrival. It follows:

"Vimy Ridge marked the crest of German endeavor in the bloody and bitterly contested region between Lens, which the Germans took and held, and Arras, which the Allies had and held. It is a sloping eminence of noble contour rising from the prevailing plains of Central France. The ridge proper extends for six or eight miles along the slope, and is probably two or three miles in its widest dimension. It is n't much of a hill, as hills go in America, but it has distinct topographical proportions and is a natural defensive position.

"It is the graveyard of many valiant soldiers, on both sides, and it is, too, the graveyard of any hope the Germans ever had of an advance on the middle British front. The French lost it early in the war, and laid long and determined siege to it. It is said that the total number of French casualities in the futile attack at Vimy were 215,000. The vast number of French

graves in the area behind Vimy prove that the losses were great. There are Canadian and British graves, too, farther up the rise.

"The Canadians took Vimy in the spring of 1917. They took it at a great cost, but they took it. They had moved in about October, 1916, after their great exploit at Passchaendale. The British had failed there, and so had the Australians; but the Canadians did not fail. It was their superior strategy, perhaps. They made a feint in one direction, and engaged the enemy there and then suddenly shifted to the Boche flank and had him.

"The Canadians modestly say that they had better luck at Passchaendale than the others, for the British and Australians are fine soldiers, none better. The Australians admit it always. It was said in France that they say the Americans often fight as well as they do. Higher praise could hardly be given!

"The Canadian corps was sent from Passchaendale to Vimy and began the long preparation for the surprise assault in the spring. There was a lot of tunnelling and mines and one morning there was a grand explosion, and then the Canadians started out, supported by some Scotch and British troops; in a few hours it was over. The sapper had come into his own.

"The American Editorial party visited Vimy only a few days after the Boche had retired from firing range. He had been driven down into the valley beyond, but continued to turn his artillery on Vimy. The Canadian and his comrades were comfortably quartered, however, in the dugouts and entrenchments the Germans had elaborately built during the years of their occupation. The German first captured his hill, or hole, and then proceeded in the most painstaking ways to make it safe. His favorite abode of security was a dugout.

Vimy was fairly gophered with them, built into the hillside, often of permanent cement construction and always with a view to rendering the enemy's artillery fire ineffective by making it possible and convenient to go far underground. How a man can live in a dugout day in and day out, for months at a time, without suffocation or insanity passes all comprehension. But they did it, and probably thought themselves well off—so long as they were safe. Did not men exist somehow in the Flanders line for months and even years? The dugouts of Vimy were palaces of comfort beside the waterholes of Flanders.

"The approach to Vimy from the west is by Mount St. Eloi. One may know that it is a mountain because they call it a mountain. It is a hill—an outpost of Vimy—surmounted by a higher tower. The tower is a landmark for miles around and was long a pet target of long range German fire. They hit it, too, but did not destroy it. Then comes Vimy. The background is a complicated and extensive system of entrenchments with hundreds and even thousands of emplacements for big guns, and the customary trenches and barbed wire. If the Germans held the Ridge for many months, the Allies had the whole broad expanse of the approach; and they made life unbearable for their foe above. He paid his respects in his turn to the men below

"Down in a little exposed angle of the Allied position rested the little village of Souchet. They take the curious traveler to Souchet even now to show him the ruthlessness of modern warfare. There are many larger places than this little town that have been completely wiped out, and although Souchet was among the first to go, its fame lingers. Where once was a thriving little city are now a few crumbling walls and indis-

tinguishable heaps of debris that once were buildings. The grass had had time to grow over the ruins of former homes, and the moss had begun to appear on the walls. First there was a ruin, and in its train decay. The hand of time is completing the wreck made by man.

¶ "The party was taken to the top of the Ridge and had luncheon there. It was an excellent meal, eaten with relish. The fact is mentioned to show that the mind grows calloused from sustained contact with desolation and death. We were in the midst of ten thousand graves and were the sole visible survivors of a deadly struggle that had been waged for fifty months. Yet we did not fail to respond to the demands of appetite. Well, even soldiers must eat, so why should newspaper men starve themselves?

"Some one led the way to the apex of the Rise, where there was a clear view of the valley beyond, with a white line marking the German trenches. The feet became constantly entangled in wires buried in the grass. They were the communicating lines of the advance by the Canadians. Every company commander, when he can, leaves behind him a line to lead parties. There were hundreds of them. There were hundreds and thousands of shells and cartridges and an occasional helmet. Generally the 'tin hat' had a dent in it. Its tenant had thrown it away perhaps, because he could not use it; if there was not a more melancholy reason why he was through with it.

"A low hum came from the distant skies and the tried ears of the British officers reported that there were airplanes somewhere around. Soon they appeared. There were nineteen of them, and they were headed directly for Vimy Ridge. It might have been the Boche but it was n't. It was a fleet of Allied fliers returning from some kind of an exploit over the German lines. They flew in

V shape units of six, in perfect formation. High above them in the rear was a single plane, the sentinel and guard of all the others. Where they had been, or where they were going, it was not for the wondering spectators to know. But that it was a fine sight they could all bear witness."

CHAPTER XXIX

St. Mihiel

Where Our American Troops First Distinguished Themselves—"Untrained Yankees" Surprised the German Army by Their Dash and Tenacity.

THE traveler in the wake of war may view the St. Mihiel Valley, its rolling green sweep, water-coursing glades, red-decked, white-walled farm buildings and peaceful churches and wonder that this scene has ever been the drill-ground of Armageddon. St. Mihiel will seem as remote to such an observer as the Battle of Blenheim to the children who found the skull and heard their grandfather's tale of the famous victory.

Here the invader held France in fief by force for four years until the American army, operating as such for the first time on French soil, drove out the common enemy.

St. Mihiel was in the field what Austria was in war politics. The capitulation of Austria was the beginning of the end, politically, and St. Mihiel was the beginning of the end in the field. It was the privilege of the American Editorial party to observe both debacles more closely than would have been possible otherwise.

In this sector was delivered the first all-American blow of the World War. Here, too, is Seicheprey, where "untrained Yankees" withstood the first assaults of crack German forces bent on terrorizing the amateurs in warfare.

Here was Mont Sec, a little Vimy, where the enemy had ensconced himself and commanded all the area around for miles and for years until the Yanks came, kept coming, saw, kept seeing, conquered and kept conquering until the end.

A view of twentieth century warfare can be at best only impressionable, even to the fighting man at the front

Even the reputedly Argus-eyed press could glimpse these moving affairs only as a jig-saw puzzle. After they were history they could be viewed as a pageant. From the Vosges mountains, from Toule and Luneville, from the plains of France farther north and from the camps, billets and rest stations of the center of the embattled land, from ports of the Atlantic, from the sea itself, men rose and came. Pack-laden, pest-ridden, footsore, saddle-tanned, dirty, but laughing, cigarette-smoking and swearing like boys out of Shakespeare, they can be envisioned trudging through rain, on roads for a way, then in mud to their knees, on the way to the front. Nights they hiked. Days they slept in wet woods, within castle walls, in mines, wherever concealment from the enemy could be had. The enemy sensed and saw through scouts this mighty movement of apparently all America, assembling a human battering ram for a push with the power of a hundred million bodies and souls behind it. But the enemy was reliably informed from American headquarters that the attack was set for a later date and at another place.

Your doughboy's big show, as he called it, began at one o'clock the morning of September 12, 1918. A cataract of steel and explosives descended on the German lines.

Not only had men gone up but animals and machines, artillery horses dragging gun-carriages through mire to the breeches, ammunition wagons, commissary trucks,

ambulances, dragged by human muscle where brute and fuel failed. The fighting heart of America was laid bare in those nights ahead with none to see except those who dog-did-it, worked and fought.

The danger zone was a moving area to the editors in the rear-guard, although it was recommended that a little practice putting on gas-masks was not amiss. Within eight hours of the zero hour of the early morning attack, Americans were putting Thiancourt, Heudricourt, Pannes and Nonsard on the war map and the cables where they had not been for four years.

From a hill at Hattonchatel, the distinguished strangers looked toward the promised land of the American army. Fog lifted a little. Sun shone through misting rain. Afar rumbled the guns. Already it was over like a drama after which one tries to picture the actors going on moving, living and dying in character. The crash of naval rifles, the biggest guns in France, brought over by the Yanks, told Metz, only twenty miles away, that the Allies and the Americans were coming.

Overhead droned an airplane, swooping back to Colombey with its flushed warrior of the sky, fresh from chasing the Boche and fanning enemy ears with his propeller ☙ ☙

Such was St. Mihiel to the editors. Graveyards of Germans, and roadside, cross-marked graves of Allies, were passed. Dug-outs palatially furnished, hidden in ruins of dwellings or deep in concrete fortifications were disclosed, where the enemy had made himself comfortable in carpet slippers and with pipe during his years of tenure.

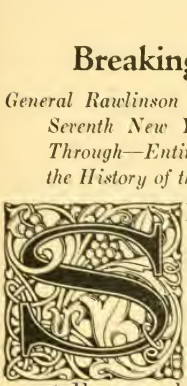
¶ In a little while, a few weeks, a month, the heroes of St. Mihiel were fighting it through the Argonne, where American correspondents with the troops described it as " hotter than the hinges of hell."

Then Armistice and a world gone mad!

CHAPTER XXX

Breaking the Hindenburg Line

General Rawlinson Graphically Tells Where the Gallant Twenty-Seventh New York and Thirtieth Southern Divisions Went Through—Entitled, the General Said, to the Brightest Page in the History of the War.



IR HENRY RAWLINSON, Commander of the Fourth British Army, and the man to whom Sir Douglas Haig entrusted the attack on the Hindenburg line which, in the smashing, also smashed the German morale, told our party that the battle at Guillemont Farm and Bony will be one of the most splendid traditions of America when the story of it is rightly written. A few nights later, in Paris, General Campbell, "The Tiger" of England, with whom I shared a box in an opera-house, spoke no less enthusiastically of the valor of our Twenty-seventh Division on that occasion. General Campbell was in full field command under General Rawlinson of the Fourth British Army and of our Twenty-seventh and the Thirtieth Divisions, both of which had fought as well with the British up in Belgium. And General Rawlinson, showing us over the field had pointed out that for two and a half years the Boche had been building and strengthening this line until he firmly believed it proof against any army in the world

The Boche knew the vital nature of Guillemont Farm just as well as we did. He knew we had to have it, and

he had exhausted his ingenuity in trying to make it impregnable. Line after line of trenches honey-combed the hill; hundreds of big guns were trained on it; it was literally covered with machine gun nests and barbed wire entanglements. It was mined and defended in a quite remarkable way. It is a fact that this farm was taken and re-taken not less than seven times before we finally held it.

General Rawlinson continuing said:

"The first break in the Hindenburg line came on September 27, 1918, when the Forty-sixth division of the Fourth British Army crossed the St. Quentin canal at Bellenglise, but the key to that break and to the other almost simultaneous break, at the tremendously fortified village of Bony, was Guillemont Farm.

¶ "You American correspondents," said General Rawlinson, "should not pass by this place without hearing what your men did here, and what it meant. That is why I brought you here. This is where two of your American divisions fought splendidly, and where many of them died. No troops ever fought more valiantly. Inexperience cost them more men than they should have lost, but their courage and determination in the face of tremendous obstacles was magnificent. What they did here will make the name of Guillemont Farm famous in American history. It was one of the vital spots of the war

"As you see, this farm is higher than any of the surrounding ridges for miles. Over there, five miles away, was the main Hindenburg line running through the town of Bony, which was a regular rabbit warren of concrete, Boche dugouts, trenches and tunnels. For two and a half years the Boche had been building and strengthening this line, and he firmly believed it proof against any army in the world. This place where we stand was the

outpost of the main line. When on September 26, 1918, the commander-in-chief determined that the attack upon the line was to be made, our first job was to take this farm because this, as is very easily seen, was the only spot from which the main line could be effectively shelled at any point where it was not necessary to cross the canal.

"Once your American boys went clear through and over the hill, but they failed to 'mop up,' and the Boche coming out of his back trenches after they had passed, counter-attacked, retook the hill and cut them off. Our attack was begun at five o'clock in the morning of September 25, 1918, with the two American divisions and the Australians. The French were on our right. The fight here lasted three days and in the end it was the tanks that carried the crest. Your troops had to come up these steep slopes from the valley under terrific machine-gun fire and they behaved with the utmost valor. Knowing full well what the loss of this farm meant, the Boche defended it with tremendous force and determination, and it was only really captured when the tanks got into the trenches and sat down on the machine guns. With this hill in our possession, we gave the main line a forty-eight hour bombardment, and when our infantry attacked we went through and got Bony

"At the same time the other attack of the Forty-sixth British division succeeded and the St. Quentin canal was crossed, but that is another story. What I wanted you to understand was the significance of the Guillemont Farm fight in the smashing of the Hindenburg line, and to tell you of the part the Americans played in it. Every American should know about it."

In conclusion the General said: "This, as I have said before, and I wish to repeat it, is where your two

American divisions fought so splendidly and where so many of them died. No troops anywhere ever fought more valiantly. The line was broken and the Boche has never been the same Boche since; his confidence was shattered."

Then with the General, we walked over the terrifically torn field, churned and twisted by thousands of shells while the ground was still strewn with helmets and equipment of American soldiers, to the two American cemeteries, where hundreds of American lads who fell in this fight that meant so much to the world, lie buried, their graves marked by little wooden crosses very close together, and tears coursed down the cheeks of the General as he expressed his profound sorrow at the mistake made by the Thirtieth Division in which they failed to "mop up," were cut off for a time and subjected to a terrific fire from German machine-guns in their rear until rescued by the British and our Twenty-seventh Division.

It was said at the time of our stay in Paris that the Thirtieth Division in the foregoing engagement lost eight thousand men, but such figures were no doubt very greatly exaggerated.

Ruins at Bapaume. Typical of Scenes in Towns along the Western Front.

CHAPTER XXXI

Two Editorial Casualities

It is not the Part of Wisdom to Dispute the Right of Way With a Lorry—Gave the Injured a Glorious Chance to See the Inside of Many Hospitals.

FTER Vimy came Lens. It had been a city of fifty thousand inhabitants. Rich coal mines nearby made Lens. It was for possession of these the Boche held on with undiminished tenacity, paying a frightful price. Destruction, the most complete we had seen, was here. It was not, however, the work of Germans but of the British. German troops, only two weeks gone, had held it for four years. Lens lay in a natural bowl in the hills. For eighteen fierce months Allied troops had saturated this bowl with deadly gas, while shot and shell levelled the city. Nowhere was to be seen a brick, stone or stick above cellar wall. Grimly the phlegmatic Boche dug in, lived like wharf rats and held on, how the Lord alone knows. But he did hold on. When he left, a frightful condition was revealed. Cellars were filled with dead whose burial was intercepted by the terrific bombarding to which the place was constantly subjected. Through all of this hideousness and ghastliness, the Germans lived, if it might be called living. Royal Engineers were striving to make a road through this charnel house. We managed to get through, but it was rough going.

Lens was in a coal mining section, like Scranton, Pa. Before he left, the Boche pulled pumps, flooded mines,

and wrecked machinery. Estimates were that three to four years and big sums in money and labor would have to be expended before the mines could be re-opened. ¶ Then Arras, where a great cathedral and two famous hospitals had been destroyed, was to be visited. While Lens had been taken by the German army the British occupied and held Arras. Under Arras are huge subterranean chalk caverns just like our American Scranton over the coal tunnels. In these caverns thousands of British soldiers lived. By day they were about the streets of Arras. At nightfall the mystified Boche from airplane and other places of observation could find them no more. They had disappeared completely. Where, the Boche did n't know. The city was almost surrounded by Germans, and it was a known impossibility for occupants to leave. But with daylight on the following morning, the vanished Allies of the preceding evening were on the streets again by the thousands.

The Fates, however, decreed that Edgar Bramwell Piper, editor of the Portland Oregonian, and I should not be parties to an inspection of Arras with its beautiful old cathedral in ruins. One and a half miles out of Arras our chauffeur attempted to pass a lorry at the head of a two mile train of automobiles going in to battle at the front. Side-swiping the front wheels of the lorry, we ran in front of it and then, without hesitation or apparent reason, went afield and slammed head on into a tree. Every bit of glass in our limousine was smashed. Piper received an ugly wound on the forehead. The writer's upper lip was split, his nose torn, and a deep cut was made on the right side of the head. Our chauffeur, although he shrieked and proclaimed officially that he was dying, was unhurt. A surgeon of the Fourth British Army in the train of lorries ran to our assistance, gave us first aid, sent us to a hospital in the

outskirts of Arras, where anti-tetanus injections were given, and then ordered us to a Canadian clearance station in Arras.

I had often read of unemotional or frozen minds of aviators when about to face death. It recalled vividly to me my own mental operations before my mishap. While the tree into which we ran was not more than one hundred fifty feet off the road, it nevertheless seemed a long time before the smash really came. I recall my first thought when we headed for the tree, was that the tree and machine were living things, not inanimate bodies, and that they were soon to meet. A thrill of joy ran through me as I felt I was a part of a living thing that would come off triumphant when the crash came. Then, as aviators say, my mind froze. Death or injury were thoughts which never entered my mind

Stepping from the car after the crash, it did not dawn upon me that I was hurt until I found blood gushing from my cuts. Gazing at our wrecked machine with its smashed radiator, front wheels around the tree which had prevented the car from overturning, another deep thrill shot through me as I said to myself: "Well, old tree, we gave you a jolly good jolt, anyway."

My companion, Piper, wrote afterward: "War is no respecter of persons, particularly of such harmless and well-intentioned beings as journalistic non-combatants. An automobile may not be, strictly speaking, a weapon of war; but when it has a mishap in the war area, and it is a military car, under military escort, on a military highway, and when the occupants are rescued from the wreck after a collision, by a military party, headed by an army surgeon, and then taken to two military hospitals to be patched up, it would seem as though the two casualties were entitled to wound stripes from the

British government, in whose keeping they were at the time of the accident."

After an hour of rest in the final hospital to which we had been taken, command came that we go into the theater "to be operated on." Why it was called a theater, I never learned. Certainly I saw no mimic stage there, everything being painfully real and tragic. Oxygen and ether were given to Piper. The writer had a dismal wait of two hours. Why he was taken into the theater instead of remaining in the reception room until everything was in readiness he will never understand. Besides listening to his companion's half conscious struggles against the administration of the anaesthetic, there were the cries of children who had been badly hurt when the Germans, in retreating through a little town near Arras, two days before, had wantonly shelled it. Only old persons and children inhabited the small settlement —the young and middle aged were at war. Occupants of the little village, wounded or not, fled, or were taken to the hospital because it was the only place they could find refuge.

Shelling the little hamlet was an act of fiendishness on the part of the Germans, as it, under no circumstances, could be construed as serving a military purpose or necessity

After the two hours' wait for Piper's surgeon my case was reached, Piper having been returned to the ward. I refused to be etherized, declaring that if the little children to whose heartrending cries I had listened, could stand their agonies, I should not complain. The surgeon remonstrated but finally sewed me up, taking a dozen or more stitches in my various lacerations. Then I rejoined my companion in sorrow, Piper, in the general ward, where we spent twenty miserable hours among shell shocked, gassed, torn and maimed soldiers.

¶ Noon next day we were told that we could stand the journey to Radinghem and were urged to take it, as the hospital was overcrowded and there were a number of cases of influenza in the ward, and that Piper and I in our injured and shocked conditions might easily become prey to it.

We arrived at Radinghem, forty-five miles away, at four P. M. after a tiresome trip and we were immediately ordered to bed by General Haig's chief surgeon, whom the General had dispatched to Radinghem on learning that two American newspaper men, guests of the British government, were badly hurt.

At ten o'clock on the following morning the surgeon, after an exhaustive examination, dressed our wounds afresh and ordered us sent immediately to Paris, where he said better facilities were to be had, adding that American base hospitals were conducted by the highest medical and surgical talent in the world. A motor ride of three hours brought us to Amiens, from where we entrained for Paris, arriving at nine o'clock at night. Always I shall regard the automobile smash near Arras as a piece of glorious good luck, followed by many and great compensations, first of which was, it brought to me in Paris, my son, who was primarily my inducement for making the trip abroad. It also unfolded to me a close up view in hospitals where I saw abundant proof of woman's wonderful, never to be forgotten war work; saw as sublime a spirit and as great heroism displayed by the American boy in hospital as upon battlefield; saw many examples of Hun wickedness and atrocity; saw how selfishness, class distinction and religious difference melted away on the part of the Allies in a war to make future wars impossible, and the world safe for democracy, and, finally, saw why Allies won and Germans lost.

Ruins of the Albert Cathedral—Typical of many such seen by the Editorial Party

Preparing for Paris

Finishing Up in Normandy and Belgium—A Farewell Look at Ruined Belgium and Northeastern France.

COMPLETION of our trip in Belgium and Northeastern France on Thursday, Friday and up to Saturday at three P. M. when our party took the train from Amiens for Paris, is told best in letters current on that date to our various newspapers, from which this chapter is taken:

" Our trip for the third day to the British front, Thursday, October Twenty-fourth, was of unusual interest for the reason that it took us through that portion of French Flanders and Southern Belgium in which the British army had withstood the most violent attacks of the Huns. Our first stop of importance was at Ypres. This beautiful and historic Belgian city had been so completely destroyed that no one of its several important buildings can be restored. The magnificent cathedral and Cloth Hall are today but huge piles of broken stone and there is not a single undamaged structure in the entire city. For nearly four years this city had been the target for German guns, and our guide, Major Montague, was especially qualified to point out to us the interesting details of the long fight, as he had for months served on the staff of the Canadian General commanding the troops at this point. He showed us how the Germans had for months held the commanding positions on the

ridges where they could look down on the British trenches and see every move of the Allied troops.

"From Ypres we took the road to the east over which the Germans had retreated to Menin and Courtrai. This section showed the most terrific destruction of any we had seen. There was no evidence that a village had ever existed between Ypres and Menin. Even the very brick and wood of which they had been built had disappeared in the maelstrom of destruction. But even worse than this was the destruction of the very soil. Both German and British guns had planted heavy shells so thickly in this district that there was hardly a square foot of soil that was not a part of a shell crater. Unexploded shells by the thousand could be seen over this section, and we were assured that hundreds of thousands more were buried in the soil, a menace to the Belgian farmer when he made the effort to again cultivate his small field

"The town of Menin bore mute testimony to the pure devilishness of the Huns. This town had largely escaped the shells from the guns of both armies, and while the walls of practically all the buildings were still standing, the roofs, the floors, the door and window casings, and in fact everything made of wood had been torn out and carried away by the Germans, leaving behind them a gutted town.

"We were the first civilians to enter Courtrai after the evacuation of the Germans, and at this point we were between the British and German artillery lines, the big British guns being in action behind the city shelling the German lines some three miles east of Courtrai.

"Courtrai had suffered comparatively little except from street fighting and the blowing up of bridges across the canals. Here was shown evidence of the heavier work of the British Engineers in the construction under fire of

foot bridges across the canals to permit of the advance of the British infantry.

" It was here that we had the privilege of ransacking the headquarters of a German army corps commander which showed evidence of having been hurriedly deserted. Maps and papers and both private and official correspondence were scattered about in wild confusion and from these we were permitted to select such souvenirs as pleased our fancy.

" We ate lunch that day in the public poor café of Courtrai, and had about us many of the people of the place who were persistent in their demands for information about the world from which they had been practically excluded for exactly four years.

" On our way back to the chateau, we stopped at the picturesque town of Castle for tea. It is located on top of one of the hills peculiar to this section of Belgium and as we sat at the tables and looked from the windows over the lowlands, Major Norie told us of the many days when as a member of a division staff he had sat at the same window and watched the German shells drop at the foot of the hill, but the range was just too far for any of them to reach the top.

It was eight thirty when we reached the chateau and found the usual good dinner waiting for us.

" We said good-by to Major Norie when we left the chateau Friday morning, for, while we were to spend two days more on the British front, our last night there was to be spent with the troops in the field.

" Our route for Friday took us to Albert as the first of the towns in the fighting zone we were to see on this day. From Albert through to Perrone and then on to Roisel, the headquarters of General Henry Rawlinson commanding the Fourth British Army. But a short time before we reached Roisel a delayed mine, planted by

the Boche before he had evacuated the place, exploded and destroyed the road crossing over which we were to have passed.

"At Roisel we met General Rawlinson, whose headquarters were in a cleverly camouflaged railroad train, and he asked that we meet him on the battlefield of Guillemont Farm. Our New York Division and the Thirtieth American division fought this battle.

"All during Friday, we were riding over what had been the battlefields of the Somme, and words can not describe the terrible destruction wrought in this district. For mile after mile not a house of any kind had been left standing, and in nearly all cases no evidence remained that there had ever been houses on these acres that but four years before had been counted the most productive in all France.

" Not only were there no houses but there were no trees, no shrubs, nothing living but weeds. The stumps of the trees where once had stood beautiful orchards bore silent witness of the truth of the charge against the Boche that he had wantonly cut down the fruit trees as he retreated from this district.

" The Somme fields had been fought over for four years. They had been for a short time held by the Germans, then for more than three years by the French and English, and then in March of this year the Huns had driven the French and English backward again and had occupied the ground until Foch had taken the initiative and turned the tide of the war.

" Cemeteries were everywhere; British, French, American, Portuguese, Belgian and German cemeteries, for many thousands of men lie buried on these fields and the grave of each is marked by the small wooden cross that gives either the number of the soldier or his name and regiment. At Guillemont farm there are large ceme-

teries where lie the men of our own Twenty-Seventh and Thirtieth American Divisions, each grave carefully designated and recorded by the American graves commission

"There was pointed out to us one British cemetery where the Boche had perpetrated a most dastardly trick. This cemetery had fallen into German hands during the retreat of the British Army in March. As in all other British cemeteries each wooden cross had carried the name of the soldier buried there, and the number of his battalion. While this ground was held by the Boche he had very carefully painted out the name of each soldier, evidently for the purpose of depriving the relatives of these dead soldiers of the privilege of knowing the exact location of the graves of their dear ones. Thanks to an efficient British Graves Commission every name can be restored to its proper cross.

"Friday night the members of our party spent the night at different brigade headquarters of the Fourth British Army. In a number of cases the towns in which these brigade headquarters were located were under fire of German guns during the night and some members of the party passed the night in dugouts.

"Saturday morning the various members of the party were gathered together and started for their last day with the British army. Less than forty-eight hours before the Germans had been driven from Le Cateau, and were then but a short distance outside the town. When our party visited the place the dead had not all been collected and buried, but were still to be seen in some of the streets, and in the fields at the edge of the town. While the majority of these were German dead, there were among them some English soldiers as evidence that the victory of the Allied armies was being paid for

"From Le Cateau the autos were again headed west and crossed the Hindenburg line just north of St. Quentin at the point where it was supposed to have been absolutely impregnable. At three o'clock Saturday afternoon, October Twenty-sixth, the party arrived at Amiens and took train for Paris."

"So this is Paris"

Paris

Editorial Casualties Precede Other Members of the Party—One Goes to a Hotel, the Other to a Hospital.

NDER escort of Major Montague, who had placed the rest of our party in charge of a subordinate, we two editorial "casualties" arrived in Paris at night and went to the Grand Hotel—where the French government, to whom the English government had kindly farmed us out, had provided excellent quarters and where the remainder of our group rejoined us a day later. A surgeon, whom the government had assigned, ordered Piper and me to remain quietly in bed for five or six days to recover from shock. I stayed indoors until evening next day and Piper, whose wounds had meanwhile become infected, was sent to the First American base hospital in the outskirts of Paris for a stay of five days.

While we were in Paris the French government, which bore the expense of our entertainment in France, furnished a civilian committee to look after us. When up at French or American fighting sectors, French generals and majors were our escorts.

Early in the morning following our arrival we were waited upon by a civil committee of the French government and informed we were to command them for anything we wished and that on the arrival in Paris that evening of our companions, the whole program of our

stay in France would be taken up and determined. This committee was composed of Lord Casselross, a remarkably handsome fellow of perhaps thirty years, broad-shouldered, of splendid soldierly bearing, six feet two. The other member was Baron Lucky, small of stature and slender of frame.

Lord Casselross is a son of Valentine Charles Browne, Earl of Kenmare, owner of the Lakes of Killarney and accounted Ireland's richest man. Casselross is a man of wonderful personality, has circled the world several times, is a scholar and a man of many attainments. He had served three years at the head of an Irish regiment; his shoulder was shot away in battle, he was captured by Germans, held for eight days and finally left to die on the field by these same Germans, when they were forced to retreat, saying he was doomed, anyway, and why waste effort, food and medicines on him? He crawled three miles on hands and knees back to Allied quarters, was sent to a base hospital where for eight months his life was despaired of.

Baron Lucky is a nephew of the Duke of Orleans of the well known Bourbon party in France, who by right of succession would be King, should France again become a kingdom. The Duke of Orleans was critically ill of pneumonia at our hotel in London, the Savoy, when we left it for France. Baron Lucky had served three years as a major in the French army. He was gassed and shell-shocked and invalided home to Paris.

This distinguished pair announced they were wholly at our service. We quickly learned that the French government had selected them for office because they were accomplished entertainers and because of their personal touch with men of affairs in the French capital.

Just before leaving London I had received a letter from Frank J. Marion, formerly of Syracuse, now of New

York, with whom I had worked as a reporter on the Syracuse Standard, extending an invitation to our entire party to go into Italy as his guest and see what was being done on the Italian front. Marion, whose headquarters were at Madrid, Spain, had, because of his great knowledge of film production, been sent over by the American government as American official photographer at Italian fronts, just as Lord Beaverbrook was sent into Belgium and France by England as her representative at battle fronts. As we had already visited Belgium, to which country we had no passports, and had also been permitted by our English hosts to visit American and French points in France, we decided not to impose further upon the good nature of the Ministry of Information. Time was also an element to be considered and we, reluctantly, were forced to decline Mr. Marion's gracious invitation.

At Amiens, on my way to Paris, while in a restaurant a man in American uniform attracted my attention. Accosting him, I learned he was Captain William Grange of Brooklyn. Asked if he had ever heard of the One Hundred Fourth Machine Gun Battalion of the Twenty-seventh Division, he replied that he had and that it was then at rest at Corbie, nine miles away. He named several Syracuse members but had n't met my son George W. He was first to inform me that Major Chester H. King, of Syracuse, and the One Hundred Fourth Battalion, had been frightfully wounded and could not possibly live. A hurried automobile ride to Corbie brought no results, as we were unable to reach the field where the battalion was encamped, and Major Montague decided, to my utter dismay and disappointment, we must return at once to Amiens if we were to get our train for Paris that evening.

The day following our arrival in Paris, through Lord

Casselross, who went to General Pershing's headquarters there, General J. Leslie Kincaid was reached on the telephone at Corbie and sent my son to me at Paris ☙ ☙

From the day of our arrival in London I had, through the Ministry of Information and General Haig and his aides, made strenuous efforts to get in touch with my son ☙ ☙

The London Times the day after the Hindenburg line was broken by General Rawlinson, told how an American Machine Gun Battalion had failed to "mop up," was caught in a trap and mowed down like grass by raking German machine-gun fire from pill boxes in the rear. The Thirtieth Division, from Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee and our own New York Twenty-seventh Division were the only American troops brigaded with the Fourth British Army in Belgium and France who likewise were the only Americans to fight in Belgium. Naturally, I felt certain my son's division was the one referred to in The Times and that he was among the slain ☙ ☙

My great joy can easily be imagined when my son came to me in Paris. Before we had gotten in touch with him just prior to his arrival I had received no word for three months notwithstanding my daily efforts after reaching London to get into communication with him. General J. Leslie Kincaid had told him I was hurt in an automobile accident, not seriously, but just naturally was anxious to see him. Apparently he was shocked when he saw me, covered with plasters and bandages, one eye closed and one side of my face and head swollen and discolored ☙ ☙

"Dad," was his comment, "they told me you were slightly scratched up in an automobile accident but you look to me as if you had been over the top."

I replied: "Son, you are in the wicked machine gun service and have been over the top many times. The Fates tried to drown me in a tempest coming over, and, failing in that, whanged me against a tree up at Arras. Again I refused to shuffle off. Life therefore seems mighty uncertain for both of us. We are now to have a week together. Let 's spend this week just as though there was for either of us no other seven days in this world."

And we did.

I asked him why he had n't answered my letters and received this reply: "For the very good reason I have received none. The last one was from home many months ago." To my further question if he knew I was in Europe he told me this remarkable story:

"Captain Hancock came into my tent a few weeks ago and asked me how it happened that my father was over here hobnobbing with royalty. I thought he was joshing me. Then he handed me a copy of the London Times which had been dropped from the air and landed near him. He picked it up and found it contained an account of your visit to Sandringham, to the King and Queen, giving all names of your party."

It was the usual thing it seems to drop newspapers from airplanes to boys in camp and on field, but that this particular issue, dropped so casually, should have fallen into the hands of an interested Syracusan, seemed to me remarkable indeed.

The clock struck one in a tower across the street. My son looked covetously through a wide flung door into an immaculate, spacious bathroom with its big, inviting porcelain tub in which a few moments later he was splashing to his heart's content. His ablutions over, he dressed for the night, threw back the snowy sheets of a great, downy, luxurious couch and crawled in, the first

time in more than eight months he had slept in a bed. And soon, no doubt, he lay dreaming of the sloughs of Belgium and the trenches and dug outs of French Normandy that had been his night chamber for all these long, bleak, weary months.

Those of our party abroad for the first time were eager to compare Paris with London. From what we had read and heard of Paris we had visualized it as a gay, wicked city with commercialized vice everywhere rampant. Our preconceived ideas were quickly and thoroughly dispelled. Paris had surely lost its former blithesomeness and gayety, for which, if we were rightly informed, it was noted. Streets were more completely darkened at night than in London. Even taxis were not permitted to show lights except a faint gleam thrown upon the pavement for a few feet ahead. Saloons, drinking places, resorts like the famous Maxime's, which in pre-war days, and since the war, never closed its doors, were hermetically sealed at eleven o'clock. Theaters ran, the theory being that war-wrought people must have some form of diversion or they would go mad. Spanish influenza was at its height, collecting frightful toll. Between the acts and sometimes during them, ushers passed through aisles spraying the audience with a supposedly germ-killing solution.

But practically all the wonderful haunts of revelry we had been told so much about were closed, and gay and emotional Paris was thoroughly sobered by the seriousness of war.

Big Berthas and airplanes had done great damage and had terrorized people generally. The Arch of Triumph on the Champs Elysees had been hit with little damage, and it, as well as the Palace of Justice, the Louvre, the Grand Palace of Arts had been almost buried behind bags of sand to protect them from shots of Big Berthas

which had narrowly missed several of them. From famous art galleries, paintings and statuary had been removed, no one knew where, and the galleries were closed.

And beautiful Paris, with its wonderful boulevards, its magnificent parks and parkways and handsome buildings, none more than five stories high, seemed to us far more solemn than London.

Perhaps the most solemnly sad disclosure a few days after our arrival in Paris was news that at Rheims, a section of France famous for generations as the great champagne producing belt, were one hundred million bottles of champagne in concrete subterranean warehouses. The territory was a sort of No Man's Land. French held and Germans shelled it. The French dared not attempt to remove it under German guns.

For seventy-five years subterranean storehouses and cisterns had been built in hills of this neighborhood until they were honeycombed with them. In the last forty years these storing places had been made of highly-resistant concrete so that they were unharmed by German shells. Not until war ceased, however, was this precious cache retrieved. It was too late then, to be available to the best advantage, as America, for whose consumption it was chiefly intended, at pretty stiff figures, had already gone dry. We were told, though, it would not be wholly an unmixed loss, as Americans in France, as well as troops who remained overseas with the Army of Occupation, could tickle their palates with rare old vintages at extremely reasonable prices.

Eminent men of France under the French Academy, a learned society with distinguished members of many professions, feted the editors at the Volney club. Philosophers, poets, orators were among the speakers. An Alsatian poet delivered a classic address of welcome.

The few of our party who understood French declared it a masterpiece. It was a warm-hearted welcome to Americans and a reconsecration of France's traditional love for America and Americans.

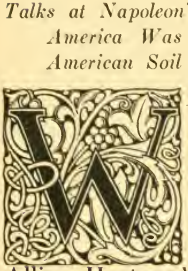
A Mr. Boutroux, Professor of Philosophy in the French Academy, was chief speaker for the societies entertaining us. He spoke substantially as follows:

" I have always had the deepest admiration for America and Americans and especially for their adaptability in undertaking any task whatsoever. This is especially true of the American journalists, whose ideals of heroism and altruism are absolutely of the highest. In France, public opinion counts for much. In America it counts for a great deal, as I understand it, and, therefore, is your obligation all the greater, because you have so many depending upon you for guidance and information. In contradistinction to the press of America, the press of Germany is controlled entirely by the Government and, I might say, existing in slavery, as it were, being subject, as it is, to the jurisdiction of the militaristic factions. America has been of invaluable help to France in this present crisis and we must bring all Germany to her knees and crush the Hohenzollern, penetrate German territory and dictate the terms of peace in Berlin."

CHAPTER XXXIV

Marshal Joffre

Talks at Napoleon's Tomb, Where Story of Lafayette's Love for America Was Told—Lafayette Wished to be Buried in American Soil and Was.



HEN our Editorial party visited Marshal Joffre in Paris, he spoke fervently of his great love for America, gave us all the glory for turning the tide of victory, which (though he forecast at that time a very long fight) he declared he was sure had turned in favor of the Allies. He trembled with emotion as he asserted that two great ambitions remaining with him were, first to live to the war's end and then second, to revisit America, travel over it and tell how deeply he appreciated our generous, kindly treatment of him on the occasion of his former visit and give a soldier's testimony and estimate of the big part the splendid young heroes from America were taking in ending the war. So long as civilization endured and memory remained, France would love America with a love that nothing could alienate. From the immortal Lafayette's day—one hundred forty years—this mutual love of two great nations had existed

From this conference a few of us went, under escort of a high French officer, to the Hotel des Invalides, which, as is generally known to visitors to Paris, is a soldiers' home, an arsenal containing all guns captured in Napoleonic wars, while in the handsome museum are

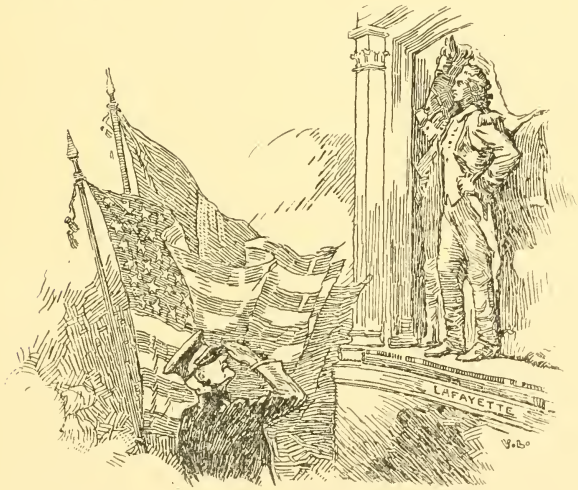
many trophies of combat, principally of flags of conquered nations and municipalities.

As we stood at the tomb of Napoleon we mentioned Napoleon's great ambition to conquer the world which Kaiser Wilhelm had set out to imitate. Our French escort, who has studied in and taken degrees from Columbia college and the University of Chicago, resented the comparison. Napoleon, he declared, was a great military genius and strategist; Kaiser Wilhelm was neither. Napoleon loved his men and cared nothing for power for its sake alone. Had he subdued the nations which he fought, his generals would become their rulers under the most liberal form of government. While Napoleon would live in history as one of the best beloved and most revered sons of France, Kaiser Wilhelm's name would go down to posterity as the most cruel, the most tyrannical and the most thoroughly hated that had ever lived—especially in the minds of his own people. It was undoubtedly the life dream of the Kaiser to do what he said Napoleon and Frederick the Great had sought to do and failed—conquer the world.

In no degree or way did he resemble either of these two mighty men. Marshal Foch, although the implements of war were in no way similar in the two eras, was pursuing zealously tactics which had marked Napoleon as the greatest general of all time. Who could not see in Foch's every move (his strategic massing and movement of his troops, the repeated surprise attacks upon his foes, never permitting them to rest for a moment, keeping them ever in a state of perplexity, as to what was coming next) the shade of mighty Napoleon? As we strolled admiringly amid splendors of tomb and cathedral, conversation centered upon the bonds of friendship and affection existing between France and

America. Naturally, the name of Marquis de Lafayette was spoken

Our escort, commenting on the general's great love for America, inquired if we had heard of his wish, often expressed by him, to be buried in American soil. Then he told us that when the immortal man passed on, it was found he had anticipated his lifelong wish by taking over to France three big boxes of American earth, in which, in accordance with his request, he lies buried, in the handsome Picpus cemetery in the suburbs of Paris



"Lafayette, We Are Here."

Paris in Peace and in War

Gaiety and Merriment Give Way to Sadness and Depression—France With Volatile Temperament Could Not Put On the Determined Stolid Demeanor of the English.

HE Paris of wartime was not, superficially, at any rate, the gay Paris of peace. The French capital preserved somehow something of its joy of life. Perhaps the presence of my son and the sense of our being preserved colored the city for us. It was a city of good living, although that could be said of any city we touched on our travels, for nowhere were we allowed to feel the pinch of deprivation the civilian populace abroad and at home felt in a measure as much as the military.

Perhaps Paris had drugged itself with some elixir of victory, some draught of desperation. Faces that smiled sadly eddied in the daytime throngs. For every family that was reft by war, there hung at some one's lapel that kismet family of fantastic dolls, Rin-Tin-Tin, the father, Ninette, the mother and Ra-Da-Da-Dou, the child. It was an absurdity, a collection of cheap cloth or paper effigies with hardly the remotest resemblance to dolls, but everywhere recognized. Probably gay France laughed at herself for taking life, death or war so seriously, for every one said Rin-Tin-Tin and Ninette and their little one would win the war. It was a brave Paris, with darkened streets of

nights, girls manning every place they could fill, bomb-proof shelters yawning until the next air-attack alarm or bursting Big Bertha shell should bring them their fill, and life at its most hectic behind shuttered restaurant fronts, where boys and girls quaffed the cup of pleasure quickly, fearing the dregs of death and disillusionment too near

The world has heard how the leader of the Apaches mobilized them into the taxicab brigade that went out to die lest Paris fall to "the dirty Boche," and how they died, as red-blooded a legend as any gory tale of crime by savage Apache aborigine.

How the Latin Quarter was emptied of its students, its artists, its models and its hangers-on is familiar to all who ran and read in the war.

Montmartre was desolate, as the French said, not that we went to see if there was any life left in the Black Cat yet, or any grist for grinding in the Moulin Rouge, but rather that our informed guides mentioned it in passing

It was as at home where Broadway turned down the lights. It was not regulation at Paris either so much as necessity. There was no surplus energy for white lights

The boulevards sparkled in the robes of fall. All the world was there on promenade or review. The Frenchman took his glass or cup of black coffee, grenadine, ordinaire or stronger drink and read his communique as before he read the latest startling news.

As at New York and at London, one caught more of the feel of youth at Paris. Youth might be dying but youth never said die and was not dead.

The Seine flowed on, still French, and ancient anglers went out mornings to the banks. Although all the world might be coming to Paris, the city remained

steadfastly French. No clustering villages with frocked and wooden-shoed peasants impressed one as more French than Paris, although at the capital the army uniforms of all the world friendly to France might be seen on parade.

Warning was up on every hand against spies. "Distrust yourself! The enemy's ears are everywhere!" read signs that were translated for us. So Paris hospitably provided even for the enemies of France, there without uniforms.

There was something in the air that could be sensed nowhere except at Paris. Perhaps it was some prescience of victory so nearly won after such bitter years

¶ While cathedrals and museums were upholstered with sandbags and camouflaged against the spying eyes and devastating aim of enemy airmen and the fire of Big Bertha, they stood as lasting monuments to the soul of Paris.

Massive, spacious, colorful, the old Frank, his spirit of art and his monuments embodying it, gave challenge to the forces that would crush them with hatred and its weapons

To one knowing Paris, the way she showed her varied hues in war must be a study of fascinating appeal, worthy of a master pen. To the stranger, especially from a young country of happy history, it was natural to ponder on the qualities of a city, almost a nation in itself, that had come through such crucibles as the revolution, the siege and the bombardment, and still remained the same, Parisian Paris.

The sewers, the morgue, the Bohemian resorts, the style centers, the Champs Elysees, were not for us, bent on seeing the conduct of the war.

Perhaps what an earlier generation of Americans

viewed as Paris was not Paris anyway, any more than a black eye is a face.

The city of French magnificence had not yet taken on the American aspect it gained with the influx of the peace parties. American guards were everywhere to keep the boys out of mischief.

With the Armistice, Paris went mad all the world knows, with weeping and laughter, wine and crowds. To be in Paris then might have been different, rather than in wartime, workaday Paris, when women ran the street cars, the old one tended to the children, mother kept shop and every able-bodied boy and man was under arms

But to be anywhere alive Armistice night was pleasure enough, and we were in London.

CHAPTER XXXVI

On the American Front

Had a Real Taste of War and Glad to Get Back to Paris—Afterward Kept Further Back From the Firing Front.

ENERAL JOHN F. BIDDLE of Philadelphia, stationed in London, had invited us before leaving for France to spend a week at the American sector under command of General Pershing. This would not permit us to see the French fronts and so we decided to put in two days to inspect the strictly American battle fronts, and devote the remaining four days to French fronts, as we were guests of the French government through courtesy of the British government. Chaumont was general field headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces.

We had already visited scenes where the New York State Twenty-seventh Division and the Thirtieth Division from Southern States fought with the Fourth British Army. St Mihiel and Verdun for four years had been the scene of German attack and French tenacity and resistance. Lieutenant Perigord for France and Major Montague for England escorted our party to the American front. Perigord is the brilliant lecturer who toured America on behalf of our Third Liberty Loan. Neufchateau was reached first night, many points of interest meanwhile being viewed, and next day the whole American sector was traversed. Colomby was a point of interest as an aviation section

from which nearly all our American fliers who fought in the war went out. A demonstration was made for the benefit of the visitors. Anti-aircraft guns were demonstrated, but it was freely admitted that their efficiency had proved disappointing.

Other places of interest as fought over for four years were Pont-a-Mousson, Seicheprey, Thiaucourt, Pannes, Nonsard, Heudricourt, Les Eparges, Vigneulles and Beaumont, all of which were visited. Constant firing by the Germans dropping a shell here and there near us made Paris seem safe and dear, and afternoon found us bound there as fast as we could go.

Domremy, near Neufchateau, where Joan of Arc was born, was a point of especial interest to the editorial excursionists on the way back to Paris. Joan's home is just as it was five hundred years ago. There are shrines to her memory everywhere. A heroic statue is in the court in the center of the little settlement. Indeed the French country homes are about as they were in Joan's day—rooms dark and cold and uninviting. Domremy is well worth seeing, however. ¶ A motor drive to Chaumont was taken, after which we entrained for Paris.

A Street in Amiens. One of the Turning Points in the Current of the War.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Fiendishness

Wild Riding Through Ruined Villages, With a Gruesome Experience Thrown in—Farewell Trip to the War Zone.

BEFORE leaving Paris for a farewell trip along French battle fronts, Rae of the St. Louis Globe Democrat, commiserating Piper and me on account of our accident, said we had some measure of comfort in the thought that we had with us our sons, who were the only ones from the actual fighting forces. Piper went that day to the American front, which hitherto he had been unable to visit, while I went with Rae, Butler and Young to the French front, our party having already been over the American sector while Piper was in the hospital.

¶ On such occasions it was not possible for me to take my son. General Pershing, as mentioned elsewhere, had issued orders that his men were not permitted to go to Paris. As this rule was modified in my son's case, when his permit read "Paris only," for him to have left Paris and gone elsewhere without special permission would have subjected him to a charge of desertion. Further, as he was notified before coming to me that he had been promoted in rank, any transgression of terms of his leave would nullify his scheduled promotion

Lord Casselross offered him a compensatory balm, agreeing to take care of him for the day by giving him

two of the best meals to be had in all Paris—a consideration which loomed big to a boy whose trench hunger had not yet been fully appeased.

Our party left Paris for Noyon on a very early train. Lieutenant (Count) le Marvis representing the French government had us in charge. Perhaps fifty-five or sixty years old, the Lieutenant was gray, florid and stocky. Before 1914, a prominent horseman, he had sold pedigreed horses to kings and other royalty throughout Europe and dealt also in race horses. Because of his great knowledge of them, the Count was now buying horses for the French government for use in the war. He is very wealthy, kindly and courteous

Morgan, the Associated Press man in Paris, was invited to go along, an invitation which he readily accepted as he knew the capabilities of our noble host. On the train the Count opened and spread before us in the compartment, one of the best lunches we had had, and none that we had eaten since our arrival in Europe had been ordinary—pheasant, chicken, fruit and the rarest old wines

At Noyon, where we quit the train, three French limousines awaited us, and we began our rapid ride along the French front. From the train window, as we neared Noyon, we saw where General Joffre stopped the Boche in 1914 in his rush to Paris. A very intelligent, young French officer with whom we had shared our compartment on the train, an acquaintance of the Count, amply repaid us for his seat by vividly describing the battles in and about Noyon where trenches, entanglements, and dugouts were both extensive and numerous. Noyon, the birthplace of John Calvin, was in ruins. A beautiful old Twelfth Century cathedral was about one-half destroyed. So was the Hotel de Ville,

set on fire by the Boche before evacuating the city, another mute evidence of his vandalism.

From Noyon, we proceeded to Chauny. Civilians were here moved to one part of the city and the balance of the town was destroyed. A big fertilizer works, said to be the largest in Europe, was deliberately wrecked.

From evidences still remaining it was about the magnitude of the Solvay Process works at Syracuse. Through Moy and Le Fere we went to St. Quentin. Roads here were shell torn and mine rent with many bridges blown up. Many times we narrowly missed automobile accidents by a hair's breadth. Drivers were reckless, with utterly no regard for human life. After my little episode on the road to Arras it will be understood I was a bit nervous over wild automobiling and believed myself unduly timid until I consulted my companion, Rae, when we were safely back in the hotel in Paris. He declared, " Never again for me. Several times I thought we were goners and it will take several weeks for me to recover from the bruises and bumps received when we were jostled from one side of the car to the other."

¶ At St. Quentin, we had an opportunity of seeing, first hand, more evidence of Hun inhumanity and lack of respect for religion and death. A former convent was used by the Boche as a military hospital and is now continued as such by the French. Underneath, what was the chapel when the building was a convent, is a crypt in which were buried nuns who had died in the service of the convent. The bodies were buried in rows one above the other, much as they are laid away in vaults. One of these interstices was opened, the lid of the coffin removed and the body, or what was left of it—it having lain there for sixty years, according to the inscription on the tablet at the head of the casket—

dragged out in a search for copper or other valuable metal which the Boche needed. Burial of these meek and lowly servants of the Master was simple—a plain board box, tin- or zinc-lined, of no account to the ghoulish Germans. The ghouls had opened another chamber and found the same cheap make of casket. No one, as a war necessity, would have blamed them if copper were there to take it away. But what would any man with red blood in his veins and a heart in his breast have done? Would n't he have tenderly put back the remains of these poor servants, who in life thought only of the good of others, sealed up their resting places and left them as if they never had been disturbed? What did these fiends do? On the cold stone floor of the crypt they left the remains exposed, skull bones and grave clothes, for that is all that remained. The words of the great Balfour at a dinner given us in London two weeks before came vividly into my thoughts; " Brutes they were when the war began and brutes they will always remain."

Next we drove through Ham, Nexler, Chaulnes, Quesenby and Roye, all showing the same depressing desolation and devastation, Montdidier, of recent fame because Americans so lately and at fearful cost had made a wonderful record there.

After one hundred-forty miles along this wilderness of ghost-like, ruined villages, our minds sickened from the sights and our bodies sore and lame from reckless automobile driving we concluded our ride along the British, American and French fronts, glad in our hearts that our inspection of scenes of devastation and destruction was ended.

Partly Demolished Church, Close to the Forest of Argonne Used to Shelter American Wounded.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

President Poincare

Closing Events in Paris and a Return to London—Interesting Information Obtained in Crossing the Channel.

WE had been told, on meeting them in London on their way out, that our predecessors, the magazine editors, had had one hundred twenty-five banquets during their stay. It was, therefore, our aim to outeat, as well as otherwise outshine them. Up to Paris we were ahead of their record. Our Paris hosts became co-conspirators, determined that when we left France our record should beat that of the magazine men by a big margin of safety.

There were dinners by art societies, by the national agricultural society, by officers of the French Republic, dinners at the Grand Hotel, at the Café de Paris, dinners to the right of us, dinners to the left of us, dinners all 'round us, by all manner of social, literary and political organizations, so that when we left Paris our dinner average or record was thirty per cent above that of our magazine predecessors.

We went to Versailles to inspect the fine, stately, historic old palace in which meetings at the time were being held to determine the exact form of an armistice the Allies would present for Germany's signature, a few weeks later.

President Poincare had bidden us for an afternoon, adding that as pressing matters were weighing heavily

upon him he would much prefer to meet us informally in the President's mansion, or executive mansion, as Americans would call it. It was our last important function in Paris. Before we reached the inner chamber we had passed through room after room in which were generals seated at desks. It was noted that most of them were old and gnarled and bronzed. Our ushers said all were more than seventy years, some upwards of eighty, and all had seen much service and had distinguished themselves on many a battlefield. Having done their share they were now pensioners of a grateful government

President Poincare spoke to us for a few minutes in English, but as his mastery of that tongue was not then complete (it has since been perfected) he continued in French, which was given to us through an interpreter. He spoke of the undying love of France for America, which he said antedated the visit of the Marquis de Lafayette to America. In all the years between, that love had grown, had been greatly intensified. America, fighting side by side with France upon French soil,was a crowning glory for which, on behalf of the Republic whose chief he had the honor to be, he wished to express profound gratitude. There was no doubt whatever that America with her illimitable resources, men and money, was winning the war.

The American soldier was paid a high tribute. We should not, however, underestimate the strength of the Prussians. They had put together the most wicked, yet the most powerful fighting-machine, trained for deadly efficiency, in the history of the world. Used in an unworthy cause it could not, it must not, triumph. War might not end for a year, perhaps a year and a half, but end it must eventually with Allied armies gloriously victorious.

We left Paris for London Monday night, November fourth. Crossing the English channel, Sir Campbell Stuart whom we had met in London at all our big social functions, asked me to share his quarters with him, as several of our party had become sea sick and he feared I might be a victim, if I remained with them. Sir Campbell was returning from the conference at Versailles, where he went with Viscount Northcliffe, with whom he was associated. Since then he has become business head of Viscount Northcliffe's vast newspaper and magazine publications.

"I tell you, O'Hara, this damned thing will blow up within two weeks," he said.

I called his attention to the fact that we had practically just come from President Poincare, who said war would last a year or a year and a half longer and that King George made it longer still and that Joffre and other men of prominence had made it much longer.

"I don't care," he remarked "just set it down in your diary that I, Campbell Stuart, crossing the English Channel on November fifth, 1918, told Mr. O'Hara that in two weeks war would end."

As the world knows now, Sir Campbell was a prophet. After all, this is n't such a big world! As we neared the English shore Sir Campbell introduced me to a young man in an American uniform, rank of captain, who, Sir Campbell said, was a trusted Allied courier carrying messages between Paris and London that were too secret and confidential for telegraph or telephone or mail. He was taking the place of an English officer who had fallen ill of Spanish influenza. Told by our introducer that I was one of the party of visiting editors, the messenger inquired what State I came from.

"New York State; Syracuse."

"Why, that 's strange," he commented. "I played foot-

ball with your University, in Nineteen Hundred Twelve or Nineteen Hundred Thirteen."

I recalled some of the games of those years and inquired what position he played on our Syracuse University team.

"Oh, I did n't play on your team—against your team. I played with the celebrated Jim Thorpe of the Carlisle team."

He was an Indian. Except for the fact he wore his hair pompadour, a characteristic of his race, and, upon close scrutiny, there was the Indian shape at the top of the head, one would never suspect his race. He had graduated with highest honors from the Indian University at Carlisle, Pa.

I left Sir Campbell in London at five o'clock that afternoon. Less than a week later I was one of the joyous millions to celebrate the signing of the Armistice.

PART VI

Armistice

Glorious, Triumphant Allied Demonstration

General Smuts and Others Give Dinners

Then Editorial Party Joyfully Returns Home

CHAPTER XXXIX

Uplifted in Ecstacy, the Old World Metropolis Was Thrown Into a Great Tumult When Germany Yielded

A Great Thrill and a Gripping Thrall Seized London on Armistice Day—Let Herself Loose in a Manner Hitherto Unknown in the Whole History of the British Nation.

LONDON had never before beheld, nor will again behold, such a day! British calm and stolidity were smashed to smithereens in a general paroxysm of joy following announcement that the Armistice had been signed. A delirium of delight, to reign uninterruptedly for a whole week, arose in this old world metropolis. It was a scene unprecedented in the whole history of the nation and became graven unforgettably upon the memories of seven million frantic humans who witnessed it.

Premier Lloyd George caused to be bulletined at Buckingham Palace, a typewritten copy that hostilities had ceased and Armistice had been signed. Crowds came from every angle. There were calls for King George. In the uniform of an Admiral he appeared upon the balcony. The Queen, in fur coat, bareheaded, was with him. Then came the Duke of Connaught and Princess Mary. The Irish Guards band played "Rule Britannia." People sang and waved flags. The King removed his cap and was cheered deafeningly. A groan for the Kaiser was proposed and given. There was a triumphal procession

World War At Its Climax

a little later, with Queen Mary and Princess Mary riding with the King. The Strand and tributary streets began to choke. Multitudes assembled at Victory Memorial, at Admiralty Arch, at Ludgate Circus and at the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor, in official robes of black and gold, was on hand to receive King and Queen

The Strand, where it ends at Trafalgar Square, as soon as the royal procession had passed, received from contributing streets an overwhelming outpour until the wonderful old thoroughfare was filled to suffocation with human flotsam and jetsam. It seemed as if thousands must be trampled under foot and crushed to death. Police were powerless to stem the mighty human tide. Somehow or other, however, nothing serious happened

People literally went wild. Streets seethed with a howling, happy, hilarious, hysterical mob. The Briton was shaken by peace as he had not been and could never be by war. Four years of pent-up anger and subdued emotion, brought about by a most wicked and awful war, were forgotten and for once in his life he let himself go and gave way to jubilation.

Barriers came down with a crash and a bang. No American in any American city could have gone crazier. It was passing wonderful the shouts of the multitudes as they sought to force themselves through the stifling, choked streets in a wild, triumphal rout of victory. When at ten o'clock guns boomed the announcement: waiters, chambermaids, guests, bell boys all rushed like mad out of hotels. Clerks, janitors, shopkeepers dashed out of shops, owners or managers being left quickly alone in sole possession of thousands of dollars worth of merchandise unprotected and exposed from the streets through open, wide flung doors. Women in munition

plants in the outskirts of the city threw down their work. Everybody who was doing anything just threw it into the air and sprang for the street, where all joined the singing, shouting throngs that surged up and down. All work was suspended, including public business, and London gave itself up wholeheartedly and unrestrainedly to rejoicing.

Most wonderful of it all were the women. Thousands upon thousands of them rapidly filled the streets like a torrent. They captured and commandeered tram cars, taxis and other vehicles of all descriptions, upon which they piled in unbelievable numbers.

Police authorities were swept aside. The London "Bobby" stood stunned, while women sat in human pyramids upon tops of automobiles, upon radiators and upon mudguards. They clung to steps and footboards, they jammed streets, they laughed and screamed and sang, wept with joy.

For four years they had "carried on," as the British say, but when the end came at last and victory was won they broke

For days the nation's nerve had been taut and while the Armistice hung fire the tension was terrific. Saturday and Sunday before the end on Monday, from all provinces people poured into London until standing room was at a premium. Thousands were unable to find beds or to get into hotels or boarding houses. Thousands camped throughout the night on the Thames Embankment and waited for the hour to strike, and when it struck, London, for the first time in its history, gave completely away to emotion.

Girls of high degree and girls of low degree joined like sisters. All class distinctions were swept aside in the joyous flood. Women flung their arms unreservedly about the necks of any man who wore khaki, it made no

difference whether he was an officer or a private. A girl in the uniform of a Savoy chambermaid leaped upon the foot board of a car in which rode a staff general and hugged him, and the staff general laughed with glee and patted her cheeks and squeezed her hands. ¶ British captains and British majors lost that haughty stare and became boys, laughing, happy boys.

The city literally blazed with flags. The British Union Jack, of course, predominated, but up and down the Strand were hundreds of American soldiers, and American civilians including the twelve American publishers, guests of the British government, joining in the big celebration, waving the Star-Spangled Banner and shouting with the Britons.

Everybody loved everybody else. Wherever you looked you got an answering laugh and a whole-hearted response, and the crushing masses of humanity on the streets and in the hotels, were for the time being, all brothers and sisters.

It made no difference whether you were English, American, French or Italian. For once the Briton threw aside his stolid calm.

Far down the Strand, where stands England's great established church, when its rector could collect his wits after his first big shock of surprise, silver chimes pealed forth the glad tidings that war was at an end. Almost directly across this main thoroughfare of London, in a beautiful old Catholic cathedral, bells rang out in unison in wonderful public pæans of joy and exultation, while within the walls of these sacred edifices, services of prayer and thanksgiving in the one instance and simultaneously jubilee masses were chanted in the other throughout the livelong day. It was indeed a most solemn, inspiring and impressive example of a nation's recognition of God.

The day was the greatest, the most joyful, the most wonderful, London had ever known. All day pandemonium kept up. For the first time in four years, freed from fear of air raids, London drew back its blinds at night and turned on its lights. The inky blackness of the streets disappeared and pent-up feelings of a great nation, that had suffered terribly and fought splendidly to a victorious finish, were released and swept everything before them.

FURNISH ON
GRESHAM

The Star

LUNCH EDN.

No. 6015. LONDON, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1918. ONE PENNY

The Eleventh Hour!

NEW PEACE DELEGATES ON THE WAY

Time for Acceptance Expired at 11 a.m. To-day.

EXTENSION MAY BE ASKED.

IT becomes apparent that the upheaval in Germany which has followed the abdication and the setting up of the new form of Government has introduced complications which will delay the armistice negotiations, and may even request an extension of the time originally fixed.

When delivering the terms to the German delegates Marshal Foch stated that the time allowed for the acceptance of them would expire at 11 o'clock this forenoon (French time).

Since then there have been unexpected delays. The German couriers were held up on their return to their own headquarters with the official note of the terms, and on their arrival there the new Chancellor Ebert avows to have decided that another set of Commissaries would be required to conduct the negotiations.

A Central News telegram from Amsterdam states that Dr. Solf, Herr Waldow, and von Dirkhorst have left Berlin for Headquarters

NO ARMISTICE YET.

Delay Due to the Upheaval in Germany.

PARIS, Sunday.

(Received to-day.)

It is possible that an account of the delay caused by material complications in the German structure pending the period of 72 hours fixed for the reply to the armistice conditions.

PARIS ON TIPTOE.

Calm and Confident Crowds Await the Arrival of the News.

PARIS, Sunday.

(Received to-day.)

As the moment of ar[illegible] Paris quite a[illegible] tranquillity for so [illegible] streets.

HOHENZOLLERNS IN EXILE.

Kaiser's Flight to Holland.

VILLA deNTINCK AS A HAVEN.

Letty has been learnt of the [illegible] and the Dutch[illegible] Queen [illegible] understand the coming of the abdications.

It is brought about that he [illegible] to Holland, or might return to the Villa [illegible] the object of the Kaiser's [illegible]

Another telegram states [illegible] received by the [illegible] the position is as it [illegible] Kaiser is [illegible] no such [illegible] to-morrow.

To the [illegible] up for the [illegible] Queen's [illegible] the war [illegible]

THE K[illegible]
A Line

AMERPI[illegible]

GERMANY FOLLOWS RUSSIA.

SOVIETS RULE THE COUNTRY.

ARMY MUST OBEY.

SOLDIERS DISARMED IN THE STREETS.

SOLDIERS DISARMED.

Serious Rioting Reported from Emmerich.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.

The "Koelnische Volkszeitung" reports that at Cologne the Law Courts sessions were adjourned and the streets closed [illegible]

Insert below shows extract from inside page of London Star

ARMISTICE SIGNED TO-DAY.

OFFICIAL.

The Prime Minister stated at 10.30 this morning that the armistice has been signed.

The armistice was signed at 5 a.m. to-day, and hostilities will cease at 11 a.m.

FULL DETAILS OF SURRENDER

THE SYRACUSE HERALD

PRICE TWO CENTS VOL. [illegible] NO. 4[illegible] SYRACUSE, N.Y., MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER [illegible] SIXTEEN PAGES—[illegible] Columns PRICE TWO CENTS

PRESIDENT WILSON PROCLAIMS PEACE

Washington, Nov. 11.—President Wilson issued a formal proclamation at 10 o'clock this morning announcing that the armistice with Germany had been signed.

The proclamation follows:

"My Fellow Countrymen—The armistice was signed this morning. Everything for which America fought has been accomplished. It will now be our fortunate duty to assist by example, by sober friendly counsel and by material aid in the establishment of just democracy throughout the world. WOODROW WILSON."

GERMANY SURRENDERS AND THE WORLD WAR IS OVER

"Everything For Which We Fought Has Been Accomplished"

WILSON GIVES CONGRESS THE TERMS OF GERMANY'S COMPLETE SURRENDER

Here Are the Terms

Two Newspapers on Armistice Day

Hero of Boer War

A Statesman as Well as a Soldier, Was of Great Aid to England, Especially in Last Three Years of War.

THREE nights after the Armistice, Right Hon. J. T. Smuts added one more to the one hundred twenty and odd dinners given us. Although last, it by no means was least, a signal honor we fully appreciated. General Smuts, hero of the Boer war, chairman of England's War board, diplomat, high in Great Britain's councils, was the man afterward credited with having drawn England's peace terms for the Versailles conference. He proved a most congenial host. This social function at the Savoy that evening stands out in my memory. The whole affair was as democratic and informal as it was gracious and genuine. It consisted of a heart to heart talk with a bunch of newspaper publishers, who were charmed with his brilliancy, his candor, his sincerity and his apparent desire, now that war was over, to repeat for all the nations of the world some of the wonderful achievements which he had accomplished for his South African republic.

Although much of his excellent speech bore upon the League of Nations, (with which later he had so much to do), it is such a classic document it is herewith reproduced in its entirety:

"Let me congratulate you on your good fortune in being here on this supreme occasion. I am glad that I

have been privileged to be in this country at the coming of peace and to see the temper and behavior of this great people at such a time. Remember that this people has borne unexampled burdens for nearly four and a half years. They have striven and fought and labored in a war effort which has no parallel in history. They have suffered in body and soul. The iron has gone into their soul. And today you see them rejoicing in the same great spirit in which they have labored and suffered

"Not a tinge of bitterness or vindictiveness mars their rejoicings. In this solemn hour of joy and gratitude all the bitterness of the past has died out of their hearts. No hymns of hate, no trampling on a prostrate foe.

"It is not merely their sportsmanlike spirit, which has seen them through the darkest hours of this war, but it is more especially that depth and breadth and sanity of human nature which shines through their history as it shines through the plays of Shakespeare. I have had my little differences with the British people as you have had yours; but let us freely and frankly admit that they are a great people, and their sanity and freedom from petty vindictiveness are not the least of their great qualities.

"What an awful doom has come over Germany! The terribleness and fearfulness of her tragedy is enough to purge our souls of all petty and selfish feelings. What a price she has paid for her ambitions and her crimes! World power or downfall! It has, indeed, been downfall, but what a fall was there! It is the most awful lesson of history. May its warning beacon light blaze into the most distant future of the world. This is what we have fought for—that the fate of Prussian militarism might be the most awful and solemn judgment of history. And now that the task is done, let our thoughts turn away

from destruction and punishment to the great creative tasks ahead of us.

" It all depends on the spirit in which we approach the great work ahead of us. The English people and their partners in the British Empire entered into this war in a spirit of exalted moral idealism. To defend the small and weak, to champion the public laws of Europe, to establish freedom; such were the avowed objects with which we went to war in August, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen. And when the great American republic joined us in the titanic struggle it was not only with material weapons, but with all that moral reinforcement which came from the splendid vision and moral enthusiasm of President Wilson, speaking on behalf of the people of the United States. His was the great vision of a league of nations and of world organization against reaction and militarism in future. The world had to be made safe for democracy in a great organization which would be strong enough to guarantee the future peace and freedom of the world. It is this moral idealism and this vision of a better world which has upborne us through the dark night of this war.

" Through all its ups and down, its awful setbacks, its harrowing alternations of hope and fear, we drew strength and courage from the cause for which we were fighting and the great hope for the future. And now that the victory has been won, it is alike our duty and our interest to remain faithful to that cause and that hope; to see that our victory does not merely end with the downfall of Prussian militarism, but that the organization be established which will secure us against a recurrence of such disasters in future. We entered into this struggle and persevered to the end because we were profoundly convinced that the fate of Europe and the future of the world were at stake, and the same convic-

tions brought America into the war in spite of her Monroe Doctrine and the most cherished historical traditions. And for the present and the future, just as much as in the past, our main concern and preoccupation must be the saving of Europe for the future of the world

"Her position and condition today are tragic in the extreme. The exhaustion and sufferings of the war have reduced her to a state which can not but cause the gravest concern to all thoughtful people. I fear Germany has bulked too largely with us. Do not let us fix our gaze too exclusively on Germany at the present time. The dimensions of this great tragedy go far beyond Germany. In this solemn hour let us think rather of Europe, of broken and bleeding Europe, the mother of our common civilization. The organism of civilization can only bear a certain strain, and I sometimes fear the strain which has been put on it by this war has brought it perilously near the snapping point. The loss of life and property, the mental and physical agony, the accumulated effect of years of under-feeding or downright hunger—all these and more—have combined to produce a state of affairs closely bordering on the dissolution of corporate state organization.

"The indescribable conditions of Russia are rapidly spreading to Austria. In Germany, too, the danger signals are up, while in some of the small neutral neighboring states the situation is causing grave concern. It is not merely that thrones and empires are falling and ancient institutions suddenly collapsing; a whole world order is visibly passing away before our eyes. And the danger is that things may go too far and a setback be given to Europe from which she will not recover for generations. The evils bred by hunger threaten not merely old institutions, but civilization as

such. In this hour of victory, which was given us for great opportunity, we can not look on unmoved at the tragic and pitiable situation. We have saved the soul of civilization; let us now proceed to care for its sick body. As we have organized the world for victory, let us now organize the world against hunger. That would be the best way to bind the wounds of the nations and to prepare them for the new order of international good feeling and co-operation. Not only the liberated territories of our Allies, not only our small neutral neighbors, but the enemy countries themselves require our helping hand. Let us extend it in all generosity and magnanimity. The very idea of organizing the food supply for the lands will help to purify and sweeten the atmosphere which has been cursed with war, hate and untruth. It would all have been so much easier if Germany had put up a clean fight, and had not stained her hands in such crimes. But even so, we have to be influenced by larger considerations. We must try to save what can still be saved from the wreck of Europe and prepare the nations for the better order for which so much has already been spent. In this great crisis we are not merely Englishmen or Americans; we feel the call of a common humanity, the pull of those simple human feelings which alone can heal the deep wounds which have been inflicted on the body of civilization.

"It is interesting to consider what influence this state of the continent of Europe will and must have on President Wilson's program for a league of nations for world peace. Although the idea of a league of nations has been universally welcomed, especially in America and in this country, and opinion in favor of its practicability has been making rapid progress, still it must be admitted that it has been looked upon more as an ideal than a practical measure. Among hard-headed politic-

ians and European diplomatists I fear there has been a tendency to look upon the idea with a good deal of reserve and even skepticism as Utopian and not suited to existing conditions of European politics.

"This has largely been due to the fact that the function hitherto assigned to the league of nations, namely, that of preserving world peace, was looked upon as a vain aspiration on the ground that, human nature being what it is, the prevention of all wars would be impossible. It is, of course, admitted that the prevention of wars and curbing of extreme national passions is the most difficult function which could be intrusted to the league. But it was not recognized that other more practicable functions might soon have to be discharged by it. The situation which has arisen on the continent has suddenly changed all this and it is rapidly being recognized that a league of nations has become a necessary link in the chain of European policy.

"In the first place, it will be necessary immediately to create what I have called the organization against hunger, and to ration all those countries where conditions of food shortage threaten disaster. The existing inter-Ally machinery, which is the nucleus of the league of nations, will probably undertake this task in the first instance. Moreover, during the period of economic reconstruction after the war, when there will be a shortage of many essential raw materials, the Allies, as well as former neutral and enemy countries, will have to be rationed. For this purpose again the creation of international machinery will be necessary. It is thus clear that we are making straight for a league of nations which will be charged with the performance of these essential international functions. For these important purposes a league of nations is no longer an ideal for an aspiration, but a sheer practical necessity. But there

is more, and here we come to the function originally intended for the league.

"It is more than probable that the future map of Europe will look very different from the pre-war map. Most of the nations of the continent have hitherto been grouped into great states or powers to whom they have belonged. A fundamental change is coming over the situation. Russia has already broken up, and it is most unlikely that the western border nations which have broken away from her will ever return. Austria, again, has in the past held together a veritable medley of nations and races, and has with some degree of success, although not without grave political friction, kept the peace among them. Austria is also being dissolved into her original elements, and there seems little prospect of arresting this process before she has completely disappeared

"What will happen to Germany it is more difficult to foretell, though it is possible that the great racial homogeneity and the education and political discipline of Germany will in the end keep her from disintegration. In any case, we shall have to face a new situation in Europe. From Finland in the north to Constantinople in the south, the map of Europe will be covered with small nations, mostly untrained in habits of self-government, some having suffered political shipwreck on that account and divided from each other by profound national or racial prejudices and antipathies. In most there is a resolute minority of alien race making for internal weakness. If we may draw any inference from our experience in the Balkans, we may expect a much more disturbed state in the future Europe and more dangers of wars than we have had in the past. Already some of them are threatened with internal disorders.

¶ "It becomes, therefore, imperative to create an inter-

national organization which will, to some extent, take the place of the great powers which have disappeared, and keep the peace among these smaller states, even if it is not necessary to supervise their internal policies. The league of nations is no longer an idea in cloudland, but will soon be recognized as a necessary organ of future European government. And in discharging the functions here referred to, it will develop vitality; it will take root and grow; it will be seen to be a beneficent institution; a great volume of public opinion will gradually gather round it, and it will eventually become strong enough to essay that supreme task of preserving world peace for which it was originally intended. It will stand out as the greatest creative effort of the human race in the sphere of political government, and will then be seen to have justified all the losses and sufferings of this greatest tragedy in history.

"In the meantime the league will probably be found useful in solving other problems with which the world will be confronted. Hitherto, where all states have been equals and principals, it has been difficult to have recourse to the very useful idea of international agency. But when the league is established, it is very likely that it will, in a proper case, depute some particular state to act on its behalf. Thus America might be asked to act, say, in some offshoot from the Turkish or Russian Empire, not in her own right, but as the mandatory and on behalf of the league of nations, who will give her general directions. Or take again the case of the former German colonies. Some of these colonies are quite fairly and properly claimed and will have to be given to the British dominions which conquered them and for whose future development or security they are necessary. But it is conceivable that there are colonies which are not so claimed. The Allies which have con-

quered and now hold them will resist to the utmost their restoration to Germany, as they can not foresee what course the future development of Germany might take. In such cases these powers could be deputed to hold these colonies, not, however, in their own right, but as mandatories of the league, until the question of their ultimate disposal is settled in the future. Some other very knotty territorial problems could be settled, or, at any rate, deferred in the same way. And it will probably be found at the Peace Congress, which will eventually deal with these questions, that the league of nations will be a necessary and indispensable solvent of some of our gravest international problems.

"The international state of affairs which has resulted from this war calls for a great move forward in the political organization of the world. The great war was probably as much the result of outworn international law and organization as of German imperial ambitions. The task will be as difficult as it is great. But where America joins hands with Europe and the British Empire in attempting to solve it, I have no doubt that a solution will be found. And thus from the fluid results of this war we shall create the stable political forms which will hold the progress of the race in the coming ages

"This war has shattered to its foundations the old immobile world. Things are fluid and plastic once more and capable of receiving a new creative impression. What impression shall it be? It is for us to labor in the remaking of that world to better ends, to plan its international reorganization on lines of universal freedom and justice, and to re-establish among the classes and the nations that good-will which is the only sure foundation for any enduring international system. Let us not underrate our opportunity. The age of miracles

WORLD WAR AT ITS CLIMAX

is never past. The greatest experience of my life has been to witness how, in my own country, a policy of conciliation and trust re-created a land broken by war, and healed wounds and wrongs of a very dangerous character. The history of South Africa since the Boer War bears immortal testimony to the wisdom of the policy of conciliation. If the victors in this greatest of wars approach the great problems before them in the same large temper in which this country acted on that occasion, I have hope that the bitterness of this war may yet lead to a great reconciliation of the peoples in the future and perhaps even to the disappearance of war itself."

Part VII

Home Again

Nothing Would Tempt the Editors to Endure the Fatigues and Hardships of Another Such a Trip

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Its Compensations However the Greatest of Any in All Their Lives

CHAPTER XLI

Homeward Bound

Submarines Withdrawn and Ocean Lighted at Night and the Great Transformation was Complete.

LONDON still bubbled with joy and seethed with excitement over a concluded and signed armistice when, late Friday afternoon, November Fifteenth, we bade her a fond farewell and trekked our way homeward. Our official hosts accompanied us to Liverpool, where next day they took leave of us aboard ship. In marked contrast with our outbound accommodations were those returning. Balmoral Castle, a commodious and comfortable first-class steamer, whose regular route was between The Transvaal and Congo Free States and England, was chosen for it. It had been our unique, melancholy distinction to go over in a convoy, the only one to lose a vessel in a storm, and now we were returning on the first boat in three years to carry mail and passengers

In midocean we met a large steamer agleam from water's edge to topmast. It was a most joyous sight, welcomed with whistling, loud and long. Our ship's officers said it was the first lighted vessel they had seen on the ocean in four years. Our own boat was inky black, not a light displayed anywhere. Shutters went up and lights were capped at four thirty o'clock as usual. The Briton did not know, officially, armistice had been signed and continued war usages until he returned to Liverpool.

Before quitting London we were positively assured upon high governmental authority that so exact and marvellous was Germany's knowledge of the whereabouts of its underseas navy that within twenty-four hours after the armistice was signed, every submarine was fished out of the sea. It was glorious news to us that these demons of the deep were to be no longer a menace or a peril. One day out, we came upon fleets of trawlers sweeping the seas for floating mines.

Leaving dock at Liverpool we discovered a young man who was a mysterious fellow passenger on the way over. Armistice being signed his lips were no longer sealed and he revealed to us that he had been sent abroad by our federal government to make highly important experiments to detect the presence of submarines, locate them with precision, and practically to transmit radiograms underseas. It was believed the new discovery would completely nullify if not entirely stamp out submarine warfare. Experiments were satisfactory, so far as they went, but time and a number of important changes, it was said, must follow before a full fruition resulted

Congressman Byrne, of South Carolina, who, with Carter Glass, afterward Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, had been sent across by President Wilson on a secret financial mission, was also a passenger. Representative Glass had two sons in the service and remained in Paris to visit them, and as it turned out, to secure for one of them an important appointment in connection with the peace conference at Versailles

Another fellow passenger was Acting Captain A. F. B. Carpenter of the Vindictive, which he sunk at the peril of his life, bottling up the German submarines in the Zeebrugge Canal so effectively they never even dared attempt

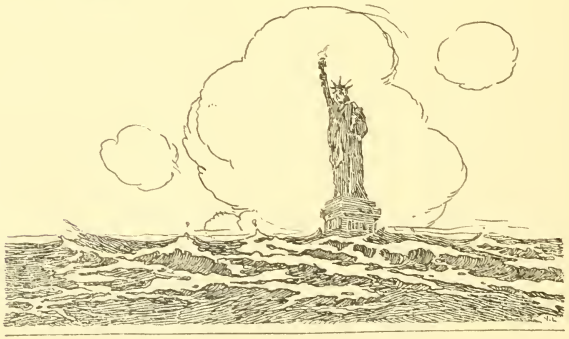
to come out. This was one of the outstanding accomplishments of the Allies in the World War and Captain Carpenter was its hero.

A pathetic feature of this remarkable exploit was that Lieutenant-Colonel F. A. Brock, inventor of the smoke screen, without which this marvellous piece of strategy could not have been accomplished, was killed in action during the self-sinking of the Vindictive. Captain Carpenter was coming to America for financial aid for the British Seaman's union.

In a talk to passengers on the Balmoral Castle the Captain drew attention to Kaiser Wilhelm's threat that he would fill the seas so full of submarines seamen could not be found who would dare to sail in merchant ships. "Let 's see," he continued "what there is to that threat. Today there sleep in the bottom of the ocean eighteen thousand members of the British Seaman's union—that was Britain's answer to the Kaiser. Never has there been a vessel ready to leave an English port to bring back food, munitions or what not—that has waited one minute for men to man it, notwithstanding they fully realized the stupendous risk they were undertaking."

Outstanding above and beyond all else in this wonderful journey of ours was the rapid and complete transformation in six short weeks. Going over, our convoy of camouflaged ships were guarded by a cruiser, a destroyer and a giant man-of-war, protected by seaplanes and dirigibles, which, of course, hunted submarines, forsook familiar lanes of the sea and mysteriously pursued its tortuous or zigzag way. All ships were darkened (it being an offense under an Act of the Realm punishable by death to display a light, even a match to light a cigar,) and they crossed and recrossed each other's path at night in hair-breadth fashion, one being kept in con-

stant terror of a collision. Smoke barrages were laid down on the ocean to thwart submarines. We were warned that German bombing planes were extremely active in Great Britain and France, that big Berthas were shelling Paris; everywhere in England were signs, "Save coal, less coal used means more boats to bring over American soldiers," darkened hotels, streets, buses, taxicabs, street cars and steam cars, theaters closed, hearing from the lips of King George, President Poincare, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Pershing, Haig, Foch, and men active in conduct of war that it must go on from one to three years longer, finding pictured in the faces of English and French women, the awful sacrifices they had made and were making on the morning of November Eleventh, there broke the news of signing of the Armistice. And now we were in regular lanes of the sea headed straight for New York to consume only one half the time required in going over. ¶ *Fighting had ceased and the great transformation was complete*



A Glorious Antithesis

In Exactly Four Weeks the Scene Changed, that President Poincare and Marshal Joffre Said Would Require Years to Accomplish —Peans of Joy and Eloquent Words of Thanksgiving.

TIME and place have been termed the essence of all things. The truth of that aphorism was never more forcibly brought home to the writer than in attendance at solemn High Mass of Jubilee, Thanksgiving day, Nineteen Hundred Eighteen, at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Syracuse.

Home again, caught in the warmth and swirl of welcome that awaits the humblest traveler returned to his own, Syracuse seemed good on his arrival on the eve of Thanksgiving. Our son was safe. The sacrifice was over. The end seemed attained.

In the cathedral throng, solemnity and radiant joy vied for expression on the countenances of praying people. Only a month before I had stood in the chancel of a half destroyed ancient Catholic cathedral at St. Quentin. It had been converted into a hospital by the invader and continued in that use by the French after its recapture. The silence of the House of God was broken by piteous sounds of suffering wounded. In the crypt below the rifled coffins of nuns testified to the excesses, the depravity, to which embattled mankind may descend

Yet here, a month later, it might have been a century, was peace. Below the surface may have lain hysteria,

hatred even, anger at any rate, and righteous anger, but only thanksgiving welled through. Tears came and smiles glistened.

From the twilight of the nave, the altar appeared resplendent. Bishop Grimes moved simply through the high ceremonies of the mass, assisted by prelates and priests. Sunshine that was wintry, but Syracuse sunshine, slanted through the windows far above. Candles gleamed against marble. Linen, lace and brocades lent their purity and color to the scene.

At the "Sanctus!" with the sounding of the chimes, hailing the act of consecration, lights flooded the altar. To the left between the arches floated the Stars and Stripes. At the right hung a congregational service flag, two hundred sixty-two stars upon its field, seven of them gold. Between, uplifted, shone the Host and the chalice, bread and wine, the Sacrament of the Eucharist. ¶ Except for the sounds of the service, the vaulted interior was as silent as that crypt in France.

The momentary tension was done. the crowd packed in from altar rail to vestibule, in aisles and sanctuary, relaxed imperceptibly.

Children's voices took up the mass again. The words of the sermon echoed in the mind of one auditor at least. The Reverend George S. Mahon, the preacher at the mass, had said reflectively that the good pious German people had the respect of all only a few years before. He had traveled among them and seen them going peacefully about their duty. The iron heel had clanked among them but few had noted. Then Germany went mad. Never might such madness touch America, he prayed. Rather should she keep her face forever turned from dreams of conquest and dominion, content with her empire of justice, peace, tolerance, and fundamental righteousness before God and man!

"Amen!" sang the hearts of the people, and as the echoes rang in spirit the children's chorus tramped down from the loft and came marching to the altar singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Professor John J. Raleigh may never play again as on that day with the inspiration of that time and place in his heart and hands

Congregation and clergy joined in the anthem until it became a great shout of joy and re-consecration to America under God.

Such was the contrast of a month, between overseas and home, a church in France and a church in Syracuse. When we left St. Quentin, President Poincare and General Joffre told us the war was yet an affair of years, but a little later and in another place, we saw separately the fulfilment, the realization of America.

Mirth and Sorrow

Humor and Pathos Gathered on Official Trip—Bok and Wheeler Supply Two Pathetic Tales.

FROM sunshine to shadow, from grave to gay, from pathos to ecstacy, from the sublime to the ridiculous in quick, kaleidoscopic succession, often completely blending, outstand as lasting impressions of our trip outbound and abroad. Many of them arose on our troop-ship, the Orontes, which, from our frightful experiences, we called The Ship of Death. Most of it, however, was negro humor, five hundred of the Orontes eighteen hundred troops being members of the black race. In the awfulness of storm, of deaths and burials, many became hysterical and a few temporarily insane. The latter were locked up and held in martial restraint. ¶ Standing on the hurricane deck, although any deck might properly be called hurricane, a burly negro whose one-track mind seemed to work only in military tactics said, as he looked out upon angry, billowy, swift-rolling waters:

" I wondah, boss, ef dis yar ocean am ebber gwine to cum to attention! "

Negro to Find Firm Footing Back.

A " Y " man visiting a mournful negro in the travail of seasickness offered words of comfort only to be met with this response: " I 'se nebber gwine to cum back dis yar way agin, boss. No, siree."

"Don't be discouraged, Mose; brace up; you 're not going to die," was the Christian officer's consoling reply.

"I knows, I knows I is 'nt gwine to die, sir, but I 'se nebber comin' dis yar way no moah, suah."

At this the nonplussed official inquired whether he expected to be killed in battle or if, surviving, he meant to remain in Europe, he received this answer:

¶ "Oh! I 'se comin' back all right sir, I is. Yes, sir, yes, sir."

"I can't understand you at all Mose. You say you 're not coming back this way, but that you are coming back? Do you expect to fly?"

"Lo'd o' mercy no; aeroplane am wurse dan dis yar boat. No sir. No aeroplane for me. I 'll tell you how I 'se gwine to git back. I nebber see'd a ribber nor a lake wat did 'nt hab sum land round it—wat else keeps de watah in? an' I 'se gwine to find de lan round dis yar ocean and den I 'se gwine to walk back home."

It Was a Grand Fight

John met Michael, just returned from war, and greeted him as follows:

"Begorrah! I 'm glad to see you and sorry to see you—glad you 're back, but sorry to hear you had a turrible time."

"Indade, I did," said Michael. "I was in th' Argonne, St. Mihiel, and hed a divil of a toime. But 't wuz a grand foight—a grand foight."

"What th' divil de ye mane be a g-rand foight?"

"Well, 't wuz the first foight I wuz ever in that th' police did n't interfere."

Do You Want to Live Forever

A colored captain of a machine gun squad composed of

his own race found one of his men lagging behind and shouted to him to come on and fight. "Get into de game, sir, get into de game."

But the buck private had evidently heard the oft-repeated assertion that the average life of a machine gunner in war, as being then waged, was only ten hours, and still cringingly held back. The captain, in a rage, shouted to him:

"Come yare, you white niggah; come on here an' fight. Does you want to live forever?"

Would Sell His Watch.

A big wave struck the ship one day causing it to tremble violently. Believing a submarine the cause, whistles were blown signalling passengers to go above and prepare to enter boats and leave the ship. Life preservers were adjusted and a long line formed. A burly negro with a heavy voice occupying a place well back to the end of the line, thinking his time had come and that for a short while at most, would he have use for a time piece, shouted:

"Does any gen'man yeah want to buy a good gold watch cheap?"

Preferred Land and a Tree to a Sail Boat.

Another seasick, ebony hued individual was besought by a companion to leave his quarters and come out and enjoy the pleasant sight of a sail boat.

"Go away, nigger," was his cry, "I doan want to see no sail; *But ef you sees a tree fur de good Lord's sake show me to it.*"

President Wilson no Pacifist.

Two negroes discussed whether President Wilson, now that America had entered war, was still a Pacifist.

"No siree, he suah is 'nt," said one. "I knows Mr. Wilson berry well, berry well, indeed, an' he ain't no pacifist. Mr. Wilson am a very sensible man. He jes' places you up in de front firing line, puts a gun in youah hands and den lets you use yuah own judgment."

A Wonderful Gun.

A negro soldier came out of the firing line to work in a base hospital near Paris. Just before leaving he had had some experience when the Germans laid down a low barrage. A servant of his own race in the hospital declared he was anxious to get into battle on the front, to which the veteran remarked, "No, siree! You does n't wan' to go up dar. Dem Boshes am got guns dat shoots cannon ball wat weighs twenty tons for fifty-six miles an' den trows rocks fo' haf a' hour aftawa'd."

A Negro's Fear.

The captain of a negro company one morning up at the front line addressed his men as follows:

"Now, boys, you see those woods over there. Well, we are going to shell those woods first with our artillery and then this company is going to charge over there and capture them."

"Hol' on, Captain, hol' on," earnestly spoke one black private. "Does you know dat dere is Boshes in dem woods?"

Difference Between an Englishman and an American.

At a dinner in London given us by the Authors' Club an American publisher said the difference between an Englishman and an American was that the Englishman walked into the drawing room of a fine old palace, strutted about admiringly, just as if he owned it, while the

American strutted about and admired, but did n't give a rap who owned it.

A Higher Power.

¶ " Do you believe in a higher power? " inquired a clergyman of a newcomer at a revival meeting."
" Certainly! I married her."

Herald Illustrator's Message to Queen Mary.

Queen Mary is an expert milliner and designs most of her hats. It is related she made a vow when war broke that she would n't get a new hat until war was over. King George agreed to omit wine from the table as his sacrifice. Night before the writer left Syracuse for New York to sail away he asked the artist, whose work for a dozen or more years has brightened The Herald, if there were any suggestions he wished to make:
" Yes. If you see Queen Mary tell her, for Heaven's sake, to get a new hat—I 'm awfully tired of drawing the old one."

King George's Sense of Humor.

At Savoy Hotel in London, before going to Sandringham for a day with King George, Queen Mary and others of the royal family, there was excited discussion as to what the editors should wear and how they should act. Ministry of Information said King and Queen would be best pleased to have them come in ordinary dress as it was war time and consequently form and ceremony were waived. A member of the Editorial party told King George, as he walked with him through the grounds at Sandringham of our discussion in London. ¶ The King laughing heartily, said it reminded him of an incident in France whither he went to review the Fourth British Army where his son, the Prince of Wales,

was engaged. He said he was dressed much as he then was in a suit of home spun. Finishing his inspection of British troops he was stepping into his motor car to go away when he noticed two American dough boys at the side of the car eyeing him intently. This dialogue took place betwween them:

"Who 's the boss?"

"Why, that 's the King of England."

"The Hell it is. Where 's his crown?"

Piper Protested Sharing Honors With the Whole Party.

When Piper and O'Hara, who narrowly escaped making the supreme sacrifice, or, as they say in the army "going West," in a limousine smash near Arras, France, had mended their wounds so they were able to rejoin their companions, the casualties remarked one evening that as they were hurt while in the war zone, under escort of British soldiers, while in pursuit of knowledge for the benefit of Great Britain, that government should award them wound stripes or medals as a recognition of merit and valor.

One listener suggested the honor should go to the whole party. Piper protested that as but two had gone through the ordeal, only they should receive the reward.

The sector where the accident occurred had been desperately fought over. Barbed wire entanglements, trenches, and dug outs were everywhere. The tree into which their limousine was catapulted was the only one left standing.

"The Kaiser knew we were coming and he just left the tree there for O'Hara and me to smash into," said Piper.

"Why you two?" one of the party inquired.

"Granted the Kaiser is wicked, cruel, criminal, fiendish," observed Piper, "he, nevertheless, is a discerning,

wise old fox. He knew which two of our party were capable of doing him the most harm and he just naturally wanted to wipe us off the face of the earth and left the tree there for that purpose."

ONE OF WAR'S TRAGEDIES

Lord Rothermere, Brother of Viscount Northcliffe, Gave Two of Three Sons to War.

Lord Rothermere, brother of Viscount Northcliffe met Edgar B. Piper, of Oregon, member of the Editorial party in the lobby of the Savoy hotel and invited him to join him in a cup of tea in his Lordship's quarters at the hotel. Needless to say the invitation was accepted

While Lord Rothermere and his American guest were enjoying their brew, a handsome, athletic, upstanding boy of twenty entered and asked guidance on many details concerning the newspaper which his Lordship owns. When the boy had left the room, Piper, struck by the lad's fine appearance, ventured to inquire who he was.

" He 's my son," came the reply.

There was a pause and then Piper inquired if he were his only son.

" Yes," Lord Rothermere replied, " he is now. I had three. Two were killed in action at the front. He wanted to go, too, to avenge his brothers but he 's all I have and I persuaded him not to leave me entirely alone."

¶ There was no boasting over the great sacrifice just a plain example of English stolidity, asserting a pathetic, tragic truth.

Settling the Irish Question.

Our host, the British government, asked us to spend four days in Ireland to settle the Irish question. As good

newspaper men, we modestly and cheerfully assumed the great undertaking. Just before we crossed, Viscount Northcliffe gave a dinner for us to which he had bidden Balfour, Tennyson, A. Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, Earl Grey, the Lord Mayor of London, a son of the immortal novelist, Charles Dickens, and half a hundred other notables. Next me sat the editor of the Mail, the evening edition of the great London Times, and which is distinguished as having one of the largest daily circulations in the world—1,550,000.

"Understand you 're going over the Channel to settle the Irish question?" he says.

"Yes."

"Do you think you can?"

"Well, that 's a fine question for one newspaper man to ask another newspaper man, now is 'nt it? You know we can—absolutely. Would n't go if we did n't know positively we could. Of course, they 've been fighting more than Seven Hundred years over the question, but you would n't expect twelve live, intelligent American newspaper publishers to go over there and stay four whole days and not settle it, would you?"

"Yes, you will," he said, slowly and emphatically. "I 'll tell you how you 'll settle it. Yesterday I heard this analysis of the characteristics of the four peoples making up the British Empire:

"The Englishman loves his beer *and his Bible.*

"The Scotchman keeps the Sabbath *and everything else he can lay his hands on.*

"The Welshman prays on his knees on Sunday—*and preys on his neighbors the rest of the week.*

"But the Irishman, God bless him, *he does n't know what he wants and will not be happy until he gets it.*

"That 's about how you 'll settle the Irish question." And it was.

A Lot of Hard Work for One Pair of Shoes.

A negro soldier in the trenches appeared with a new pair of shoes.

"Where did you git dem aer shoes, nigger?" asked his chum.

"I gottem offen a Boche," was the reply.

The first negro disappeared and was gone four hours. When he returned he, too, had a new pair of shoes.

¶ "What kept you so long?" asked his friend.

"I hed to kill twenty of dem aer Boche befo' I got a pair to fit me."

ANOTHER BIT OF PATHOS

Editor Wheeler's Eloquent Tribute to French Noble Women

At a composite dinner of newspaper and magazine men, given by Viscount Northcliffe, the brilliant editor of Everybody's, Dr. E. J. Wheeler, responding for the editors, told this pathetic story:

"I am reminded of a beautiful woman with a smile on her lips, more or less wistful, but with an unutterable pathos in her eyes. We saw a beautiful countess of ancient family in the ruins of her beautiful chateau. She told us of the history and the present condition of the chateau. There was no attempt to appeal for sympathy, but it was there, in the wonderful pathos of her eyes. We saw a little later a count, the descendant of another illustrious family, in his ruined chateau. There was a little room, about the size of a hall-bedroom of a boarding-house in New York City, where he had a cot bed, and that was the only place he had to sleep in. There was another little room, down below, half-open to the wind, where he had his dining-room, and where he insisted on entertaining us at afternoon tea. He brought out his little store, one cup and eight or nine glasses. We had tea in glasses, not

in cups. He brought out a spoon—one spoon—two forks, and one knife. A royal entertainer, with a smile on his lips, animated in his conversation, and making no appeal to anybody's sympathy. You can not pity the French; I went there expecting to pity them. You can only love them and admire them and adore them."

Sir Anthony Hope's Joke.

At a banquet to our party in Hotel Savoy, London, by celebrated English authors, every one was permitted his choice of singing, speaking or telling a story. Every one chose the latter. Sir Anthony Hope's response was that he never did any one of the three but that vicariously he would, if permitted, tell one that Richard Harding Davis had told on him. Davis said that when Sir Anthony first landed in America at New York City he was about as green as one could be and live and with that observation Sir Anthony, as he looked back, agreed. Starting from his hotel he sought, bag in hand, to walk to the Grand Central station which, he believed was but a few blocks away, instead of several miles. Frequently he inquired of pedestrians or policemen his way. At length he became impatient and suspicious that the truth was not being told him. Finally, he saw a well dressed young man with his back against a lamp post, who looked intelligent and kindly. He said to himself, he would now get the truth and approaching the young man inquired:

"My friend, I want to go to Boston."

This was the answer he got.

"Well, who in Hell's stopping you?"

A GRUESOME FIND

Onondaga Boy Blown From His Grave By German Shell.

In Paris, I recalled to my son, our editorial visit to

Albert, France, once a beautiful city, with its famous cathedral, which had been ruthlessly shelled by the enemy and completely destroyed. My son thereupon disclosed to me the fact that when his One Hundred Fourth Machine Gun battalion left Belgium, where it was brigaded with and had fought with the British army, to continue fighting with the same army in France, his chaplain was sent there in advance to prepare such comforts as he might for the coming of our boys.

Among other errands given him was to look up the grave of an Onondaga County boy, mortally wounded by a sniper while in *NO MAN'S LAND*, heroically giving aid to an American soldier who had been frightfully hurt. He was buried in a little churchyard in the outskirts of Albert.

The chaplain found the grave with small trouble. It was empty. A Boche shell had scooped out the grave, and coffin and contents were nowhere to be found. ¶ In the bitterness of that day it was believed all such acts as the foregoing were wholly intentional.

Changed His Calling.

At St. Dunstan's School London, for soldiers blinded in war we were told the following:

A kind hearted woman stopped in front of a beggar whose cap front bore the word, "Blind!"

"My poor man," she inquired, sympathetically, "were you always blind?"

"Oh, no, mum," came the prompt reply. "Last week I wus lame, but there wuz nuthin' in it."

Admiral Sims' Pet Bon Mot.

Admiral Sims in nearly every speech we heard him make at functions in our honor loved to tell of going into a

London haberdashery for a special pattern of shirt. Minutely he described to the salesman what was wanted; about everything in the store was pulled down and spread out on a counter for the Admiral's approval. Nothing seemed to please him. Finally the impatient but persistent salesman sought to press upon the Admiral a certain pattern which he declared was exactly what he sought.

"It 's not what I want."

The remark greatly peeved the salesman who said: "Well, that shirt is good enough for the Sultan of Turkey. He 's wearing one."

"Oh, no, he is n't," Admiral Sims protested. "He 's wearing an asbestos shirt."

The salesman had n't heard that the Sultan to whom he alluded was dead.

A London Police Court Incident.

Inthe police court in a lonely suburb of the city of London a prisoner appeared at the rail and was asked by the magistrate what had happened to him. His cheek was cut, his eyes blackened and there were other evidences of the horrible ordeal through which he had passed.

¶ "I don't rightly remember, Yer 'onor."

"Don't rightly remember?" echoed the magistrate. "It was a case of aphasia, I suppose?"

"My heyes! yer 'onor. Wat 's aphasia?"

"Aphasia 's confused memory; don't know your own name. Try to say something and get the wrong words or sentences."

"Haphasha, that 's hit, yer 'onor. A friend told me next time I saw Patrick O'Brien to salute 'im with God save Hireland. Some 'ow hor huther I got into my bloody head and sang 'croppy lie down' and 'ere's what cum huv hit."

Heroic Charlie Chaplin.

Inquiring at our hotel in Paris of my son who first went over the top in Belgium if it were true that men go over the top willingly and with a smile, he answered: " No, dad. What 's there to smile about? The only person I' ve ever heard of going over the top willingly and with a smile on his face is Charlie Chaplin in the moving picture show."

Wit of a Presbyterian Clergyman.

A Presbyterian clergyman and a Catholic priest who had gone through the fierce campaign at the battle fronts which resulted in smashing the Hindenburg line were about to separate and go their different ways. War, they agreed, was a great leveller, that they had been together in many sad offices and had grown exceedingly fond of each other. Coming to the parting of the ways the Presbyterian clergyman said to the priest; " Well, good bye, dear old partner. We 've had many, many sorrowful and some happy experiences together. After all we both have the same aims and ambitions. Both of us wish to serve the Master—*You in Your Way and I in His.*"

EDWARD W. BOK'S EXPERIENCE

In Book of His Life Tells Deeply Pathetic Story of World War.

Edward W. Bok, Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, was a guest at the Northcliffe dinner, hitherto mentioned in this chapter, at which Editor Wheeler of Everybody's spoke. Had Mr. Bok been called upon, he, too, would perhaps have told stories of pathos gathered at the battle fronts as he had several most unusual experiences. They are not lost to the world, however,

as Mr. Bok has preserved them in his book, which he writes in the third person.*

One of the most prominent stories is:

One evening as Bok was strolling out after dinner a Red Cross nurse came to him, explaining that she had two severely wounded boys in what remained of an old hut: they were both from Pennsylvania, and had expressed a great desire to see him as a resident of their State

"Neither can possibly survive the night," said the nurse

"They know that?" asked Bok.

"Oh, yes, but like all our boys they are lying there joking with each other."

Bok was taken into what remained of a room in a badly shelled farmhouse, and there, on two roughly constructed cots, lay the two boys. Their faces had been bandaged so that nothing was visible except the eyes of each boy. A candle in a bottle standing on a box gave out the only light. But the eyes of both of the boys were smiling as Bok came in and sat down on the box on which the nurse had been sitting. He talked with the boys, got as much of their stories from them as he could, and told them such home news as he thought might interest them.

After half an hour he arose to leave, when the nurse said: "There is no one here, Mr. Bok, to say the last words to these boys. Will you do it?" Mr. Bok stood transfixed. In sending men over in the service of the Y. M. C. A. he had several times told them to be ready for any act that they might be asked to render, even the most sacred one. And here he stood himself before that duty. He felt as if he stood stripped before his Maker. Through the glassless window the sky lit up

* From *The Americanization of Edward W. Bok*. Copyright, 1920, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publisher.

constantly with the flashes of the guns, and then followed the booming of a shell as it landed.

"Yes, won't you, sir?" asked the boy on the right cot as he held out his hand. Bok took it, and then the hand of the other boy reached out.

What to say, he did not know. Then, to his surprise, he heard himself repeating extract after extract from a book by Lyman Abbott, called "The Other Room," a message to the bereaved declaring the non-existence of death, but that we merely move from this earth to another: from one room to another, as it were. Bok had not read the book for years, but here was the subconscious self supplying the material for him in his moment of greatest need. Then he remembered that just before leaving home he had heard sung at matins, after the prayer for the President, a beautiful song called, "Passing Souls." He had asked the rector for a copy of it; and, wondering why, he had put it in his wallet that he carried with him. He took it out now and holding the hand of the boy at his right, he read to them:

> For the passing souls we pray,
> Saviour, meet them on their way;
> Let their trust lay hold on Thee
> Ere they touch eternity.

The three other stanzas followed.

Absolute stillness reigned in the room save for the half-suppressed sob from the nurse and the distant booming of the cannon. As Bok finished, he heard the boy at his right say slowly: "Saviour—meet—me—on—my—way:" with a little emphasis on the word "my." The hand in his relaxed slowly, and then fell on the cot; and he saw that the soul of another brave American boy had "gone West."

Bok glanced at the other boy, reached for his hand,

shook it, and looking deep into his eyes, he left the little hut ☙ ☙

Feeling the need of air in order to get hold of himself after one of the most solemn moments of his visit to the front, Bok strolled out, and soon found himself on what only a few days before had been a field of carnage where the American boys had driven back the Germans. Walking in the trenches and looking out, in the clear moonlight, over the field of desolation and ruin, and thinking of the inferno that had been enacted there only so recently, he suddenly felt his foot rest on what seemed to be a soft object. Taking his "ever-ready" flash from his pocket, he shot a ray at his feet, only to realize that his foot was resting on the face of a dead German! ☙ ☙

Bok had had enough for one evening! In fact, he had had enough of war in all its aspects; and he felt a sigh of relief when, a few days thereafter he took The Empress of Asia for home, after a ten-weeks' absence. He hoped never again to see, at first hand, what war meant! ☙ ☙

On the voyage home Edward Bok decided, now that war was over, he would ask his company to release him from the editorship of The Ladies' Home Journal.

As Bok was, September 22, 1919, about to leave his desk for the last time, it was announced that a young soldier whom he "had met and befriended in France" was waiting to see him. When the soldier walked into the office he was to Bok only one of the many whom he had met on the other side. But as the boy shook hands with him and said: "I guess you do not remember me, Mr. Bok," there was something in the eyes into which he looked that startled him. And then, in a flash the circumstances under which he had last seen those eyes came to him.

"Good heavens, my boy, you are not one of those two boys in the little hut that I—"

"To whom you read the poem, 'Passing Souls,' that evening. Yes, sir, I 'm the boy who had hold of your left hand. My bunkie, Ben, 'went West' that same evening, you remember."

"Yes," replied the editor, "I remember; I remember only too well," and again Bok felt the hand in his relax, drop from his own, and heard the words: "Saviour—meet—me—on—my—way."

The boy's voice brought Bok back to the moment. ¶ "It 's wonderful you should remember me; my face was all bound up— I guess you could n't see anything but my eyes."

"Just the eyes, that 's right," said Bok. "But they burned into me all right, my boy."

"I don't think I get you, sir," said the boy.

"No, you would n't," Bok replied. "You could n't, boy, not until you 're older. But, tell me, how in the world did you ever get out of it?"

"Well, sir," answered the boy, with that shyness which we all have come to know in the boys who actually did, "I guess it was a close call, all right. But just as you left us, a hospital corps happened to come along on its way to the back and Miss Nelson—the nurse, you remember?—she asked them to take me along. They took me to a wonderful hospital, gave me fine care, and then after a few weeks they sent me back to the States, and I 've been in a hospital over here ever since. Now, except for the thickness of my voice, that you notice, which Doc. says will be all right soon, I 'm fit again. The government has given me a job, and I came here on leave just to see my parents up-State, and I thought I 'd like you to know that I did n't 'go West' after all."

Fifteen minutes later Bok left his editorial office for the last time.

But as he went home his thoughts were not of his last day at the office, nor of his last acts as editor, but of his last caller—the soldier boy whom he had left seemingly so surely on his way "West," and whose eyes had burned into his memory on that fearful night a year before!

Strange that this boy should have been his last visitor!

¶ As John Drinkwater, in his play, makes Abraham Lincoln say to General Grant:

"It 's a queer world!"

CHAPTER XLIII

Woman in the War

Reflections and Observations of the Stupendous Work which She Did.

THE ever fascinating study of woman gathered fresh impetus when the world war began. In America, before we decided to enter European hostilities, women had engaged in every conceivable activity to aid the soldiers in training camps, notwithstanding our federal government had given its army and navy the greatest and most efficient attention and care in the world's history of warfare. It was therefore extremely interesting to our Editorial party upon reaching foreign soil to learn whether Allied women were behind the men at the front as we had seen our American women aid, encourage and support our soldiers now actually engaged in the great conflict. Before leaving home we had beheld American women organized societies and auxiliaries at home and in club headquarters to knit socks and sweaters, make bandages and antiseptic dressings. In my own home town, at all hours, day or night, they met railway trains with free, hot coffee and rolls and appetizing foods and words of cheer as well as augmented the nursing staff of local hospitals among the frightful "flu" epidemic in camp and city. Mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts ungrudgingly gave son or husband or brother or fiancé and sent them away with a smile and a blessing. It, therefore, was deeply gratifying to find

that women on the other side who had carried on from 1914, when they consecrated their lives to the Allied cause, were devoting their talents and energies in the face of many vicissitudes and great discouragements to end war at the earliest possible moment. Our first real glimpse at woman in war came soon after our arrival in England when Mrs. Humphrey Ward, distinguished author, publicist, and woman of affairs, gave us a complimentary dinner at Hotel Savoy, London. Around the festive board sat the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, dignified, kindly, gracious, who put us all quickly at ease; the Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Consuelo Vanderbilt of New York, since separated from the Duke and rewed, gifted and concededly among the most beautiful of noble women; the Duchess of Athol, who since Lady Astor, native Virginian, was elected to Parliament as its first woman member, has been asked to become a candidate for the office of member of the House of Commons; the preceptress of one of the great schools for women in England and enough titled and untitled women to make a full dozen.

For four years these prominent women had been engaged in all manner of work in hospitals, in training schools for nurses and women, and in every big, useful way doing their bit to win the war. Just then President Wilson had indicated that America might feed starving women and children in Germany. Mrs. Ward paid a fine tribute to America in a speech that was a classic. She told of the great pleasure it was to Englishwomen to meet representatives of that kindred nation whose aid and comradeship in the vast struggle had been of such vital importance. The New World had come to readjust the balance of the Old. And after four terrible, yet magnificent years, the French were in Alsace, the

British at Mons, and the Americans at Sedan. After beating Germany, after breaking down her military class and insisting on reparation, restitution, guarantees, the Allies and Americans chiefly, for America alone had the power, were at that moment going to feed German women and children. She concluded her address in thanking God that justice and mercy thus met together in consecration of victory. For the great, self-sacrificing help of America, which grudged nothing in winning the great war, English women were thankful from the bottom of their hearts.

Several other women spoke of work done to educate women to do all manner of things in every field of endeavor to end war as quickly and as humanely as possible but to end it at all hazards.

At Fruges, France, on our way to Lille came our first real encounter with the doleful actualities of war. It was a soldier's funeral. Up hill from the center of the little town came a meager procession. At the head was a French padre bearing aloft a crucifix, followed by boys with flowers. Then, on a stretcher, came the body draped with a French flag. Six women bore the stretcher

Twenty or more women, all in deepest black, completed the sorrowful procession. Except for the priest there was not a man in the entire company. All were afoot, plodding on through rain and mud oblivious apparently of everything except their duty to their dead friend and neighbor. From this procession of sombre clad women we understood that while men fought at the front, women at home were doing their solemn duty, as in honoring and burying the dead.

As we passed out of the little village into the country we again saw women at work in fields digging potatoes and beets or driving on roads with loads of vegetables.

There were a few old men or boys in field or on road but for the most part the workers were women.

Listen to an Alsatian mother, five of whose six sons had been killed in action. She refused to accept sympathy with this solemn reply: "They died for France. Do not send me letters, I beg of you, with black edges, signs of mourning. They have fallen on the field of honor—my brave children."

A French woman, looking a captain, who told her that her husband had been killed in battle, squarely and steadily in the eye, without the sign of a tear, said, "Tell me you 'll save France and I 'll not mourn."

Yes, we had misjudged France—glorious France—and her women. We were before war too prone to judge all France by a gay and frivolous few in Paris as we might judge all America by the gay set of New York.

It is related that while on an official tour of France, Secretary of War, Baker, in a small village came upon a little procession headed by a minister and a priest. An American of unknown creed was being buried, hence the dual ministration. Following close by the casket a woman walked, weeping bitterly. Secretary Baker left his automobile and afoot went to the little church graveyard. When burial was complete he spoke consolingly to the woman mourner who had so copiously shed tears and inquired what relationship she bore to the boy just buried. Finding her to be French he repeated his question to the best of his ability in that tongue, and learned that she was in no way related. She explained thus: "Somewhere in America he perhaps has a mother whose heart is bleeding today and I 'm doing for her just what she would do were she here."

A bystander told Secretary Baker that a few days before the woman had buried her husband, killed in action, a captain in the French army. Thereupon Mr.

Baker asked her if her tears were not really shed for him, to which she indignantly and proudly replied: "No! No! Monsieur! Not one tear for him. Not a tear. He died for France. That 's glory enough. Why should I cry? Vive La France!"

In London women did every kind of work. In almost complete male attire she was conductor on tram cars, buses, washed windows in blocks, swept chimneys, and in the outer districts wore a bobby's uniform and did police patrol duty as well as the men. We were told they were chosen for bravery and strength and that it was no exaggeration to say evil-doers feared them more than male officers.

At Arras, France, in a Canadian clearing station, as hospitals on the firing line were called, to which a companion and I were taken after an automobile crash, were a number of nurses from New Brunswick and other parts of Canada. All were young, nearly all pretty, full of life, and sunshine, yet for four fearful years they had "carried on," often enduring long and exhausting toil and hardships administering to the awful human wreckage of warfare and smiling through it all while they spoke words of cheer and hope to their unfortunate charges

At Paris, Mary Elizabeth Evans, of Mary Elizabeth candy fame, a well known native of Syracuse, then a New York business woman, conducted a great kitchen where delicacies were made for American boys in hospitals

All was free. In kitchen, and engaged in the work of distribution to the numerous base hospitals, were prominent women, chiefly from New York City. Even chauffeurs of the many cars used one way and another in this philanthropic work were women.

While riding in an automobile in Paris on the way to

St. Denis hospital, Mary Elizabeth in an outburst of joy said to me: "Oh, is n't it wonderful to be alive and able to serve our brave boys at a time like this? No, I would n't go back to New York until it 's over over here, not if they gave me a deed to all Broadway—and I love Broadway, too."

Women, American women, as nurses in hospitals and on field as auxiliaries to various organizations rendered invaluable service in caring for sick and wounded and comforting the dying. Women declared the best was none too good for the boy on this or the other side of the Atlantic fighting for peace and the betterment of the World

Thousands of women in America were taking the places of men called to the colors and had war gone on, would in their loyalty and patriotism, as certainly have succeeded men in all lines of work as had her European sisters

And mistreatment of women in Belgium by invading German army officers is one of the awful memories of war. At Lille, France, which four days before our party reached Germany was forced to evacuate, after four years of occupancy, women told us of the thralldom of those frightful four years. Five thousand young girls willingly or unwillingly left Lille with German officers. ¶ In France at the close of war, one million women were at work in munition plants alone.

In Nineteen Hundred Seventeen, France and Great Britain said they must have eighty million bushels of wheat or they would perish. We sent them one hundred eighty million bushels. Who did it? Women of America. Who would have thought a few years before, that Congress would be permitted to tell us what kind of food and how much we were to eat at breakfast? Women voluntarily saved wheat, sugar and other things by the

cupful until not only Allied armies but our own boys were fed real wheat bread while we stay-at-homes ate a mixture known as war bread.

In ship, aeroplane and munition plants in England and Scotland, tens of thousands of women were employed making shells and fuses, a healthy, happy, smiling lot. Upon me it made a most profound impression. To me it was unbelievable that these women realized the full import of what they were doing. They chatted and laughed the livelong day as they worked in the production of missiles made to destroy life, churches, schools, business places, towns and cities. And when later on I saw the fearful devastation in France, and in London the crowded hospitals for the blind, and in England and France, hospitals with thousands of men in each, many of them horribly torn and disfigured, and saw the burial fields near the ruined towns and cities of the Eastern war front, I marvelled how women especially, could be happy in their work. But, no doubt, the all controlling thought possessed them, that it was the only way to end a diabolical, brutal war which the Hun was waging against the whole civilized world.

And so in the greatest of all wars, woman, as never before, by her prodigious work, her trials and self sacrifices, her wonderful optimism and inspiration soothed and sustained America and other allies and infused into allied armies a spirit and a morale that was simply inconquerable.

The spirit shown by a widowed mother is typical of the country she represents. Having crossed France, the widow was found prostrate on the battlefield of Verdun, by the military police. "Woman, what are you doing here?" Looking up through her tears, she replied: "Sirs, I have lost five of my sons in this war and have come here to weep over the grave of the sixth, my last."

WORLD WAR AT ITS CLIMAX

Hearing this, the soldiers stood before the bereaved mother and gave the military salute; seeing this, she sprang to her feet and cried: "*Vive la France, quand même!*" (Long live France, all the same!)

CHAPTER XLIV

Wickedest War of All the Ages

Some Outstanding Impressions and Thoughts Upon its Origin, its Wreckage, Wastage and Awfulness—Kaiser Wilhelm When He Found He Had Lost, Said War Was Not of His Making But War Board Was Wholly to Blame.

HILE Germany believed she was winning the war, General Hindenburg, Admiral Von Tirpitz, the War Board and the Kaiser disputed with each other, the credit and the glory of it all. When Germany met with reverses and collapse was inevitable, sponsorship for defeat became an anonymous thing. War, ingloriously lost, the Kaiser blamed his war board, declaring he had been grossly deceived by it, while the war board, with the Kaiser an exile in Holland, heaped the blame upon his unprotected head. Every one said the war board was right, that it was the Kaiser's mad ambition to stamp German Kultur upon a civilized world and by conquering it prove himself a greater military genius than Alexander, Hamilton, Cæsar, Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Napoleon or Wellington.

And the dream of a German Empire, embracing the entire civilized and semi-civilized world, ended when the Armistice in November, Nineteen Hundred Eighteen, brought about the debacle.

It seems hardly credible that following so closely upon the heels of the peace conference at The Hague in which there was great rejoicing in the belief that war could

never again be declared between nations, accounted highly civilized, there broke a conflict, cruel, diabolical, fiendish, beyond human conception. At once every scientific mind seemed perverted and bent upon a determination to invent some horrible enginery or agency to maim and kill. Air planes dropped bombs on cities, on people and upon soldiers; machine guns, on land, tanks and hand grenades and Big Berthas and every specie of poison gas and walls of fire; on sea, floating or submerged mines, submarines, (which dirigible balloons, TNT. explosives sought to frustrate and barrages of smoke or camouflaging tried to counteract) were a few of the demoniacal forms of destruction employed with deadly efficiency.

Frightfulness in the minds of German war lords, was therefore the only way to victory. London and Edinburgh were bombed from aeroplanes. In Edinburgh, aim was directed at the historic citadel. Missed by about a block, houses at the foot of the great hill were hit and blown to pieces. Early in Nineteen Hundred Eighteen, London was terrorized by air raids. Bombs were dropped in the heart of the city, aimed at government buildings. There was much destruction of property and considerable loss of lives, more than the public was permitted to know at the time. Tens of thousands of people fled from town. Many took to the seashore where a tented city of great proportions arose.

On Good Friday, in Paris, a shell from a Big Bertha hit the church de la Madeleine filled with worshippers praying for war to end. We were told the Germans had promised a truce for that holy day in order that it might be peacefully and properly observed. Instead, the fine old edifice was completely wrecked, fifty people were killed and many more wounded.

At about the same time in London was another tragic

occurrence. It will be remembered that Mrs. Lena Guilbert Ford, of New York, wrote that popular song, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," which proved at once an inspiration and a solace to the American heart in the dark days of the war. During an air raid in London the enemy dropped a bomb upon the house in which Mrs. Ford sought to nurse back to health a son terribly hurt in battle, and both mother and son were found dead in the ruins.

London and Paris were darkened to prevent night raids. Shutters went up at four thirty P. M., streets were unlighted and it was an offense under an act of Defence of the Realm to display a light of any kind. Even taxi cabs were dark

Nothing was too appalling if only it seemed to ensure victory. A high English official, an American who early volunteered to go out with the Canadians and rose to first rank in aeronautics, told a member of our party, in October, there was a point in Austria, eighty miles from Berlin from which Allies planned to liberate a flock of fifty Handley-Page machines, each carrying five tons of high explosives and capable of staying in the air for five hours and whose speed was one hundred miles an hour. As soon as the machines, then being built, were completed, the expedition would start, fly over and drop their deadly missiles upon Berlin, utterly destroying it. Before the planes were completed, however, war ended

In the course of our visit to Sandringham we asked King George what he thought of Kaiser Wilhelm, his uncle. Without a moment's hesitation, His Majesty slowly and with great emphasis said:

"*I THINK HE'S THE GREATEST CRIMINAL IN HISTORY.*"

Asked further whether he believed the Kaiser might

commit suicide as was then reported, if he lost his fight, King George replied: "No, whatever else he may be, Wilhelm is no coward and only cowards commit suicide." ☙ ☙

And the following extract of a letter from the Kaiser to the Austrian Emperor, which evidently was taken from the Austrian archives, confirms King George's terrific arraignment of his uncle, and best shows Kaiser Wilhelm's intention:

"My soul is torn asunder, but everything must be put to fire and blood. *THE THROATS OF MEN, AND WOMEN, CHILDREN AND AGED, MUST BE CUT AND NOT A TREE NOR A HOUSE LEFT STANDING.* With such methods of terror, which alone can strike so degenerate a people as the French, the war will finish before two months, while if I use humanitarian methods it may be prolonged for years. Despite all my repugnance I have had to choose the first system." ☙ ☙

We saw no women, children nor old person with their throats cut either in Belgium or in France; but as to the second clause of the Kaiser's threat that not a tree nor a house be left standing, we were eye-witnesses to the awful completeness with which it had been carried out. So far as we could learn, practically all acts of atrocity were committed in the first years of the war in Belgium. These we got from speech of the people. In Lille, France, which the Boche left after four years of occupancy, three days before our arrival we were told of a twelve year old school boy who had shouted "Vive la France." He was seized, attached in the form of a cross to a high fence, brush placed under him, burned to death and the body left there for more than a week, a terrorizing warning to passers by. That was in Nineteen Hundred Fourteen. It goes without saying that no other child in

Lille dared afterward to shout long live France. Acts of desecration and vandalism were everywhere in evidence. The French peasantry is devoutly Catholic. Stately poplar trees had bordered the beautiful roads of Eastern France. Every few miles a costly shrine had appeared, where for many a century the dutiful wayfarer had paused to kneel in prayer. Practically none of these was left. Many of them were apparently blown up with dynamite or knocked down with shells. ¶ Between Noyon and Radinghem in a small town, the name of which is gone from memory, the Boche deliberately, it is charged, dropped bombs from an airplane on a Red Cross hospital. Three or four doctors, as many nurses and a like number of soldiers on the operating table were killed outright. No doubt whatever remains that it was an act of deliberateness, as the hospital roof had a big red cross easily seen from the air and the offending plane flew very low when the bomb was dropped

At St. Quentin, holes were drilled in the interior columns of the beautiful cathedral, built in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries. An order in German directed in detail the kind of high explosives that were to be used to destroy the superb temple. Before orders could be carried out the Germans were driven from the city. As they went they shelled it until it was almost as thoroughly ruined as if the explosives had been let off. ¶ In a cemetery in a little town near Perrone the identifying numbers on crosses over the graves of two thousand Allied dead were deliberately painted out. Cemeteries were dynamited and graves torn open and their contents exposed.

At St. Quentin, in a crypt beneath a chapel where nuns were buried, catacombs were opened, and coffins broken in a search for copper with which to make shells.

Bones in caskets were ruthlessly exposed and left upon the stone floor. No one would blame the Hun, as copper was a war necessity, had he, finding these poor devout women were cheaply buried in tin-lined boxes, returned the coffins to their resting places and sealed them up again. The world would never have known they had been disturbed.

In concluding, reference to destruction in Belgium and France an extract is made from correspondence in the Syracuse Herald while the writer was abroad: " Millions of men have given their lives to end it and have died that others might live. But the battle of life has not ended. There lies in the wake of this cruel war, a picture such as one who has not seen, can never realize. If I were the most vivid or graphic word painter in all the world I would not attempt to put that picture into the minds of my readers as its gloomy outlines are forever indelibly stamped upon mine. Would to God I had never seen it. With my feeble powers of description, however, a few words may perhaps not be amiss. I 've looked upon that long stretch of misery, ruined France, from Laon, a city set on the hills, to Vimy Ridge, which Germany was forced to abandon ten days before. Vimy Ridge where France alone suffered two hundred fifteen thousand *CASUALTIES AND THEN DID NOT WIN*. Do you realize that in our own civil war, not many more men were engaged on either side than France alone lost in battle at Vimy Ridge?

Eastern France on the long, long trail over which we travelled, had been a land of beauty. Birds sang in the trees, the earth was green with orchard and field and yellow with golden crops. Tall poplar trees shaded the splendid roads.

Flowers were everywhere, especially the lily of France. How great and awful, then, has been the transformation:

Today in the wake of the Hun are three hundred fifty thousand *DESTROYED BUILDINGS*. More than $25,000,000,000 will be required to restore them. Homes, churches, even graveyards, are destroyed and destruction of city and village is complete. Not one village, not one city, but all villages and all cities. Piles of red dust and wreckage are all that is left of communities. Now and then the weird shaft of a ruined building points its finger toward heaven. At night neither cawing crow nor shrieking, hungry, circling vulture is seen. It is all too poor for even these rapacious birds of prey. Gone are the once happy men and women from this black, torn, completely devastated area. Where? One million four hundred thousand French are dead, while in French and Belgian soils one million British soldiers also sleep.

Once fertile lands are full of shell holes and thick with unexploded shells. For one thousand miles by automobile we rode through this black, torn, leafless territory. Trenches, barbed wire entanglements, dugouts (in which men took refuge from an inferno of gas and shrapnel and bomb and shell), stumps of trees, that had once been orchards, cemeteries destroyed by mines planted there until vaults and tombs gaped wide open are some of the startingly vivid horrors that will live with me so long as my memory lasts. Allied dead are in rude cemeteries everywhere

"*Surely, the Hun has supplanted the Lily of France with the Little White Cross which marks the grave of Allied dead.*"

Although not closely pertinent to the tenure of this chapter it may be interesting to recall that the writer was staying in Atlantic City when President Harding was inaugurated. It was his intention to catch a special train from there at three-thirty A. M. Soft living at a luxurious seaside hotel, however, is not conducive to rising at such a zero hour and when he awoke the

special was well on its way to the national capital. When he read accounts of inaugural ceremonies on that day, missing the train had its decided compensations which consisted of one feature that pulled hard at his heart strings. Pathos, especially deep and sad, was written in every line newspapers told of how an attendant accompanying President Wilson when he moved up or down stairs planted his affected leg carefully and firmly upon each step before he was permitted to proceed. ¶ Little more than two years before while we were there, Woodrow Wilson in Europe was acclaimed, always excepting Abraham Lincoln, the greatest American since Washington, and visiting newspaper publishers were urged to insist that he go to Versailles and settle the peace of the world. Wilson, to this writer's manner of thinking, is as certainly a truly of the World War as any shell-shocked, gassed, or shrapnel-torn hero of our American soldiery.

Some Famous People I Have Met

Being Impressions of a Number of the World's Eminent, With Likenesses I Discovered in Them to Syracuse Acquaintances.

O us democratic Americans England's royal family made an interesting study. I think it was Huck Finn or his negro, Jim, who remarked: " Kings and such aint so much." But then they had never seen a real king. George, the Fifth, of England, is a real king and a very likable human being withal. I should have been glad to meet him even if he were not monarch of Britain. His democratic manner and human side pleased me. He is a larger and handsomer man than his pictures show him to be. He is clean cut, well set up and vigorous. In appearance he strongly resembles the late Horace K. White

Moreover King George is a far abler man than Americans who have not met him might think. Were he not occupant of a throne I think he might be a great financier or captain of industry. He is alert and keen, with wide knowledge and extraordinary grasp of world affairs. He has a well developed sense of humor, too. You should see his eyes twinkle as he quickly sees the funny side of things, and when he laughs he lets himself go in a manner that is infectious.

In his early life he was a lover of nature and spent much time out of doors. Some of our party, who thought themselves experts in hunting and fishing, were surprised by his knowledge of wild game, of guns, and fishing tackle and of sports generally; and they had to admit, after talking with their royal host, that in these

things they were the veriest tyros. In his discussions of nature study and wild life he reminded us of our lamented Roosevelt. He told us that, as a prince, he had often visited Canada and spent many happy days there hunting and fishing. It had been his ambition to visit and see America thoroughly, but he said the future must determine whether or not this ambition should ever be realized.

Queen Mary is not, as we would say here, so easy to become acquainted with. An air of aloofness gives the impression that the Queen is ever aware of her royal position. This is not to say she is not gracious. She is indeed most gracious, kindly and sympathetic.

Throughout the war she toiled early and late in hospitals and in other war work. Self denial and retrenchment were practised by all members of the royal family and Queen Mary led in this spirit.

The Queen reminded me of the late Mrs. Evans, daughter of Judge Reigel, many years prominent as County Judge of Onondaga, and mother of Mary Elizabeth Evans of candy fame.

Dowager Queen Alexandra, relict of King Edward and mother of George the Fifth, speaks in a soft and low voice and is graciousness personified. Although an octogenarian she appears not more than sixty. She is extremely generous and always has been. One of our escorts remarked of her that if she were again on the throne she would give it away if the idea occurred to her.

¶ Because of her recent marriage so much has been said of Princess Mary, daughter of the King, that all I can add is that we found her a sweet, wholesome, happy girl.

¶ Princess Louise is a brunette; intellectual and pleasing and keenly alive to all matters of the day.

To us Viscount Northcliffe probably was the most interesting personage we met. Perhaps this was due in part to the fact that he was one of us and we were

particularly interested in his career and his work as a publisher ❧ ❧

His personality forced itself upon us. We felt the strength of it. In many respects he reminded us of Theodore Roosevelt. All the Colonel's fire and intensiveness without his brusqueness we felt again in Northcliffe. Not excepting Roosevelt himself, have I heard one man talk on so many subjects and with such a complete knowledge of each in an hour's informal chat. The mind of this publisher of the greatest number of newspapers and magazines controlled by any one man, with one possible exception, was a strange complex of ideas. His was one of the most remarkable creative intellects of the times. He brought forth all manner of publications with departments and ramifications never before dreamed of in staid English newspaperdom.

That he was one of the most powerful men in Europe can not be gainsaid. It was Northcliffe who brought out Lloyd George. Northcliffe's severest critics admitted he was a man of giant intellect and of patriotic and lofty ideals, but they felt that the government should never permit any one man to have a power so great as his, as his successors might wield it to the detriment of a nation.

¶ The story of Northcliffe's generosity in the war will live forever. To the thousands of his employees who went to war he paid salaries, full pay to the married and half pay to the unmarried men. In the four years of conflict, years of depression in business as well as in other things, Northcliffe continued these payments to his men, payments which in four years aggregated an enormous sum. This was only one of his many great benefactions. What these payments meant to thousands of families can not be computed.

Northcliffe had one overweening conceit, a conceit not to his discredit, one of those conceits that many have

with less reason therefor. It was a natural conceit, too. Although he was much taller, he resembled Napoleon and was proud of it. There was the same strong face and the lock of hair that straggled down on his forehead. This Napoleonic lock he cultivated and encouraged. A little human vanity in a man, perhaps, but a very natural one.

Northcliffe was a mighty force in the World War, a greater force than has been realized, and when the history of the Allied military and civic forces is written at last I doubt not that Northcliffe will have a bright page therein

Sir Campbell Stuart, Lord Northcliffe's confidential adviser and head of the Daily Mail and London Times, and other Northcliffe publications, is a young man of great energy and ability. Northcliffe had Sir Campbell with him at Versailles and they had much to do with drafting the Armistice which, ten days later, Germany signed. He wrote a book on propaganda in enemy countries entitled "Secrets of Crewe House." Crewe House was one of Lord Northcliffe's homes.

Northcliffe had much to do with propaganda and a special price was set on his head by Germany in retaliation for his work against them. Since Viscount Northcliffe's death, Sir Campbell has severed his connection with the Daily Mail and other publications to devote himself exclusively to The Times, of which he has been managing director. In a recent letter to this writer he said he had reached England only five days before Lord Northcliffe's death, that he had been staying in a camp in the Adirondacks but did n't know Syracuse was so near. One of his ancestors preached the Gospel to the Mohawk Indians along the Mohawk and when he got a little leisure he proposed to come back to this part of the world and see many of the places with which he is

familiar by name, hoping in due course, to include Syracuse in his itinerary.

Sir Campbell is a virile, progressive newspaper man whom you can scarce make yourself believe is not an American. He 's a man of action, brains and force. It goes without saying he must be, or Northcliffe would n't have exalted him to his present position. Withal he 's a most charming companion, genial and versatile, wise in the ways of the world of European politics as well as being versed in all manner of human endeavor and affairs. In appearance and in speech Mr. Arthur Balfour recalled to me Dr. John B. Howe, chief editorial writer of The Herald. Slow to get under way in speaking, first impressions of him are that his efforts will be uninteresting. Balfour thinks admirably on his feet. He speaks extemporaneously, quickly warming to a vigorous, convincing style of oratory. Lucid and forceful he never lacks for words in which to clothe a thought. We met him on many occasions and came to regard him highly. Socially he is a prince among men.

Night after Armistice at Claridge Hotel, London, Lord Burnham gave a second notable dinner to our party. To me, it brought keen recollections of home. The Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, then Secretary for War, was one of the many prominent speakers. A man of commanding presence and real eloquence, he was decidedly insistent that England would never consent to give up her Great Fleet. It was known at the time that that would be President Wilson's demand and a bold and unequivocal assertion from such an eminent authority was a decided shock to the nervous systems of us Americans. It seemed passing strange since I recalled Mr. Churchill, who had a military record before the World War began, on his maternal side is of American descent. Jennie Jerome, Lady

Randolph Churchill, mother of Winston Spencer, was daughter of Leonard Jerome, a prominent New York banker who was a son of Timothy Jerome, of Pompey Hill, near Syracuse. It seemed to my mind as if Mr. Churchill took an attitude dictatorial and strongly anti-American. Mr. Churchill's father, Lord Randolph Churchill, was descended from the Seventh Duke of Marlborough. At a banquet, a few days before, given by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the Duchess of Marlborough, who was formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt of New York City, was one of the guests. By marriage she was closely related to the Churchills.

Winston Spencer Churchill, nevertheless, has had a most remarkable career. He was Secretary of State for the Colonies, Home Secretary, First Lord of Admiralty, Rector of Aberdeen University, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Minister of Munitions, Secretary for War, and is now Secretary of State for the Colonies. His war record is that he was with the Spanish forces in Cuba in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-five, when only twenty-one years old, headed the Punjab Infantry in India in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-seven, distinguished himself at the Battle of Khartoum, later headed the Light Horse Cavalry in South Africa, where he was taken prisoner and cleverly escaped. While in the South African campaign he was famous as a newspaper correspondent. He is an author of no mean merit, having written five or six books, mostly about wars he has seen and served in, and the life of his distinguished parent, Lord Randolph Churchill.

Although much younger, Lord Beaverbrook, has something about him recalling Governor Nathan L. Miller. Only at his wonderful country seat Cherkeley Court at Surrey, outside London, had we an opportunity to meet him, as he was in ill health owing to hard-

ships and exposures encountered in World War engagements. Beaverbrook is big brained and his rise was almost phenomenal. He had been a resident of England only eight years, urged to go there from his native New Brunswick by his friend Bonar Law, who went out from the same town. Born William Maxwell Aitken, he was lawyer and banker at an early age. Shrewd, with keen business sense and excellent judgment he quickly became many times a millionaire.

Major Evelyn Wrench, spoken of elsewhere, beside a war record to be envied, was a big figure in civil life. He has recently visited America in the interest of the English-Speaking Union which he founded. At the same time he carried a very important testimonial from the British Government to our State Department in recognition of the services of some of our American troops in the war. MajorWrench is still a very young man and will no doubt be heard from in English governmental affairs.

¶ Major Fury Ferguson Montague who had charge of us on battle fronts is a Canadian whose home is at Winnipeg. He distinguished himself on many a field of battle and was frequently decorated. A barrister he returned in Nineteen Hundred Nineteen, to Winnipeg, and resumed the practice of law.

It was my pleasant good fortune to be placed next the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury at Mrs. Humphrey Ward's dinner. I fell in love with her before she uttered a word. She has the sweetest, most motherly smile it has been my lot to have bestowed upon me. She is of large stature, a lionine head crowned with a wealth of titian hair. Perhaps somewhere near sixty, highly intellectual, she radiates joy, sunshine and hope which seem with her to be a religion. World war furnished a sombre but fruitful field for her great qualities of head and heart, all of which she gave without stint.

Rt. Hon. Viscount Burnham, a newspaper man of high rank gave a number of dinners in honor of the American editors, is a handsome man who recalls Judge Edgar S. K. Merrill of the Appellate division of the Court of Appeals. He owns the Daily Telegraph, of London, a very prosperous newspaper. The Telegraph has experimented with substitutes for pulp wood in the manufacture of newsprint. For several years The Telegraph was printed on paper made from jute straw grown in India. Again one hundred thousand acres of wild lands in Southwestern Arizona and Southeastern California was bought of the United States and Yucca palm trees were cut off and made up into newspaper pulp. The Yucca has a splendid fibre but only a small supply of the wood is obtainable, standing so sparsely as to make its gathering unprofitable.

In a letter back home to The Herald, President Poincaire was likened to the Music Master. Like General Joffre, hero of the Marne, we saw but little of him. Each impressed us deeply. Joffre was somewhat ill, showing strain when he received us. In April of this year when I saw him in New York City he seemed in much better health, spirits and vigor.

SIR CAMPBELL STUART

LORD BURNHAM

Memories

Thoughts that Please and Bless.

RICH memories flood my brain as this narrative of a memorable and notable journey approaches its end.

Were not the reader to remember that opportunity is born, not made, and therefore beyond human creation or control, I might be accused of egotism in pronouncing this narrative easily the crowning glory of a life into which kind fortune has thrust many unusual opportunities.

For months, newspapers and magazines have teemed with picture and story of a King's daughter who chose to wed a viscount and who, as Princess Mary, had first to solemnly and ceremoniously renounce her right of succession to the throne of England as the price of marrying outside of royalty. An old adage runs; "All the world loves a lover." From all accounts this most popular English marriage in many decades was undoubtedly a love match. Therefore Viscountess Lascelles should live happily henceforth and forever in the love nest, a fine old baronial castle, to which her liege lord has taken her. Be that as it may, her splendid courage and nobility of decision in preferring the castle of a viscount to the marble halls of royalty was at least a seeming sacrifice which commands universal admiration. Princess Mary, nineteen, was a central figure in entertaining our editorial party on the occasion of a memorable visit to Sandringham, the country home of

King George. King George and hostesses were Queen Mary, Dowager Queen Alexandra, mother of the King and widow of King Edward VII and Princess Louise, sister of the King.

Present day pictures of Viscountess Lascelles show her grown decidedly mature or matronly in three and a half years that have elapsed since that eventful day at Sandringham when she was just a vivacious, laughing, merry, English girl, whose alert human interest and sympathy and unassuming, democratic ways won all our hearts. No doubt every member of our party today is wishing her every joy and comfort this world can bestow

Recalled to my mind also are the names of two American women who acted as bridesmaids to Princess Mary—the former Duchess of Marlborough, who before marriage was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt of New York City, and Lady Decies, formerly Miss Vivian Gould, also of New York and a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould

¶ The then Duchess of Marlborough was the cynosure of all eyes at a banquet given in our honor in London by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, distinguished English author, while Lady Decies' husband, Lord Decies, a fine, red-blooded, two-fisted fellow gave us a remarkable dinner at Shelburne Hotel, Dublin. My table-mate at the function was Sir Horace Plunkett, one of the principal speakers, who has twice since come to America for rest, recreation and to lecture. During the afternoon preceding the dinner, we had had a five hours' session with eight leading Sinn Feiners in Assembly hall, Shelburne Hotel. A year or so ago it was announced that Lord Decies—who had been offered the Lieutenant-General's office in Ireland had resolved to expatriate himself from Great Britain and becoming a citizen of

the United States, reside in New York. The proposition, however has not materialized.

Arthur J. Balfour, another of England's truly great, has returned to London after a long and active stay at Washington, where he was a commanding figure in the disarmament conference, and has just been made Knight of the Garter in acknowledgment of his services. At the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, he was given a dinner by the American branch of the English-Speaking Union, of which Ex-President William H. Taft is President. Our entire party was bidden to it. We had been given a wonderful banquet in London by the parent organization, of which Mr. Balfour is president. The Union was founded by Major Evelyn Wrench, acting host of our editorial expedition, which, in a body, became members.

It was likewise my very great privilege to meet Marshal Foch at a dinner in New York, given at the Commodore Hotel by New York State, under the auspices of Governor Nathan L. Miller. Marshal Foch had sought to arrange a meeting with us in France but was too busily engaged in smashing the Hindenburg line, which he broke so effectively an armistice was forced a little later.

¶ General Haig, commander of British troops, also vainly tried to meet us. He had given up Radinghem castle for our convenience and comfort, leaving in charge of it several of his aides and many servants. But he, too, was actively engaging the enemy and made his headquarters in another castle at the front, whence he was pushing back the German army.

Last, but not least, General John J. Pershing was our host at a function in Paris. Happily, one week later the Armistice was signed and hostilities ceased.

Having thus recalled the persons whose names reawaken world war memories it is perhaps apropos that

World War At Its Climax

this narrative should close with a consideration of why Germany lost and the Allies won, with especial emphasis on America's part. Insofar as America's part goes, it is my unshakable opinion it won through the American boy's sublime faith, love of home and mother.

AND THE GREATEST OF ALL THESE WAS MOTHER.

¶ President Poincare, at an official reception in Paris, characterized the German army as the most wicked, the most cruel, but the most efficient and powerful fighting machine in all history, remarking that, although in all human probability war would go on for another year and a half, Allied troops must ultimately win, since it was inconceivable that injustice could triumph over justice or wrong over right.

Neither wild men from French colonies nor the Germans were impelled by that splendid morale that stirred the Allies. From some French colonies cannibals were impressed into service. These savage people, if allowed, man to man, to use knife or club, fought with all the ferocity of demons but when put up into front firing-lines with gas and bomb and tank and machine-gun they became utterly uncontrollable and had to be taken out of the ranks and sent to the rear.

And, too, it was morale and love of home and mother that drove Allies through the gates of hell, as the Hindenburg line was properly called. Adversely, it was as surely the lack of these ideals that lost the war to Germany. Major Furry Ferguson Montague, a Canadian soldier, military attaché of our Editorial party, again and again decorated for bravery, made me this reply when asked what sent him over the top, " I 'll tell you frankly. I know I 've been honored many times for bravery but I 'm nevertheless a natural coward. In college I excelled at football and hockey and still gradu-

ated with fair class honors, studied law and was admitted to the bar, then enlisted in Canada in Nineteen Hundred Fourteen. Back in Winnipeg sits a dear old mother who thinks I am the greatest athlete and the brightest student that was ever graduated from Toronto university, that I was the ablest lawyer in Winnipeg, and now that I am in the war, that I 'm the bravest fighter among all our Canadian troops. *That's what drove me over the top and kept me over the top.* Do you think I could be yellow under those circumstances? No! she 's going to die with that high ideal of me if I must go to my grave to maintain it."

Neuilly, Paris's famous racing grounds, had been given over to America by the French government and a number of base hospitals and buildings were put into use as Executive offices of the Red Cross, Knights of Columbus, the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army and similar organizations and many statistical departments. There was a very sizeable temporary cemetery within the grounds where from seven to eleven American victims of Spanish influenza, besides those dying in hospitals were buried daily. We were shown through the hospital buildings by a Presbyterian chaplain, a ranking American captain.

It was the occasion of comment in passing through the wards that while many boys were frightfully torn and maimed, nearly all smiled and spoke lightly of their suffering which, they declared, was "all in the day's work." An exception was one morose lad before whom our ministerial guide stopped to offer words of cheer.

"That 's an unusually pathetic case," remarked the chaplain as he rejoined us outside the building. "The boy with whom you saw me speaking is horribly and fatally wounded. It happened this way: Up in the front trenches when mail was being distributed he asked

regularly for letters from home. None came. During a red hot skirmish a companion noticed he was recklessly exposing himself and reprimanded him for his carelessness, declaring the Boche would get him if he did n't watch out.

"'What does it matter anyhow?" came the swift reply. 'No one cares for me. Why, I never even get a letter from home like other boys.' Then a shell came whistling along and burst and the casualty with whom you just saw me talking was carried here to Paris.

"Two weeks ago there was brought to him here in one package twenty-nine letters, nearly all written by his mother. They had been mailed at regular intervals but postal service is woefully inefficient in France today, causing many a heartache. However, this case is by far the saddest one coming within my knowledge."

The day following I went to St. Denis hospital to have the stitches drawn from my wounds received in an automobile accident heretofore described. A remarkably handsome chap with a wonderfully winning smile, commiserated me on my injuries and with much solicitude sought to learn their history.

"Oh, I 'm all right, son; It 's only my pride that 's hurt," I said pointing to my disfigured face, "Let 's talk about you."

Since May, it was then early November, he had lain on a cot with his right leg in a sling raised two feet higher than his body.

Smiles wreathed his face as he said he did n't mind since doctors had told him he could take the leg down in two weeks, assuring him he could use it again. "But," he added slowly, with none of the smiles leaving his young face, "Heinie got me in the side with a piece of shrapnel and the wound pains me all the time. Doctors tell me it may never heal. What 's the difference?"

he added proudly and resignedly, " I guess I 've done my bit all right."

" And yet you lie there and smile and ask about my small hurts. God bless you, son," I said as I shook hands in farewell. " You certainly are a brave lad. You deserve to get well and I 'm going to pray you will."

And the thought entered my mind how much I had to be thankful for, because with me at the time on leave to visit me in Paris, because of my injuries, was my own son who fought in Belgium and France in that most hazardous of services, the machine gun branch and had come off unhurt.

Next, a Major, who escorted me through the building took me into an operating wing to have the stitches drawn from my head and face. It occurred to me that the surgeon was a trifle slow and I besought him to hurry

" It will hurt, quite a bit if I do," he replied.

" It won't hurt a thousandth part as much as that poor boy's agonizing cries" I told him.

" Doctor, please, please, doctor, let me go home to my wife and two kiddies," were the beseeching cries that floated out from an adjoining room.

As the surgeon accompanied me to the door a few minutes later and bade me God speed, he turned toward the boy from whom the agonizing appeals came and said:

" Poor fellow, he 'll never see his wife and kiddies again. He 'll never see another sundown."

Discussing, with my son, that evening at our hotel in Paris, I asked him, from his experience and observation, what he believed was the underlying reason America had won from British and French rulers, war officers and statesmen, the praise she was then receiving.

"It 's the wonderful morale of our American expeditionary force, Dad," was his reply.

Continuing, he said, "The German soldier is trained as a part only of a great unit or machine. He has no initiative. Break up the machine and he 's lost—does n't know what to do. In such circumstances, man to man, one American soldier will whip three German fighters. But with our boys there 's a higher and a firmer morale. It 's the love of home and country. The German is just a cold, bloodless, soulless part of a great fighting machine because that is what his military training has taught him to be."

As an example of how thoroughly our American officers understood the benefits of morale and appreciated how inspiring were the boys' constant thoughts of home and mother, he said, in Flanders Field where his machine gun went over the top and received its baptism of fire, so fierce and continuous were hostilities in those miserable morasses, there was no such thing as stopping to eat and food and hot coffee were sent up to the boys on the front firing line. With the hot meal, if there was mail, it was sent along.

"In that event, Dad," was my son's inquiry, "Which do you think was taken first, coffee or letter from home?"

"Your question answers itself, son. They, no doubt, drank their coffee cold."

And so I repeat, war was won, as it ever will be in a civilized world, primarily by *HOME AND MOTHER, AND THE GREATEST OF THESE IS MOTHER.* ¶ Never before in history had a people gone to war with such lofty aspirations or for such high ideals as those for which Americans fought. Against all the enginery of hell—every fiendish weapon perverted science could invent—bombing plane in air, sneaking

submarine in sea, and on land, poison gas and shrapnel and bomb and tank and Big Bertha—America had hurried overseas from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 of the flower of her young manhood, sons alike of the millionaire and the laborer, college athletes and professional men in all ranks, sons of former Presidents, in short, boys gathered from all walks of life. And it was officially asserted that between 10,000,000 and 14,000,000 would have gone over were they needed.

In addition, while America had expended billions of dollars to equip and man her own army, she had meantime fed ruined and starving Belgium and loaned billions in treasure to Russia, Italy, France and England. For all this, when the day of reckoning and division of spoils came, America through President Wilson, protested that she wanted nothing, emphasizing that she had gone to war, not for conquest, not for territorial expansion, not for national aggrandizement, but in order that all nations, great and small, be treated equally and the world made safe for democracy.

Abundant proof of America's sincerity in entering war are events following cessation of hostilities. She has given, by Congressional enactment, 25,000,000 bushels of wheat to starving Russia, has gone to the relief of the downtrodden Jew in Ukrania and other Central European countries and has given most generously to famishing hordes in China. America, of all countries, had resources ample to afford these reliefs. In Russia's case the gratuity was an unparalleled example of magnanimity, since Russia owes the United States millions upon millions of borrowed money, which in all human probability she will never pay. As a finality it will probably be repudiated upon the self satisfying ground that there was no Constitutional authority for the borrowing and that as they at the time were co-allies

with America it was simply a contribution on her part to the cause of the Allies.

Now what of the American boy? Patriotism alone prompted him. He was inspired by that beautiful poem, entitled "Your Flag and My Flag," written by Wilbur B. Nesbit, and published by Volland & Company of New York City, both of whom have given permission for it's reproduction here:

Your flag and my flag
And how it flies today,
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam,
Snow-white and soul white—
The good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

Your flag and my flag,
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight:
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—
Red and blue and white.
The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue.

Primarily, I repeat, it was the boy's love of home and mother ❧ ❧ *AN THE GREATEST OF THESE IS MOTHER.* ¶ From every conceivable angle it has been my proud privilege to get a close up view of our American boy.

I SAW HIM AND WAS WITH HIM in training camp and witnessed his untiring application to drill and discipline and then his unbounded zeal and eagerness to cross the seas and get into action.

I SAW HIM AND WAS WITH HIM next in a convoy of 30,000 men which crossed the Atlantic in one of its angriest moods, a convoy which holds the lamentable distinction that in transporting 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 American soldiers across it was the only one to lose a vessel in a storm when five hundred brave boys went down to death in the deep off the north coast of Ireland.

I SAW HIM AND WAS WITH HIM in training camps over there.

I SAW HIM AND WAS WITH HIM at battle-fronts in Belgium and France while war was in its awful, agonizing throes of death.

I SAW HIM AND WAS WITH HIM in twenty different hospitals in France and England whither I went to have my wounds looked after.

I SAW HIM AND WAS WITH HIM when the mighty machine of the Hun, which the President of France only three weeks before had thought could carry on a year and a half longer, trembled convulsively, crumpled and utterly collapsed.

I SAW HIM AND WAS WITH HIM in London on November 11, 1918, when Armistice was announced.

I SAW HIM AND WAS WITH HIM (at least as many of him as returned) when as the Twenty-seventh New York division he triumphantly marched up Fifth

Avenue inspired by plaudits from a million throats; and finally:

I SEE HIM AND AM WITH HIM now in the peaceful pursuits to which he has returned, typifying the age-old adage, "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war."

HONOR MOTHER OF AMERICAN BOY WHO WENT TO WAR!

HONOR AND REVERE MOTHER OF AMERICAN BOY WHO MADE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE!

Although hostilities ceased four years ago, many nations are still actually at war with one another. International perplexities exist. Great problems are unsolved. Happily some progress toward a solution of them has been made.

In conclusion, never again do I expect to seek my pillow in sleep that there shall not pass through my excited brain a kaleidoscopic, depressing moving picture of stark ruin in Belgium and France, of the cemeteries I saw on the hillsides with row upon row of little white crosses which mark the grave of the American boy "gone West."

And from out that forever ineffaceable mental picture there arises unbidden the pathetic, still unanswered question:

HAS HE DIED IN VAIN?
GOD GRANT IT SHALL NOT BE.
BUT TIME ALONE WILL TELL.

Those Who Have Passed On

SINCE events chronicled in the foregoing pages occurred, two distinguished entertainers of our editorial group and one member of it have joined "the innumerable caravan." Strangely enough, too, all died of heart disease, two, suddenly.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, whose writings fascinate and charm an army of readers the world 'round, was a gracious hostess at a memorable dinner in London, to which she had bidden twelve of England's most prominent women, and at which she delivered a speech that was a classic. Mrs. Ward died suddenly, in London, on March 24, 1920.

Edward Ware Barrett, owner of the Birmingham, Alabama, Age-Herald, died in a swimming pool at Birmingham July 9, 1922.

Alfred Harmsworth, otherwise Viscount Northcliffe, gave numerous dinners at which were statesmen, diplomats and great men in different walks of life, besides being an associate and companion of our party. He died August 14, 1922.

In the world's opinion, Northcliffe and Ward have earned pedestals in the niches of its Hall of Fame. To us, Mrs. Ward is a sweet memory, a kindly, radiant, gracious hostess, whose classic address, near the end of war, upon America's magnanimity toward Germany, still sounds in our ears; Northcliffe, strenuous, brilliant, courtly, versatile, powerful, yet kind and whole-souled, who, notwithstanding the overwhelming cares and turmoils of war, seemed to find his greatest delight in being regarded as one of us, a good, all-around man of the newspaper world.

Edward W. Barrett, of our own party, was an able, affable, big-souled, lovable and manly man.

Vale and farewell!

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